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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1883.

THE NEW ABELARD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SOLAR BIOLOGIST.

What's this? Heyday! Magic! Witchcraft!
Passing common hedge and ditch-craft!
You whose soul no magic troubles,
Crawling low among the stubbles,
Thing compact of clay, a body
Meant to perish,—think it odd, eh?
Raise your eyes, poor clod, and try to
See the tree-tops, and the sky too!
There's the sun with pulses splendid
Whirling onward, star attended!
Child of light am I, the wizard,
Fiery-form'd from brain to gizzard,
While for *you*, my sun-craft spurning,
Dust thou art, to dust returning!

Joke and Hysteria: a Medley.¹

LIKE most men famously or infamously familiar in the mouths of the public, the Rev. Ambrose Bradley was a good deal troubled with busybodies, who sometimes communicated with him through the medium of the penny post, and less frequently forced themselves upon his privacy in person. The majority demanded his autograph; many sought his advice on matters of a private and spiritual nature; a few requested his immediate attention to questions

¹ NOTE.—A joke, and a very poor one, which an honoured and great master must forgive, since the joker himself has laboured more than most living men to spread the fame of the master and to do him honour.—R. B.

in the nature of conundrums on literature, art, sociology, and the musical glasses. He took a good deal of this pestering good-humouredly, regarding it as the natural homage to public success, or notoriety ; but sometimes he lost his temper, when some more than common impertinence aroused his indignation.

Now, it so happened that on the very evening of his painful interview with Mrs. Montmorency, he received a personal visit from one of the class to which we are alluding ; and as the visit in question, though trivial enough in itself, was destined to lead to important consequences, we take leave to place it upon special record. He was seated alone in his study, darkly brooding over his own dangerous position, and miserably reviewing the experiences of his past life, when the housemaid brought in a card, on which were inscribed, or rather printed, these words :—

*Professor Salem Mapleleaf,
Solar Biologist.*

“What is this?” cried Bradley irritably. “I can see nobody.”

As he spoke a voice outside the study door answered him, in a high-pitched American accent—

“I beg your pardon. I shan’t detain you two minutes. I am Professor Mapleleaf, representing the Incorporated Society of Spiritual Brethren, New York.”

Simultaneously there appeared in the doorway a little, spare man with a very large head, a gnome-like forehead, and large blue eyes full of that troubled “wistfulness” so often to be found in the faces of educated Americans. Before the clergyman could utter any further remonstrance this person was in the room, holding out his hand, which was small and thin, like that of a woman.

“My dear sir, permit me to shake you by the hand. In all America, and I may add in all England, there is no warmer admirer than myself of the noble campaign you are leading against superstition. I have lines of introduction to you from our common friends and fellow-workers,—and——”

And he mentioned the names of two of the leading transcendental thinkers of America, one an eccentric philosopher, the other a meditative poet, with whom Bradley had frequently corresponded.

There was really no other way out of the dilemma short of actual rudeness and incivility, than to take the letters, which the little Professor eagerly handed over. The point was brief and very characteristic of the writer, meaning as follows :—

“See Mapleleaf. He talks nonsense, but he is a man of ideas. I like him. His sister, who accompanies him, is a sybil.”

The other was less abrupt and unusual, though nearly as brief.

“Let me introduce to your notice Professor Mapleleaf, who is on a visit to Europe with his charming sister. You may have heard of both in connection with the recent developments in American spiritualism. The Professor is a man of singular experience, and Miss Mapleleaf is an accredited clairvoyante. Such civility as you can show them will be fully appreciated in our circle here.”

Bradley glanced up, and took a further survey of the stranger. On closer scrutiny he perceived that the Professor's gnome-like head and wistful eyes were associated with a somewhat mean and ignoble type of features, an insignificant turn-up nose, and a receding chin ; that his hair, where it had not thinned away, was pale straw-coloured, and that his eyebrows and eyelashes were almost white.

His small, shrunken figure was clad in shabby black.

To complete the oddity of his appearance, he carried an eye-glass, dangling from his neck by a piece of black elastic ; and as Bradley eyed him from head to foot, he fixed the glass into his right eye, thereby imparting to his curious physiognomy an appearance of jaunty audacity not at all in keeping with his general appearance.

“You come at a rather awkward time,” said Bradley. “I seldom or never receive visits on Sunday evening, and to-night especially——”

He paused and coughed uneasily, looking very ill at ease.

“I understand, I quite understand,” returned the Professor, gazing up at him in real or assumed admiration. “You devote your seventh-day evening to retirement and to meditation. Well, sir, I'm real grieved to disturb you ; but sister and I heard you preach this morning, and I may at once tell you that for a good square sermon and elocution fit for the Senate, we never heard anyone to match you, though we've heard a few. After hearing you orate, I couldn't rest till I presented my lines of introduction, and that's a fact. Sister would have come to you, but a friendly spirit from the planet Mars dropt in just as she was fixing herself, and she *had* to stay.”

Bradley looked in surprise at the speaker, beginning to fancy that he was conversing with a lunatic ; but the Professor's manner was quite commonplace and matter-of-fact.

“Have you been long in Europe?” he asked, hardly knowing what to say.

“Two months, sir. We have just come from Paris, where we were uncommon well entertained by the American circle. You are aware, of course, that my sister has transcendental gifts?”

“That she is clairvoyante? So —— says in his letter. I may

tell you at once that I am a total disbeliever in such matters. I believe spiritualism, even clairvoyance, to be mere imposture."

"Indeed, sir," said the Professor, without the slightest sign of astonishment or irritation. "You don't believe in solar biology?"

"I don't even know what that means," answered Bradley with a smile.

"May I explain, sir? Solar biology is the science which demonstrates our connection with radiant existences of the central luminary of this universe; our dependence and interdependence as spiritual beings on the ebb and flow of consciousness from that shining centre; our life hitherto, now, and hereafter, as solar elements. We are sunbeams, sir, materialised; thought is psychic sunlight. On the basis of that great principle is established the reality of our correspondence with spiritual substances, alien to us, existing in the other solar worlds."

Bradley shrugged his shoulders. His mood of mind at that moment was the very reverse of conciliatory towards any form of transcendentalism, and this seemed arrant nonsense.

"Let me tell you frankly," he said, "that in all such matters as these I am a pure materialist."

"Exactly," cried the Professor. "So are we, sir."

"Materialists?"

"Why, certainly. Spiritualism *is* materialism; in other words, everything is spirit-matter. All bodies, as the great Swedenborg demonstrated long ago, are spirit; thought is spirit—that is to say, sir, sunlight. The same great principle of which I have spoken is the destruction of all religion save the religion of solar science. It demonstrates theism, which has been the will-o'-the-wisp of the world, abolishes Christianity, which has been its bane. The God of the universe is solar Force, which is universal and pantheistic."

"Pray sit down," said Bradley, now for the first time becoming interested. "If I understand you, there is no personal God?"

"Of course not," returned the little man, sidling into a chair and dropping his eyeglass. "A personal God is, as the scientists call it, merely an anthropomorphic Boom. As the great cosmic Bard of solar biology expresses it in his sublime epic:

The radiant flux and reflux, the serene
Atomic ebb and flow of the force divine,
'This, this alone, is God, the Demiurgus;
By this alone we are, and still shall be.
O joy! the Phantom of the Uncondition'd

Fades into nothingness before the breath
Of that eternal ever-effluent Life
Whose centre is the shining solar Heart
Of countless throbbing pulses, each a world !

The quotation was delivered with extraordinary rapidity, and in the offhand matter-of-fact manner characteristic of the speaker. Then, after pausing a moment, and fixing his glass again, the Professor demanded eagerly :

“What do you think of that, sir ?”

“I think,” answered Bradley, laughing contemptuously, “that it is very poor science, and still poorer poetry.”

“You think so, really ?” cried the Professor, not in the least disconcerted. “I think I could convince you by a few ordinary manifestations, that it’s at any rate common sense.”

It was now quite clear to Bradley that the man was a charlatan, and he was in no mood to listen to spiritualistic jargon. What both amused and puzzled him was that two such men as his American correspondents should have granted the Professor to decent society by letters of introduction. He reflected, however, that from time immemorial men of genius, eager for glimpses of a better life and a serener state of things, had been led “by the nose,” like Faust, by charlatans. Now, Bradley, though an amiable man, had a very ominous frown when he was displeased ; and just now his brow came down, and his eyes looked out of positive caverns, as he said :

“I have already told you what I think of spiritualism and spiritualism manifestations. I believe my opinion is that of all educated men.”

“Spiritualism, as commonly understood, is one thing, sir,” returned the Professor quietly ; “spiritualistic materialism, or solar science, is another. Our creed, sir, like your own, is the destruction of supernaturalism. If you will permit me once more to quote our sublime Bard, he sings as follows :—

All things abide in Nature ; Form and Soul,
Matter and Thought, Function, Desire, and Dream,
Evolve within her ever-heaving breast ;
Within her, we subsist ; beyond and o’er her
Is naught but Chaos and primæval Night.
The Shadow of that Night for centuries
Projected Man’s phantasmic Deity,
Formless, fantastic, hideous, and unreal ;
God is existence, and as parts of God
Men ebb and flow, for evermore divine.

“If you abolish supernaturalism,” asked the clergyman impatiently
“what do you mean by manifestations ?”

"Just this," returned the little man glibly, "the interchange of communications between beings of this sphere and beings otherwise conditioned. This world is one of many, all of which have a two-fold existence—in the sphere of matter, and in the sphere of ideas. Death, which vulgar materialists consider the end of consciousness, is merely one of the many phenomena of change ; and spiritualistic realities being indestructible——"

Bradley rose impatiently.

"I am afraid," he exclaimed, "that I cannot discuss the matter any longer. Our opinions on the subject are hopelessly antagonistic, and to speak frankly, I have an invincible repugnance to the subject itself."

"Shared, I am sorry to say, by many of your English men of science."

"Shared, I am glad to say, by most thinking men."

"Well, well, sir, I won't detain you at present," returned the Professor, not in the least ruffled. "Perhaps you will permit me to call upon you at a more suitable time, and to introduce my sister?"

"Really, I——" began Bradley with some embarrassment.

"Eustasia Mapleleaf is a most remarkable woman, sir. She is a medium of the first degree ; she possesses the power of prophecy, of clairvoyance, and of thought-reading. The book of the Soul is open to her, and you would wonder at her remarkable divinations."

"I must still plead my entire scepticism," said Bradley coldly.

"I guess Eustasia Mapleleaf would convert you. She was one of your congregation to-day, and between ourselves is greatly concerned on your account."

"Concerned on my account !" echoed the clergyman.

"Yes, sir. She believes you to be under the sway of malign influences, possibly lunar or stellar. She perceived a dark spectrum on the radiant orb of your mind, troubling the solar effluence which all cerebral matter emits, and which is more particularly emitted by the phosphorescent cells of the human brain."

Bradley would by this time have considered that he was talking to a raving madman, had not the Professor been self-contained and matter-of-fact. As it was, he could hardly conceive him to be quite sane. At any other time, perhaps, he might have listened with patience and even amusement to the fluent little American ; but that day, as the reader is aware, his spirit was far too pre-occupied.

His face darkened unpleasantly as the Professor touched on his

state of mind during the sermon, and he glanced almost angrily towards the door.

"May I bring my sister?" persisted the Professor. "Or stay—with your leave, sir, I'll write our address upon that card, and perhaps you will favour her with a call."

As he spoke, he took up his own card from the table, and wrote upon it with a pencil.

"That's it, sir—care of Mrs. Piozzi Baker, 17 Monmouth Crescent, Bayswater."

So saying, he held out his hand, which Bradley took mechanically, and then, with a polite bow, passed from the room and out of the house.

Bradley resumed his seat, and the meditations which his pertinacious visitor had interrupted; but the interruption, irritating as it was, had done him good. Absurd as the Professor's talk had been, it was suggestive of that kind of speculation which has invariably a fascination for imaginative men, and from time to time, amidst his gloomy musings over his own condition, amidst his despair, his dread, and his self-reproach, the clergyman found himself reminded of the odd propositions of the so-called biologist.

After all, there was something in the little man's creed, absurd as it was, which brought a thinker face to face with the great phenomena of life and being. How wretched and ignoble seemed his position, in face of the eternal Problem, which even spiritualism was an attempt to solve! He was afraid now to look in the mirror of Nature, lest he should behold only his own lineament, distorted by miserable fears. He felt, for the time being, infamous. A degrading falsehood, like an iron ring, held him chained and bound.

Even the strange charlatan had discovered the secret of his misery. He would soon be a laughing-stock to all the world; he, who had aspired to be the world's teacher and prophet, who would have flown like an eagle into the very central radiance of the sunlight of Truth.

He rose impatiently, and paced up and down the room. As he did so, his eye fell upon something white, lying at the feet of the chair where his visitor had been sitting.

He stooped and picked it up. He found it to be a large envelope, open, and containing two photographs. Hardly knowing what he did, he took out the pictures, and examined them.

The first rather puzzled him, though he soon realized its character. It represented the little Professor, seated in an arm-chair, reading a book open upon his knee; behind him was a

shadowy something in white floating drapery, which, on close scrutiny, disclosed the outline of a human face and form, white and vague like the filmy likeness seen in a smouldering fire. Beneath this picture was written in a small clear hand,—“Professor Mapleleaf and Azaleus, a Spirit of the Third Magnitude, from the Evening Star.”

It was simply a curious specimen of what is known as “Spirit-Photography.” The clergyman returned it to its envelope with a smile of contempt.

The second photograph was different ; it was the likeness of a woman, clad in white muslin, and reclining upon a sofa.

The figure was *petite*, almost fairy-like in its fragility ; the hair, which fell in masses over the naked shoulders, very fair ; the face, elfin-like, but exceedingly pretty ; the eyes, which looked right out from the picture into those of the spectator, were wonderfully large, lustrous, and wild. So luminous and searching were these eyes, so rapt and eager the pale face, that Bradley was startled, as if he were looking into the countenance of a living person.

Beneath this picture were written the words—“Eustasia Mapleleaf.”

The clergyman looked at this picture again and again, with a curious fascination. As he did so, holding it close to the lamplight, a peculiar thrill ran through his frame, and his hand tingled as if it touched the warm hand of some living being. At last, with an effort, he returned it also to the envelope, which he threw carelessly upon his desk.

It was quite clear that the Professor had dropt the pictures, and Bradley determined to send them by that night's post. So he sat down, and addressed the envelope according to the address on the card ; but before sealing it up, he took out the photographs and inspected them again.

A new surprise awaited him.

The photograph of the Professor and his ghostly familiar remained as it had been ; but the photograph of the woman, or girl, was mysteriously changed—that is to say, it had become so faint and vague as to be almost unrecognisable. The dress and figure were dim as a wreath of vapour, the face was blank and featureless, the eyes were faded and indistinct.

The entire effect was that of some ghostly presence, fading slowly away before the vision.

Bradley was amazed, in spite of himself, and his whole frame shook with agitation,

He held the sun-picture again to the lamplight, inspecting it closely, and every instant it seemed to grow fainter and fainter, till nothing remained on the paper but a formless outline, like the spirit-presence permanent on the other photograph.

By instinct a superstitious or rather a nervous man, Bradley now felt as if he were under the influence of some extraordinary spell. Already unstrung by the events of the day, he trembled from head to foot. At last, with an effort, he conquered his agitation, sealed up the photographs, and rang for the servant to put the letter in the post.

Although he suspected some trick, he was greatly troubled and perplexed ; nor would his trouble and perplexity have been much lessened, if at all, had he been acquainted with the truth—that the little Professor had left the photographs in the room not by accident, but intentionally, and for a purpose which will be better understood at a later period of the present story.

CHAPTER XIX.

EUSTASIA MAPLELEAFE.

O eyes of pale forget-me-not blue,
 Wash'd more pale by a dreamy dew !
 O red red lips, O dainty tresses,
 O heart the breath of the world distresses !
 O little lady, do they divine
 What they have *fathomed* thee and thine ?
 Fools ! let them fathom fire, and beat
 Light in a mortar ; ay, and heat
 Soul in a crucible ! Let them try
 To conquer the light, and the wind, and the sky !
 Darkly the secret faces lurk,
 We know them least where most they work ;
 And here they meet to mix in thee,
 For a strange and mystic entity,
 Making of thy pale soul, in truth,
 A life half trickery and half truth !

Ballads of St. Abe.

MONMOUTH CRESCENT, Bayswater, is one of those forlorn yet thickly populated streets which lie under the immediate dominion of the great Whiteley, of Westbourne Grove. The houses are adapted to limited means and large families ; and in front of them is an arid piece of railed-in ground, where crude vegetable substances crawl up in the likeness of trees and grass. The crescent is chiefly inhabited by

lodging-house and boarding-house keepers, City clerks, and widows who advertise for persons "to share the comforts of a cheerful home," with late dinners and carpet balls in the evening. It is shabby-genteel, impecunious, and generally depressing.

To one of the dingiest houses in this dingy crescent, Professor Mapleleaf, after his interview with our hero, cheerfully made his way.

He took the 'bus which runs along Marylebone Road to the Royal Oak, and thence made his way on foot to the house door. In answer to his knock the door was opened by a tall red-haired matron wearing a kitchen apron over her black stuff dress. Her complexion was sandy and very pale, her eyes were bold and almost fierce, her whole manner was self-assertive and almost aggressive; but she greeted the Professor with a familiar smile, as with a friendly nod he passed her by, hastening upstairs to the first floor.

He opened a door and entered a large room furnished in faded crimson velvet, with a dining-room sideboard at one end, cheap lithographs on the walls, and mantelpiece ornamented with huge shells and figures in common china.

The room was quite dark, save from the light of a small paraffin lamp with pink shade; and on a sofa near the window the figure of a young woman was reclining, drest in white muslin, and with one arm, naked almost to the shoulder, dabbling in a small glass water-tank, placed upon a low seat, and containing several small water-lilies in full bloom.

Anyone who had seen the photograph which the Professor had left behind him in the clergyman's house, would have recognised the original at a glance. There was the same *petite* almost child-like figure, the same loose flowing golden hair, the same elfin-like but pretty face, the same large, wild, lustrous eyes. But the face of the original was older, sharper, and more care-worn than might have been guessed from the picture. It was the face of a woman of about four- or five-and-twenty, and though the lips were red and full-coloured, and the eyes full of life and lightness, the complexion had the dulness of chronic ill-health.

The hand which hung in the water, playing with the lily-leaves, was thin and transparent, but the arm was white as snow and beautifully rounded.

The effect would have been perfectly poetic and ethereal, but it was spoiled to some extent by the remains of a meal which stood on the table close by—a tray covered with a soiled cloth, some greasy

earthenware plates, the remains of a mutton chop, potatoes and bread.

As the Professor entered, his sister looked up amiably and greeted him by name.

"You are late, Salem," she said with an unmistakeable American accent. "I was wondering what kept you."

"I'll tell you," returned the Professor. "I've been having a talk with Mr. Ambrose Bradley, at his own house. I gave him our lines of introduction. I'm real sorry to find that he's as ignorant as a redskin of the great science of solar biology, and the way he received me was not reassuring—indeed, he almost showed me the door."

"You're used to that, Salem," said Eustasia with a curious smile.

"Guess I am," returned the Professor dryly; "only I did calculate on something different from a man of Bradley's acquirements, I did indeed. However, he's just one of those men who believe in nothing by halves or quarters, and if we can once win him over to an approval of our fundamental propositions, he'll be the most valuable of all recruits to new causes—a hot convert."

The woman sighed—a sigh so long, so weary, that it seemed to come from the very depths of her being, and her expression grew more and more sad and *ennuyée*, as she drew her slender fingers softly through the waters of the tank.

"Ain't you well to-night, Eustasia?" inquired the Professor, looking at her with some concern.

"As well as usual," was the reply. "Suppose European air don't suit me; I've never been quite myself since I came across to this country."

Her voice was soft and musical enough, and just then, when a peculiar wistful light filled the faces of both, it was quite possible to believe them to be brother and sister. But in all other outward respects, they were utterly unlike.

"Tell me more about this young clergyman," she continued after a pause. "I am interested in him. The moment I saw him I said to myself he is the very image of—of——"

She paused without finishing the sentence, and looked meaningfully at her brother.

"Of Ulysses E. Stedman, you mean?" cried the Professor, holding up his forefinger. "Eustasia, take care! You promised me never to think of him any more, and I expect you to keep your word."

"But don't you see the resemblance?"

"Well, I dare say I do, for Ulysses was well-looking enough when he wasn't in liquor. Don't talk about him, and don't think about him! He's buried somewhere down Florida way, and I ain't sorry on your account neither."

"Killed! murdered! and so young!" cried the girl, with a cry so startling, and so full of pain, that her brother looked aghast. As he spoke, she drew her dripping right hand from the tank and placed it wildly upon her forehead. The water-drops streamed down her face like tears, while her whole countenance looked livid with pain.

"Eustasia!"

"I loved him, Salem! I loved him with all my soul!"

"Well, I knew you did," said the little man soothingly. "I warned you against him, but you wouldn't listen. Now that's all over; and as for Ulysses being murdered, he was killed in a free fight, he was, and he only got what he'd given to many a better man. Don't you take on, Eustasia! If ever you marry, it will be a better man than he was."

"Marry?" cried the girl with a bitter laugh. "Who'd marry *me*? Who'd ever look at such a thing as I am? Even he despised me, Salem, and thought me a cheat and an impostor. Wherever we go, it's the old story. I hate the life; I hate myself. I'd rather be a beggar in the street than what I am."

"Don't underreckon yourself, Eustasia! Don't underreckon your wonderful gifts!"

"What are my gifts worth?" said Eustasia. "Can they bring *him* back to me? Can they bring back those happy, happy days we spent together? Haven't I tried, and tried, and tried, to get a glimpse of his face, to feel again the touch of his hand; and he never comes—he will never come—never, never! I wish I was with him in the grave, I do."

Her grief was truly pitiable, yet there was something querulous and ignoble in it too, which prevented it from catching the tone of true sorrow for the rest. The man whose memory awakened so much emotion had been pretty much what the Professor described him to be—a handsome scoundrel, with the manners of a gentleman and the tastes of a rowdy. A professional gambler, he had been known as one of the most dangerous adventurers in the Southern States, having betrayed more women, and killed more men, than any person in his district. A random shot had at last laid him low, to the great relief of the respectable portion of the community.

The Professor eyed his sister thoughtfully, waiting till her emotion

had subsided. He had not long to wait. Either the emotion was shallow it itself, or Eustasia had extraordinary power of self-control. Her face became comparatively untroubled, though it retained its peculiar pallor ; and reaching out her hand, she again touched the water and the lilies swimming therein.

“Salem !” she said presently.

“Yes, Eustasia.”

“Tell me more about this Mr. Bradley. Is he married ?”

“Certainly not.”

“Engaged to be married ?”

“I believe so. They say he is to marry Miss Craik, the heiress, whom we saw in church to-day.”

Eustasia put no more questions ; but curiously enough, began crooning to herself, in a low voice, some wild air. Her eyes flashed and her face became illuminated ; and as she sang, she drew her limp hand to and fro in the water, among the flowers, keeping time to the measure. All her sorrow seemed to leave her, giving place to a dreamy pleasure. There was something feline and almost forbidding in her manner. She looked like a pythoness intoning oracles :—

Dark eyes aswim with sybilline desire,
And vagrant locks of amber !

Her voice was clear though subdued, resembling, to some extent, the purring of a cat.

“What are you singing, Eustasia ?”

“‘In lilac time when blue birds sing,’ Salem.”

“What a queer girl you are !” cried the Professor, not without a certain wondering admiration. “I declare I sometimes feel afraid of you. Anyone could see with half an eye that we were brother and sister, only on one side of the family. Your mother was a remarkable woman, like yourself. Father used to say sometimes he’d married a ghost-seer ; and it might have been, for she hailed from the Highlands of Scotland. At any rate, you inherit her gift.”

Eustasia ceased her singing, and laughed again—this time with a low, self-satisfied gladness.

“It’s all I do inherit, brother Salem,” she said ; adding, in a low voice, as if to herself, “But it’s something, after all.”

“Something !” cried the Professor. “It’s a Divine privilege, that’s what it is ! To think that when you like you can close your eyes, see the mystical coming and going of cosmic forces, and, as the sublime Bard expresses it,

Penetrate where no human foot hath trod
Into the ever-quickenings of God,
See star with star, conjoin'd as soul with soul,
Swim onward to the dim mysterious goal,
Hear rapturous breathings of the Force which flows
From founts wherein the eternal godhead glows !

I envy you, Eustasia ; I do, indeed."

Eustasia laughed again, less pleasantly.

"Guess you don't believe all that. Sometimes I think myself that it's all nervous delusion."

"Nervous force, you mean. Well, and what is nervous force but solar being? What you see and hear is as real as—as real as—spiritual photography. Talking of that, I gave Mr. Bradley one of your pictures, taken under test conditions."

"You gave it him?"

"Dropt it in his room, where he's certain to find it."

"Why did you do that?" demanded the girl, almost sharply.

"Why? Because, as I told you, I want to win him over. Such a man as he is will be invaluable to us, here in England. He has the gift of tongues, to begin with ; and then he knows any number of influential and wealthy people. What we want now, Eustasia, is money."

"We always have wanted it, as long as I can remember."

"I don't mean what you mean," cried the Professor indignantly. "I mean money to push the great cause, to propagate the new religion, to open up more and more the arcanum of mystic biology. We want money, and we want converts. If we can win Bradley over to our side, it won't be a bad beginning."

"Who is to win him over? I?"

"Why, of course. You must see him, and when you do, I think it is as good as done. Only mind this, Eustasia ! Keep your head cool, and don't go spooning. You're too susceptible, you are ! If I hadn't been by to look after you, you'd have thrown yourself away a dozen times."

Eustasia smiled and shook her head. Then, with a weary sigh, she arose.

"I'll go to bed now, Salem."

"Do—and get your beauty-sleep. You'll want all your strength to-morrow. We have a séance at seven, at the house of Mrs. Upton. Tyndall is invited, and I calculate you'll want to have all your wits about you."

"Good night !"

“Good night,” said the Professor, kissing her on the forehead ; then, with a quiet change from his glib, matter-of-fact manner to one of real tenderness, he added, looking wistfully into her eyes, “Keep up your spirits, Eustasia ! We shan’t stay here long, and then we’ll go back to America and take a long spell of rest.”

Eustasia sighed again, and then glided from the room. She was so light and fragile that her feet seemed to make no sound, and in her white floating drapery she seemed almost like a ghost.

Left alone, the Professor sat down to the table, drew out a pencil and number of letters, and began making notes in a large pocket-book.

Presently he paused thoughtfully, and looked at the door by which Eustasia had retreated.

“Poor girl !” he muttered. “Her soul’s too big for her body, and that’s a fact. I’m afraid she’ll decline like her mother, and die young.”

CHAPTER XX.

THE THUNDERCLAP.

The Mighty and the Merciful are one ;
The morning dew that scarcely bends the flowers,
Exhal’d to heaven, becomes the thunderbolt
That strikes the tree at noon.

Judas Iscariot : a Drama.

THERE are moments in a man’s life when all the forces of life and society seem to conspire for his destruction ; when, look which way he will, he sees no loophole for escape ; when every step he takes forward seems a step downward towards some pitiless Inferno, and when to take even one step backward is impossible, because the precipice down which he has been thrust seems steep as a wall. Yet there is still hope for such a man, if his own conscience is not in revolt against him ; for that conscience, like a very angel, may uplift him by the hair and hold him miraculously from despair and death. Woe to him, however, if he has no such living help ! Beyond that, there is surely no succour for him, beyond the infinite mercy, the cruel kindness, of his avenging God.

The moment of which we speak had come to Ambrose Bradley.

Even in the very heyday of his pride, when he thought himself strong enough to walk alone, without faith, almost without vital belief, his sins had found him out, and he saw the Inferno waiting at his feet.

He knew that there was no escape. He saw the powers of evil arrayed on every side against him. And cruellest of all the enemies leagued for his destruction was the conscience which might have been his sweetest and surest friend.

It was too late now for regrets, it was too late now to reshape his course. Had he only exhibited a man's courage, and, instead of snatching an ignoble happiness, confided the whole truth to the woman he loved, she might have pitied and forgiven him; but he had accepted her love under a lie, and to confide the truth to her now would simply be to make a confession of his moral baseness. He dared not, could not, tell her; yet he knew that detection was inevitable. Madly, despairingly, he wrestled with his agony, and soon lay prostrate before it, a strong man self-stripped of his spiritual and moral strength.

Not that he was tamely acquiescent; not that he accepted his fate as just.

On the contrary, his whole spirit rose in revolt and indignation. He had tried to serve God—so at least he assured himself; he had tried to become a living lesson and example to a hard and unbelieving world; he had tried to upbuild again a temple where men might worship in all honesty and freedom; and what was the result? For a slight fault, a venial blunder, of his own youth, he was betrayed to a punishment which threatened to be everlasting.

His intellect rebelled at the idea.

With failing strength he tried to balance himself on the satanic foothold of revolt. His doubts thickened around him like a cloud. If there was a just God, if there was a God at all, why had he made such a world?

In simple truth, the man's fatal position was entirely the consequence of his once lack of moral courage.

He had missed the supreme moment, he had lacked the supreme sanction, which would have saved him, even had his danger been twenty-fold more desperate than it had been. Instead of standing erect in his own strength, and defying the Evil One, who threatened to hurl him down and destroy him, he had taken the Evil One's hand and accepted its support. Yes, the devil had helped him, but at what a cost!

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" he should have said. It was the sheerest folly to say it now.

He cowered in terror at the thought of Alma's holy indignation. He dreaded not her anger, which he could have borne, but her disenchantment, which he could not bear.

Her trust in him had been so absolute, her self-surrender so supreme ; but its motive had been his goodness, her faith in his unsullied truth. She had been his handmaid, as she had called herself, and had trusted herself to him, body and soul. So complete had been his intellectual authority over her, that even had he told her his secret and thereupon assured her that he was morally a free man, though legally fettered, she would have accepted his genial pleading and still have given him her love. He was quite sure of that. But he had chosen a course of mere deception, he had refused to make her his confidant, and she had married him in all faith and fervour, believing there was no corner in all his heart where he had anything to conceal.

It was just possible that she might still forgive him ; it was simply impossible that she could ever revere and respect him, as she hitherto had done.

Does he who reads these lines quite realise what it is to fall from the pure estate of a loving woman's worship ? Has he ever been so throned in a loving heart as to understand how kingly is the condition—how terrible the fall from that sweet power ? So honoured and enthroned, he is still a king, though he is a beggar of all men's charity, though he has not a roof to cover his head ; so dethroned and fallen, he is still a beggar, though all the world proclaims him king.

Mephistopheles Minor, in the shape of gay George Craik, junior, scarcely slept on his discovery, or rather on his suspicions. He was now perfectly convinced that there was some mysterious connection between the clergyman and Mrs. Montmorency ; and as the actress refused for the time being to lend herself to any sort of open persecution, he determined to act on his own responsibility. So he again canvassed Miss Lestrangé and the other light ladies of his acquaintance, and received from them further corroboration of the statement that Mrs. Montmorency had been previously married ; he had no doubt whatever that Ambrose Bradley was the man who had once stood to her in the relation of a husband.

Armed with this information, he sought out his father on the Monday morning, found him at his club, told him of all he knew, and asked his advice.

"My only wish, you know," he explained, "is to save Alma from that man, who is evidently a scoundrel. So I thought I would come to you at once. The question is, what is to be done ?"

"It's a horrible complication," said the baronet, honestly shocked.

"Do you actually mean to tell me that you suspect an improper relationship between Alma and this infernal infidel?"

"I shouldn't like to go as far as that; but they were seen travelling together, like man and wife, in France."

"Good heavens! It is incredible."

"I should like to shoot the fellow," cried George furiously. "And I would, too, if this was a duelling country. Shooting's too good for him. He ought to be hung!"

The upshot of the conversation was that father and son determined to visit Alma at once together, and to make one last attempt to bring her to reason. At a little after midday they were at her door. The baronet stalked in past the servant, with an expression of the loftiest moral indignation.

"Tell Miss Craik that I wish to see her at once," he said.

It was some minutes before Alma appeared. When she did so, attired in a pink morning *peignoir* of the most becoming fashion, her face was bright as sunshine; but it became clouded directly she met her uncle's eyes. She saw at a glance that he had come on an unpleasant errand.

George Craik sulked in a corner, waiting for his father to conduct the attack.

"What has brought you over so early, uncle?" she demanded. "I hope George has not been talking nonsense to you about me. He has been here before on the same errand, and I had to show him the door."

"George has your interest at heart," returned the baronet, fuming; "and if you doubt his disinterestedness, perhaps you will do me the justice to believe that *I* am your true friend, as well as your relation. Now my brother is gone, I am your nearest protector. It is enough to make your father rise in his grave to hear what I have heard."

"What have you heard?" cried Alma, turning pale with indignation. "Don't go too far, uncle, or I shall quarrel with you as well as George; and I should be sorry for that."

"Will you give me an explanation of your conduct—yes or no?—or do you refuse my right to question you? Remember, Alma, the honour of our family—your father's honour—is in question."

"How absurd you are!" cried Alma, with a forced laugh. "But, there, I will try to keep my temper. What is it that you want to know?"

And she sat down quietly, with folded hands, as if waiting to be interrogated.

"Is it the fact, as I am informed, that you and Mr. Bradley were seen travelling alone together, some weeks ago, in Normandy?"

Alma hesitated before speaking; then, smiling to herself, she said,

“Suppose it is true, uncle—what then?”

The baronet's face went red as crimson, and he paced furiously up and down the room.

“What then? Good heavens, can you ask that question? Do you know that your character is at stake? Then you do not deny it?”

“No; for it is true.”

Father and son looked at one another; then the baronet proceeded:

“Then all the rest is true. You are that man's mistress!”

The shot struck home, but Alma was prepared for it, and without changing her attitude in the least, she quietly replied:

“No, uncle; I am *that man's wife*!”

“His wife!” ejaculated father and son in the same breath.

“Yes. We were married some weeks ago, and after the wedding, went for a few days to France. There! I intended to keep the secret, till I was free to tell it; but gross, cruel importunity has wrung it from me. Do not think, however,” she continued, rising to her feet and exchanging her self-possessed manner for one of angry wrath, “that I shall ever forgive you, either of you, for your shameful suspicions concerning me. You might have spared me so many insults. You might have known me better. However, now you know the truth, perhaps you will relieve me from any further persecution.”

Father and son exchanged another look.

“Do you actually affirm that you are married?” exclaimed the baronet.

“Actually!” returned the young lady, with a sarcastic bow.

Thereupon George Craik sprang to his feet, prepared to deliver the *coup de grâce*.

“Tell her the truth, father!” he exclaimed. “Tell her that she is no more married than I am!”

“What does he mean?” cried Alma, looking at her uncle. “Is he mad?”

“He means simply this, Alma,” said Sir George, after a prompting glance from his son. “If you have gone through the marriage ceremony with this man, this infidel, you have been shamefully betrayed. The scoundrel was unable to marry again, if, as we have reason to believe, his first wife is still living!”

(To be continued.)

WESTWARD HO!

LATE in the afternoon of a wintry December day, in the year 1603, the black barge, with the royal crown picked out in red upon its bows, which was specially employed to carry such criminals as were condemned to imprisonment in the Tower, was seen dropping down with the tide, lazily assisted by the oars of its crew, towards London Bridge. In the stern of the boat sat a man, guarded on either side by armed warders in their red tunics slashed with black and low-crowned hats, who gazed vacantly upon the shipping which even at that time caused the Thames to be one of the most crowded and busy of European rivers. He was dressed in a purple velvet cloak lined with black satin, which effectually concealed his close-sleeved vest and trunk hose, but beneath its folds were visible the brown stockings and the ribboned shoes. The face, partly shaded by the broad grey hat surrounded by a thick handsome feather, was bronzed and bearded, the eyebrows were arched, and the features clean cut—evidently a man well favoured by nature, yet also one to whom suffering and adventure were not unknown. He spoke to his guards but seldom ; yet when he opened his lips his words were listened to with a deference which plainly showed that the speaker was no ordinary captive caught within the meshes of the law, and who had been called upon to pay the penalty of his misdeeds. Indeed, the prisoner was no other than the great Sir Walter Raleigh, adventurer, soldier, dandy, writer, philosopher, and courtier, who had been tried at Winchester, found guilty of treason, and sentenced to durance vile in the Tower. After a five days' journey across country, he had been met at Kingston Bridge by the ominous barge, and was being conveyed in close custody to Traitor's Gate and the damp rat-infested cells of our then state prison.

A few words in explanation of this situation. Sprung from a good old Devonshire stock, which could trace its line in unbroken succession from the days of King John, Walter Raleigh—his home at Hayes, hard by dull and stifling Budleigh Salterton, is still pointed out to the tourist—at an early age showed how restless and full of enterprise was his untamed disposition. Scarcely had his name

been entered in the college books of Oriel than he suddenly threw off the toga of the undergraduate, and quitting Oxford crossed the Channel to win his spurs as a soldier in the civil wars of France. A staunch Protestant and holding the Papist as an intriguing knave, he enrolled himself under the banner of the Huguenots, and was present at the battle of Jarnac when the Prince of Condé was slain, and also took part in the retreat at Moncontour. After five years' service in upholding the cause of the "White Scarf" Raleigh carried his sword over to Ireland, and there, amid the wilds of Munster, waged a bitter guerilla war against the foreign legion of Spaniards and Italians who, under Lord Desmond and his men, had risen in open revolt against English authority. Reckless, fierce, nay even cruel, young Raleigh soon made himself a name which caused the "foreign devils," as they told stories of his prowess round their camp fires, to grow pale with terror. He passed swift punishment upon any Irish rebel he caught skulking behind rocks or hedges to shoot down from safe ambuscade "the English churls." As commander of the little expeditions sent to reduce refractory squireens to obedience, he showed scant mercy, and the charred timbers of court and castle, with the upturned faces of the dead strewn around, plainly showed that this "worthy of Devon" had done his work thoroughly and would brook no resistance. It was Raleigh who, in the massacre of the foreign legion at Smerwick in Kerry, took the most prominent part, who counselled no quarter and who knew no rest till his lust for blood had been assuaged by the putting to the sword every Spaniard and Italian in the garrison. Upon the suppression of the insurrection, Raleigh was appointed one of the first governors of Munster, and for some five years exercised his jurisdiction as soldier-judge throughout the disaffected parts of the western coast of Ireland.

Handsome, well-born, with the reputation most loved by youth, that of a daring and successful soldier, it was not long before Walter Raleigh took high rank among the curled darlings upon whom the amorous and exacting Queen Bess was pleased to smile. Whether he bridged over the muddy pool with his velvet cloak so that the fairy shoes of his sovereign should pass over it unsoiled, or whether he scratched upon the pane of one of the parlour windows, "Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall," we know not: they are the anecdotes of history, which documentary evidence fails to support; but certain it is that Raleigh, before the Armada rounded the Cornish coast, was in great favour at Court. His splendid figure, clad in the most gorgeous of doublets, vests, and fringed trunk hose,

was to be seen dancing with all the grace of a Hatton at balls and masques, or bearing a conspicuous part in the jousts and tournaments which so often made up the amusements of the Elizabethan epoch. He followed in the train of his royal mistress when she went her "progresses"; he read sonnets to her; he amused her with his scientific talk and with his chemical experiments; and when he found his conversation bored the susceptible damsel, he flattered her to the top of her bent and speedily roused her waning interest. It was in the days when courtiers were rewarded direct from the Crown, and Raleigh had not long been hanging about the galleries of Whitehall and Greenwich before he became the recipient of many favours. He was allowed to put in the ample pockets of his knickerbockers certain handsome dues on the export of woollen broadcloths and on the sale of wines, the "farm of wines" as it was called; he held the lucrative office of Lord Warden of the Stannaries; then he had a run of luck and became successively Lieutenant of Cornwall, Vice-Admiral of Devon and Cornwall, and Captain of the Queen's Guard. Confiscated estates were granted to him, and he soon developed from a needy Devonshire lad into a powerful courtier and wealthy landowner.

And now, when at the height of his favour and prosperity, permission was given him to embark upon an adventure which had long excited his imagination. When a boy at Hayes he had often held conversation with English sailors, who had frequently crossed the Atlantic, and whose yarns were of the capture of Spanish galleons, of the wealth hidden in the bowels of South American mines, of the wild sport to be had in those tropical forests teeming with big game; of, in short, the unsunned treasures of an El Dorado which had only to be visited to be conquered, and only to be conquered to make its possessor rich beyond the fondest dreams of avarice. A charter at his earnest request was granted to him by his royal mistress to explore the "heathen and barbarous lands" across the Atlantic. Accompanied by his colonising fleet, he took possession of that vast tract of country which, after the name of his beloved "Virgin Queen," he called Virginia, and did all in his power to found there an English colony. But the fates were then against him; Spain objected to the settlement; the colonists were indolent, and the Indians were aggressive. No sooner had the exported English been left by their late commander alone in the new colony to build and dig, than they either ran away to more populated districts, or fell an easy prey to the aborigines on the war path for the white man's scalp and the white man's rum. Raleigh was, however, not to be deterred from his object by any mortification, and he despatched at different times

several expeditions across the Atlantic, in the hope that ultimately the settlers would take root and Virginia develope into a prosperous English settlement. The Armada interfered for the moment with his colonising proceedings, and Raleigh was among the foremost in teaching the Spanish Dons how insane and futile had been their temerity in attempting to invade England. His vessel was almost the first to pour its broadsides into the clumsy, heavily-laden galleons, and the last to leave them, as in sheer terror they essayed to find their way home to sunny Spain—for they had had enough of the Channel—round by the stormy coasts of Scotland and Ireland.

From Mars to Venus is an easy transition. At the court of Elizabeth there waited upon her exacting Majesty one Elizabeth Throgmorton, the daughter of Nicholas Throgmorton, who had done good service to his country as a soldier against the prowess of France, and who subsequently had conducted certain knotty points in diplomacy to a successful issue as English Ambassador at Paris. The maid of honour was a tall fair woman, with features somewhat masculine, and a figure which, in spite of her “dark-coloured hanging sleeve robe tufted on the arms, and under it a close-bodied gown of white satin flowered with black with close sleeves down to her wrist,” was inclined to a breadth and fulness more associated with a majestic bearing than with grace. Raleigh soon became enslaved with the dark grey eyes of Bessie Throgmorton, by her sympathetic attention to his Othello-like tales of arms and adventure, and by the sound good sense which appears to have been the most conspicuous of her gifts. He proposed and was accepted, and the lovers were secretly united; indeed, so secretly that, according to some, intrigue had preceded marriage. As soon as her Majesty, who permitted no man upon whom she smiled to think of any other woman, heard of this union she was as infuriated against Raleigh as she had been against her favourite Essex for linking himself with Frances Walsingham. The husband was shut up in one of the cells of the Tower looking on to the river, whilst the wife was dismissed from Court, and forced, during the storm of the royal displeasure, to find a home among her relatives. After several weary months had been spent in durance vile, the greed of the sovereign opened the doors of Raleigh’s dungeon, and he was set free, though not restored to favour, in order to lead an expedition which had for its object the pillaging of several richly laden Spanish galleons. He was successful in his piracy, and the impoverished exchequer of Elizabeth was once more in funds, thanks to the treasures found on board the *Madre de Dios* and the other captured

caracks. These robberies were instrumental in restoring Raleigh to his former position at Court, for the surest way to appeal to the affections of the great Queen was either through her vanity or through her purse. During the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth the influence exercised by Raleigh was at its height. At home, his voice was seldom raised in vain at the Council table, whilst abroad he had despatched expeditions—some of which he himself commanded—to explore Guiana in quest of that “El Dorado” which both Spaniards and Englishmen asserted was to be found in that country and in that country only. The search was not, however, crowned with success ; still, boats had been rowed up the Orinoco, men had been landed, in spite of Spanish opposition, upon its fern-covered banks, a three days’ march had been effected through the forest dense with tropical cultivation, the rocks had been blasted and quartz had been brought on board the ships forming part of the expedition then anchored off Trinidad. On examination by the assayer in London, it was found that these specimens of Guiana rock were charged with gold. To his dying day Raleigh maintained that the soil of Guiana was saturated with mineral wealth, and that close to the spot where his men had searched was a mine, which, according to Indian report, only required working to yield gold inexhaustible. Of this mine the mind of Raleigh, in the days of his captivity, was full.

And imprisonment was again to fetter his actions and embitter his life. Upon the death of Elizabeth a new king mounted the throne who refused to recognise Joseph. We do not know what were the influences at work in the breast of the British Solomon, but certain it is that James the First soon showed that he cordially disliked Sir Walter Raleigh. Whether with the spleen of the pedant he was jealous of the great coloniser’s fame ; whether he was prejudiced against him by Sir Robert Cecil, the Secretary of State, or whether he simply hated the knight because he had been one of the favoured by Elizabeth, or whatever was the cause, there can be no doubt but that James was from the very outset of his reign ill-disposed towards Raleigh, and was on the watch to effect his ruin. An opportunity soon offered itself. Shortly after the accession of the new monarch a conspiracy within a conspiracy was discovered to overthrow the Government. The first plot, called the “Main,” had for its object to place Arabella Stuart, the cousin of the King, upon the throne with the aid of the Spanish Government. The other plot, called the “Bye” or the “Surprise,” was a design to *surprise* and imprison the King and remodel the Government. Of the “Main,”

Lord Cobham was the leader ; of the "Surprise," Broke, the brother of Lord Cobham, was the moving spirit. The conspiracy was discovered by Cecil, and the organisers of the plot with their followers were captured and thrown into prison. Upon the testimony of Cobham, who was ready to swear anything in order to save his miserable life, and who saw from the leading questions put to him that the Court wanted to get the adventurer in its clutches, Raleigh was said to be connected with the treason, and he also was cast into the Tower.

The trial took place at Winchester, November 17, 1603, so as to escape from the plague which was then raging in London. Raleigh was accused of attempting to advance Arabella Stuart to the throne, of agreeing with Lord Cobham to treat with Count Aremberg, the Ambassador of Austria in England, so as to obtain 600,000 crowns to further the intended treason, and of seeking the aid of Spanish troops. He pleaded not guilty. He denied that he had any dealings with Spain, he was innocent of any attempt to advance Arabella Stuart, he had nothing to do with Cobham's practice with Aremberg, he had been accused upon the evidence of Cobham, and such evidence, he declared, was wholly false. His denial was however valueless. The Attorney-General branded him as "the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived" ; as "an odious fellow," whose name was "hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride," and "a vile viper"—epithets which show how very free was the licence of the bar in those days. It was sworn on the testimony of Cobham that Raleigh had written a book in which he had spoken disparagingly of the King's title to the throne, that he had said it would "never be well in England till the King and his cubs were taken away," and that he had entered into pecuniary transactions with Aremberg to subvert the Government, aided by Spain. This evidence was deemed sufficient, and Raleigh—in spite of his appeal to God and the King that the unsupported accusation of Cobham was not sufficient to condemn him—was declared by the jury guilty. Sentence of death, in the barbarous form which then accompanied the punishment of high treason, was passed upon him, and the prisoner was taken back to Winchester gaol. Such was the end of a trial which has been summed up in one brief sentence : "The justice of England has never been so injured and degraded as by the condemnation of Sir Walter Raleigh." It was proved that Cobham and Raleigh were at the accession of James in friendly intercourse with each other, but there is no evidence that Raleigh was in any way cognisant of the designs of the leader of the "Main," or was in any way connected with the conspiracy. Indeed, Cobham, expecting soon to place his

head upon the block, was pricked by the stings of conscience, and fully acquitted his former friend. "Seeing myself so near my end," writes Cobham to Raleigh,¹ "for the discharge of my own conscience, and freeing myself from your blood, which else will cry vengeance against me, I protest upon my salvation that I never practised with Spain by your procurement ; God so comfort me in this my affliction, as you are a true subject for anything that I know. I will say as Daniel, *Purus sum à sanguine hujus*. So God have mercy upon my soul as I know no treason by you."

This letter the partial judge at the trial refused to consider, deeming it, as the Attorney-General remarked, "a letter politickly and cunningly urged from the Lord Cobham." As for the charge that Raleigh was implicated in any attempt to place Arabella Stuart on the throne, not the slightest evidence was brought forward to support the accusation ; it was a mere assertion made by the law advisers of the Crown, and upheld by not a single witness. Still the accusations served their purpose. Raleigh was pronounced to have been in the confidence of Cobham, and because he had not given information to the Government of the plot, he was therefore guilty of what is called misprision of treason. After sentence was passed upon him, Raleigh was escorted back to Winchester gaol, and there bade to prepare himself to meet his Maker. The day of his execution was fixed for December the 15th. During the interval he busied himself in settling his affairs, in imploring the royal mercy, "not because I fear death, but for the sake of my poor wife and child," and in writing to his Bessie, who, half mad with grief, was making every effort in London to beg off the precious life of her husband. The piteous entreaties of Lady Raleigh had, however, been urged without effect. Neither the King nor the Council gave her hope : "the law," they said, "must take its course." The condemned man, in his cell at Winchester, was told to expect the worst. He then writes to "his own Bess" : "You shall receive, dear wife, my last words in these my last lines.² My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead ; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my last will present you with sorrows, dear Bess. Let them go to the grave with me and be buried in the dust. And seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you in this life, bear my destruction gently, and with a heart like yourself." Then, having ushered in this preface to his last words, he proceeds to business. To his son he has bequeathed his lands, and to her

¹ *State Trials*, James I., 1603.

² *State Papers, Domestic*. Dec. 9, 1603.

such moneys and jewels as remain to him. He mourns he can leave her no better estate ; but, provided she can live free from want, all is well, as the rest is but vanity. “Love God,” he enjoins, “and begin betimes to repose yourself on Him ; therein shall you find true and lasting riches and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travelled and wearied your thoughts on all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God while he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him. Then will God be a husband unto you and a father unto him ; a husband and a father which can never be taken from you.” Still reputed rich and beautiful, his Bess may be tempted into a less spiritual union. “When I am gone,” proceeds the condemned man, “no doubt you shall be sought unto by many, for the world thinks that I was very rich ; but take heed of the pretences of men and of their affections, for they last but in honest and worthy men. And no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey and after to be despised. I speak it (God knows !) not to dissuade you from marriage, for that will be best for you. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine. Death hath cut us asunder ; and God hath divided me from the world and you from me.” He concludes by apologising for the briefness of his letter. “I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I stole this time when all sleep ; and it is high time to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it at Sherborne or in Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can write no more. Time and death call me away. The everlasting, infinite, powerful, and omnipotent God, that Almighty God, that is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy on me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My true wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy. Pray for me. My true God hold you both in His arms.”

This pathetic leave-taking was, however, premature. At the very last moment, a messenger arrived from Whitehall, granting a reprieve to the leaders of the conspiracy. Cobham was on the scaffold and bidding the headsman not to mangle his work, when he was informed that he had not sued the royal clemency in vain. He was pardoned, but not till some years afterwards set at liberty. By some strange freak of justice, Raleigh, who was innocent of any complicity with the “Main” or the “Bye,” was neither pardoned nor liberated; the Governor of Winchester gaol was ordered to convey the prisoner to Kingston Bridge, and there have him rowed down the river in the

traitors' barge to the Tower, where he was to remain during the royal pleasure. These commands were carried out, and we meet with Raleigh drifting down the Thames to the place of his confinement.

Within the walls of the Bloody Tower Sir Walter Raleigh remained a prisoner for well-nigh fourteen years. In spite of petition after petition to the King, no notice was taken of his prayers for release, and it was not until the summer of 1616 that he was set at liberty.

During this weary interval, Raleigh occupied his time after his own active and restless fashion. He was not, as romance has imagined, lodged in one narrow cell, eating out his heart under a cruel and miserable restraint. He had the free run of the roomy chambers in the Bloody Tower; he was surrounded by his books, his mathematical instruments, and the chemicals of his little laboratory; his beloved Bessie was permitted to see him as often as she willed, and it appears from more than one letter among the state papers, that the watch kept over his movements was anything but vigilant or exacting. Surrounded by such aids to study and research, he passed his days in intellectual pursuits. He messed about with his chemicals, creating odious stench by his experiments; he prepared cordials and prescriptions for such of his fellow-prisoners as were sick and required medical advice, and more than once, like other quacks, he was accused of doing more harm than good by his amateur doctorship. The Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor to the Tower, and much enjoyed the conversation and society of the learned and adventurous knight; "no king but my father," remarked his Royal Highness, "would keep such a bird in a cage." When the Prince died—a death, by the way, said to have been caused by a cordial sent him by Raleigh—it was felt by the friends of the prisoner that he had lost his greatest hope of release.¹ But the work of all others with which the name of Raleigh is associated during these years of captivity is his "History of the World," which begins with the Creation and ends with the fall of the Macedonian Empire, a century and a half before the Birth of Christ. The volumes are now only read by the curious, but they well repay perusal, from the quaint matter and out-of-the-way research with which their pages—especially the earlier portion of the history—are pregnant. The style is vigorous; the dissertations upon men and things, which are freely introduced, throw much light upon the personal history of the author; the views upon government, and upon the principles of polity that should be established, are those of a deep and original thinker; the interest of the narrative is so well sustained that it is a matter of regret that the work is but a fragment,

¹ *State Papers, Domestic.* Aug.–Dec., 1612.

and that so much of its space has been taken up in dealing with the lore of the Talmud and of other Rabbinical tomes to illustrate the history of the Jews. One would have liked to have read Raleigh on the Norman Conquest, the Wars of the Roses, the Reformation, and the Reign of Elizabeth.

Shortly after the appearance of the earlier volumes of this work, a warrant was sent down (Jan. 30, 1616) from Whitehall to Sir George Moore, the Lieutenant of the Tower, ordering the prisoner he had so long guarded to be released.¹ The key which had opened the doors of the Bloody Tower had been turned by the hand of avarice. The King detested Raleigh as much as ever, but, like Elizabeth, he was keen after filling his exhausted treasury, and he had been told that he had but to liberate the victim of his tyranny and its receipts would be magnificently swelled by wealth dug from the bowels of the earth across the Atlantic. In the seclusion of his confinement, in spite of his experiments and his literary labours, the thought which was ever uppermost with Raleigh was the precious gold, which he felt convinced lay buried in countless ounces within the quartz of that mine in Guiana which he had formerly failed to discover. His mind, from constantly dwelling upon the idea, became fired at the prospect his vivid imagination had conjured up; he saw his boats sailing up the Orinoco, his men guided by friendly Indians' groping through the pathless forest, the jealous Spaniards who opposed their progress sabred down by the cutlasses of the English sailors, then, before them the El Dorado with its inexhaustible treasures which only required strength and labour to be borne up to the surface. That such a mine was actually in existence, and was no dream of a diseased fancy, he was assured; and now that he heard of the pecuniary embarrassment of the Court he eagerly pushed his project forward. Queen Ann of Denmark had always been friendly disposed towards Raleigh, as she had derived great benefit from some elixir he had prepared for her. Her influence was exercised in his favour, and the King besought to allow the prisoner to command another expedition to Orinoco. The favourite Villiers, who now, since the fall of Carr, Earl of Somerset, was all in all to James, had been bribed to further the enterprise, and his advocacy was a host in itself. Other members of the Council had also been tempted by golden promises to uphold the scheme, and to give their vote in support of the exploration. This consensus of influence carried the day,

¹ I find that the cost of keeping Raleigh and two servants in the Tower came to between £4 and £5 a week. See Bills of Lieut. of the Tower, 1603, &c., *Exchequer Papers*, Public Records.

and Raleigh, released yet unpardoned, was permitted to sail in quest of the object of his search.

His commission was made out, and was so cleverly worded that, though James was to get all the treasure, Raleigh was to be made the scapegoat should the expedition give rise to dispute. The King knew perfectly well that the object of the expedition was to sail to Guiana, but no mention was made of Guiana in the commission. If complications were created, James could back out of the affair by saying that he had no idea that Raleigh intended to explore a Spanish settlement like Guiana; if, on the other hand, nothing unpleasant arose, and it appeared to be doubtful whether Guiana was a British or a Spanish colony, the King would simply appropriate what mineral wealth was brought back. Then, if Spain objected, Raleigh was to be offered up as a sacrifice to propitiate her wrath; if she did not object, and anything came of the expedition, James would partake largely of the treasure. Therefore, to use a modern sporting phrase, the King "stood on velvet"—so far as he was concerned it was "heads I win, tails you lose." According to Raleigh, Guiana was not a Spanish settlement, for the English had landed there before the Spaniards and were joyfully received by the native chiefs, who had of their own accord proffered allegiance to Queen Elizabeth. The words of the commission ran as follows: "This containeth His Majesty's commission unto Sir Walter Raleigh, knight, to travel and take with him into the south parts and other parts of America, possessed and inhabited by heathen and savage people, such persons as shall be willing to go and adventure themselves with him, with sufficient shipping, armour, horses, wares, and merchandises as shall be necessary for their journey, as well for the better increase of the trade of merchandise of this kingdom, as by conversation and commerce to draw those savage and idolatrous people to the true knowledge of God. It maketh him also to be commander of those that go with him, and gives him power for the appointing of captains and officers, for the better ordering and government of the company and the good of the voyage, and in case of rebellion or mutiny, upon just ground and apparent necessity to use martial law: which clause hath been used to be inserted in patents of like discovery and adventure." The commission is written upon parchment and signed by Francis Bacon. The document is creased and crumpled, and no doubt was worn about the person of Raleigh during the months when he commanded the expedition, for many parts of it are discoloured as if stained by perspiration.¹

¹ *State Papers, Domestic.* Castle Ashby, July 28, 1616.

In the second week of the June of 1617 Raleigh set sail from Plymouth with his little fleet of eleven vessels, which had been fitted out at the expense of the State, for South America. His son Walter was in command of the ship "Destiny," which had been especially built for the purpose, and was the Admiral's flagship. The most prominent of the other captains was Lawrence Keymish, who had been up the Orinoco before, but who had failed to find the mine. Several gentlemen accompanied the expedition, and the total strength of the fleet, inclusive of sailors, labourers, and soldiers, numbered some five hundred men. The orders issued by the Admiral for the maintenance of discipline lie before me.¹ Divine service was to be read every morning before dinner, and every evening before supper, "with the singing of a psalm at the setting of the watch." All blasphemy was to be punished if continued in after remonstrance ; "those of the meaner sort to be ducked at the yard-arm, and the better sort to be fined out of their adventure." Obedience was to be strictly observed, and the landsmen were to be taught nautical matters, so as to be able to assist the crew when needful. All acts of piracy were to be strictly forbidden. No man was to strike another under pain of death. "No man was to play at cards or dice, either for his apparel or arms, upon pain of being disarmed and made a swabber of the ship." "Whosoever shall show himself a coward upon any landing or otherwise, he shall be disarmed and made a labourer or carrier of victual for the rest." Upon landing in the Indies the men were to be careful not to eat unknown fruit, or new fish until it had been salted ; also they were not to sleep on the ground for fear of snakes and the damp, or to swim in the rivers for fear of alligators. Nothing was to be taken from any Indian by force. Any act of rape was to be punished with death. Then followed upon these instructions a series of orders regulating the course the fleet was to take, the storage of powder, the exposure of lights, the firing off of ordnance, and the cleanliness which was to be observed. Especial care was to be taken with regard to any engagements that might ensue. "No man," laid down Raleigh, "shall board his enemy's ship without order, because the loss of a ship to us is of more importance than the loss of ten ships to the enemy ; it being too great a dishonour to lose the least of our fleet."

Towards the close of the year, after being buffeted about by

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, May 3, 1617. "Orders to be observed by the commanders of the fleet and land companies under the charge and conduct of Sir Walter Raleigh, Kt., bound for the south part of America or elsewhere." Given at Plymouth.

contrary winds and encountering severe storms, the fleet anchored at the mouth of the Orinoco. The boats were lowered, and the sick men landed. The "barges and shallops," which had been brought over from England in pieces, were put together and launched. After this, assisted by the Indians, the ships were washed down, and water and provisions taken on board. Raleigh was so poorly that he had to be carried about to superintend operations. "Myself," he writes,¹ "having been in the hands of death without hope some six weeks, and not yet able otherwise to move than as I was carried in a chair." No time was lost in going in quest of the object for which the perilous voyage across the Atlantic had been taken. Orders were issued by Raleigh to Captain Keymish to sail up the Orinoco with five small ships, land his men, and make an investigation of the spot where the mine was said to be. Young Raleigh was to accompany the expedition as second in command. As the fates would have it, the exploration ended in complete disaster. Before Keymish had made much way up the Orinoco his passage was opposed by the Spaniards; an engagement ensued, which ended in the repulse of the enemy, and the little fleet sailed on. After a voyage of three weeks they approached a settlement which had been lately formed by the Spaniards, called St. Thomas. Here they were fired upon, and the fire was returned with some effect. As this spot was the most convenient for the penetration inland towards the mine, Keymish proceeded to disembark his men two miles east of the settlement. By nightfall the soldiers, several of the labourers, and many of the gentlemen adventurers had landed. The Spaniards had, however, no intention of allowing the hated English to take root in the new country; the further progress of the expedition was challenged, Spaniards and Englishmen fought hand to hand; young Raleigh, whilst gallantly leading his men, was shot through the heart, and Keymish, seeing that the advance to the mine was so jealously guarded by the Spanish settlers, thought it more prudent not to disembark any more of his men, but to beat a retreat and sail back to the Admiral. This resolve he carried out, but not before the Governor of St. Thomas had met with the fate of young Raleigh, and the new settlement had been considerably wrecked.

No sooner had Keymish reported the result of his expedition to Raleigh than he was met by a storm of reproaches. It was his duty, said the Admiral, to have proceeded towards the mine, and not to have been deterred by Spanish opposition, however aggressive. It

¹ *State Papers, Domestic.* Raleigh to Sir Ralph Winwood, Secretary of State, March 21, 1618.

was rank cowardice. What reception would they meet with on their return to England after the promises that had been held out? His own pardon, cried Raleigh, depended upon the success of this expedition, and now he was not only a ruined but a condemned man. He had lost his son; he had lost his fortune; there only remained for him now to lose his life and all, he said bitterly, on account of the hesitation of his commander. He had never, he wailed, known what disgrace was until now. Keymish turned on his heel and suddenly said, as he went below, that he could explain satisfactorily all that had taken place. The next moment a pistol-shot was heard. "I was no sooner," writes Raleigh,¹ "come from him into my cabin than I heard a pistol go off over my head, and sending up to know who shot it, word was brought that Keymish had shot it out of his cabin window to cleanse it. His boy going into the cabin, found him lying on his bed with much blood by him, and looking on his face saw he was dead. The pistol being but little, the bullet did but crack his rib, but on turning him over found a long knife in his body all but the handle."

With the death of Keymish, his own sickness, the loss of many of his men, and the mortification which had been engendered throughout the fleet by the failure of the expedition, Raleigh saw ruin staring him in the face. He had not the funds, nor had his mutinous and dispirited men the will, to make another attempt upon the mine; besides, he had relied upon Keymish, who knew the country and who was to have been in charge of all mining operations, and he, alas! in a fit of sensitiveness had perished by his own hand. In spite of his orders to act on the defensive and not on the aggressive, his men had beaten down the twig huts of St. Thomas, had shot the governor, and had looted the settlement of what valuables it possessed. He knew that if Spain remonstrated—and she would remonstrate, for Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador in London, was the bitterest foe of Raleigh—it would go hard with him; if Madrid demanded a sacrifice, he, deserted and unpardoned, would be the victim. Whichever way he turned, the outlook was depressing. He had disappointed those who had ventured their money in the scheme; he had not ascertained the whereabouts of the mine, and his pardon was dependent upon the discovery; he had lost his first-born, and knew not how to face his Bessie; and he, or rather his men, had acted so as to create a rupture between the Courts of England and Spain. "What shall become of me now," he writes

¹ *State Papers, Domestic.* Raleigh to Sir Ralph Winwood, Secretary of State, March 21, 1618.

piteously to Winwood,¹ "I know not. I am unpardoned in England and my poor estate consumed, and whether any other prince or state will give me bread I know not. I desire your honour to hold me in your good opinion, and to remember my services to my lords of Arundel and Pembroke ; to take some pity on my poor wife, to whom I dare not write for renewing the sorrow for her son, and beseech you to give a copy of these to my Lord Carew, for to a broken mind, to a weak body and weak eyes, it is a torment to write many letters."

Sadly he watched the retreating shores of South America, upon whose teeming soil he had built such splendid castles in the air, as the good ship "Destiny" bent before the breeze homeward bound. He arrived at Plymouth June 21, 1618. Scarcely had he cast anchor than Sir Lewis Stukeley, the Vice-Admiral of Devon—for Spanish activity had caused the raid upon St. Thomas to be soon known in London—came on board and claimed Raleigh as his prisoner. He was commissioned, he said, to bring the adventurer to London. On the arrival of Sir Walter in the metropolis he was allowed to find shelter in his own house, and was not despatched a prisoner to the Tower. Here, for a few weeks, he was tenderly nursed by his beloved Bessie ; but finding that Spain was busy at work to do him ill, and that James was ready to adopt any course which would appease the wrath of the Most Catholic King, Raleigh resolved to hurry across the Channel and seek a refuge in France. He had well-nigh carried his plan into execution when it was discovered by Sir Lewis Stukeley—according to Sir Lewis, Raleigh had offered him ten thousand pounds to effect his escape—who promptly informed the Court, and once more Raleigh found himself in his too familiar quarters in the Bloody Tower.

A close prisoner, and conscious of the machinations his enemies were employing to ruin him with the Court and to put the worst construction upon his late expedition, which had already caused the relations between Whitehall and Madrid to be somewhat [strained, Raleigh took the earliest opportunity his confinement offered to lay before the King a statement of his past conduct. He drew up what he called his "Apology," in which he states that he had not invaded Spanish territory ; that the English had settled in Guiana before the Spaniards ; that the destruction of St. Thomas was against his instructions, and that the Spaniards were the first to commence hostilities. "Because I know not," he writes,¹ "whether I shall live to come before the lords, I have, for His Majesty's satisfaction, set down as much as I can say either for mine own defence or against

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, Raleigh to Sir Ralph Winwood, Secretary of State, Sept., 1618.

myself, as things are now construed. It is true that though I acquainted His Majesty with my intent to land in Guiana, yet I never made it known to His Majesty that the Spaniards had any footing there, neither had I any authority by my patent to remove the Spaniards thence, and therefore His Majesty had no interest in the attempt of St. Thomas by any foreknowledge thereof to His Majesty. But knowing His Majesty's title to the country to be best and most Christian, because the nominal lords did most willingly acknowledge Queen Elizabeth to be their sovereign, who by me promised to defend them from the Spanish cruelty, I made no doubt that I might enter the land by force, seeing the Spaniards had no other title but force (the Pope's donation excepted). Considering also that they got a possession there divers years since my possession taken for the Crown of England. [This was in 1596, when Keymish occupied what afterwards became the settlement of St. Thomas.] Now, were this possession of theirs a sufficient bar to His Majesty's right, the Kings of Spain may as well call themselves Dukes of Brittany because they held Brucks and fortified there ; and Kings of Ireland because they possessed Lemeryck and fortified here, and so in many places.

"That His Majesty was well resolved of his right there I make no doubt, because the English under Mr. Harcourt had leave to plant and inhabit there. That Orinoco itself had had, long ere this, 500 English in it I assure myself, had not my employment at Cadiz [where Raleigh wrecked the Spanish fleet] next year after my return from Guiana, and after that the journey to the Islands [his voyage to Virginia and the West Indies] hindered me for two years. After which, Tyrone's rebellion made Her Majesty unwilling that any great number of ships or men should be taken out of England till the rebellion were ended. And lastly, Her Majesty's death, and my long imprisonment giving time to the Spaniards to set up a town of sticks covered with leaves of trees upon the bank of Orinoco which they call St. Thomas ; but they have never reconciled nor conquered any of the casiques or nominal lords of the country, which casiques are still against them in arms, as by the Governor's letters to the King of Spain it may appear.

"That by landing in Guiana there can be any breach, I think it under favour impossible, for to break peace where there is no peace it cannot be. That the Spaniards give us no peace there it doth appear by the King of Spain's letters to his Governors that they should put to death all those Indians and Spaniards that trade with *Con les Englices ennemis*. Yea, these very Spaniards which were

encountered at St. Thomas' did of late years murder thirty-six of Mr. Halle's men of London and many of mine, our men landing without weapons upon the Spaniards' faith to trade with them. Mr. Thorne, also in Tower Street, London (besides many other English), were in like sort murdered in Orinoco the year before my delivery out of the Tower. Now, if this kind of trade be peaceable, then there is a peaceable trade between us and the Spaniards ; but if this be cruel war and hatred and no peace, then there is no peace broken by our attempt.

“ Again, how doth this stand true that the King of Spain should call us friends when he did hope to cut us in pieces, and thereof failing to call us peace-breakers ; for to be a friend and a peace-breaker in one and the same action is impossible. But the King of Spain's letters to the governors of Guiana, dated at Madrid the 19th of March before we left the Thames, called us *Englices amicos*. If it had pleased the King of Spain to have written to His Majesty in fifteen month's time (for we were so long time preparing), and have made His Majesty know that our landing in Guiana would draw after it a breach of peace, I presume to think His Majesty would have stayed our enterprise. This he might have done with less charges than to levy 300 soldiers and transport ten pieces of ordnance from Puerborico. For the main point of landing near St. Thomas, it is true that we were of opinion that we must first have driven the Spaniards out of their town before we could pass the thick wood upon the mountains of the mine ; which I confess I first resolved upon, but better bethinking myself I referred the taking of the town to the goodness of the mine which they found to be so rich, as I might persuade the leaving of a garrison there to drive the Spaniards thence. But to have it burnt was never my intent, neither could they ever give me any reason why they did it ; for upon their return I examined the sergeant-major and Keymish why they followed not my last directions for the trial of the mine before the taking of the town ? They answered me, although they durst hardly go to the mine, leaving a garrison of Spaniards between them and their boats, yet they said they followed those latter directions and did land between the town and the mine ; that the Spaniards, without any manner of parley, set upon them unawares, charged them, called them *pereos Englices*, and by skirmishing with them drew them on the very entrance of the town before they knew where they were. So as if any peace had been in those parts, the Spaniards first brake the peace and made the first slaughter ; for as the English could not but land to seek the mine, being come hither to that end, so being first

reviled and charged by the Spaniards they could do no less than repel force by force.

“Lastly, it is a matter of no small consequence to acknowledge we have offended the King of Spain by landing in Guiana. For, first, it weakens His Majesty’s title to the country or quits it. Secondly, there is no king who hath ever given the least way to any other king or state in the traffic of the lives and goods of his subjects, (to wit) as in our case, that it shall be lawful for the Spaniards to murder us either by force or treason, and unlawful for us to defend ourselves and pay them with their own coin, for this proves superiority and inferiority, which no absolute monarch ever yielded to or ever will. Thirdly, it sheweth the English bear great respect to the Spaniards, and are more doubtful of their forces than the French or the Dutch are, who daily invade all parts of the Indies without being questioned at their return. Yea, at my last being in Plymouth, a French gentleman called Flory went thence with 4 sail and 300 landsmen, with commission to land, to burn, and sack all places in the Indies that he could master, and yet hath the French King married a daughter of the King of Spain.

“This is all I can say, other than that I have spent my poor estate, lost my son and my health, and endured as many sorts of miseries as ever man did, in hope to do His Majesty service, and have not, to my understanding, committed any hostile act, other than the entrance upon a territory belonging to the crown of England, where the English were first set upon and stayed by the usurping Spaniard. I invaded no other parts of the Indies pretended by the Spaniards ; I returned into England with a manifest peril of my life, with a purpose not to hold myself by any other art than His Majesty’s grace, from which no man nor any peril could dissuade me. To that grace and goodness I refer myself, which, if it shall find I have not yet suffered enough, it may (if it please God) add more affliction to the remainder of a wretched life.”

This “Apology” was laid before James, but failed to convince the sovereign that his subject had not been guilty of gross misconduct in wrecking the settlement of St. Thomas. Raleigh consequently penned a supplement to his “Apology,” and forwarded it to the King. He saw no reason, he re-asserted,¹ why Spain should condemn the course he had adopted. If it were lawful for Spaniards “to murder Englishmen, binding them back to back and then cutting their throats,” and yet it was not lawful for his own men to repel force by force, then all he could say was, “Oh, miserable English !”

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, Oct., 1618.

“If I spent my poor estate,” he continued, “lost my son, suffered by sickness and otherwise a world of miseries ; if I have resisted, with the manifest hazard of my life, the robberies and spoils which my company would have made ; if, when I was poor, I might have made myself rich ; if when I had gotten my liberty, which all men and nature itself do so much prize, I voluntarily lost it ; if, when I was sure of my life, I rendered it again ; if I might elsewhere have sold my ship and goods and put five or six thousand pounds in my pocket, and yet have brought her into England ; I beseech your Majesty to believe that all this I have done because it should not be said to your Majesty that your Majesty had given liberty and trust to a man whose end was but the recovery of his liberty, and who had betrayed your Majesty’s trust. My company told me that if I returned to England I should be undone ; but I believed in your Majesty’s goodness more than in all their arguments. Sure I am that I am the first that, being free and able to enrich myself, have embraced poverty and peril ; and as sure I am that my example shall make me the last. But your Majesty’s wisdom and goodness I have made my judge ; who have ever been and shall ever be your Majesty’s most humble vassal.”

These appeals were, however, not listened to by James.

After a confinement of some six weeks Raleigh was again brought out into the light to face the ordeal of a second trial. A victim was required to appease the anger of Spain for the destruction of St. Thomas, and Raleigh was to be offered up as the sacrifice. The sentence passed upon him at Winchester fifteen years ago was still entered in the judgment book ; it had been suspended, but it had never been cancelled. The Court now resolved to proceed against its prisoner upon his old condemnation. Raleigh, shaken with ague and bowed with sickness, was ordered to stand at the bar of the King’s Bench in Westminster Hall, and was asked by the Lord Chief Justice what reason he could adduce why the judgment passed upon him at Winchester should not now be executed ? “All I can say is this, my Lord,” answered Raleigh, “that the judgment which I received to die so long since, I hope it cannot now be strained to take away my life ; for that since it was His Majesty’s pleasure to grant me a commission to proceed in a voyage beyond the seas, wherein I had power as Marshal on the life and death of others, so, under favour, I presume I am discharged of that judgment.”

“Not so, Sir Walter Raleigh,” replied the Judge ; “your commission does not in any way help you. By that you are not pardoned. In cases of treason, the law demands that you must be

pardoned by words of a special nature and not implicitly. There was no word tending to pardon in all your commission."

"If your opinion be so, my Lord," answered Raleigh, "I am satisfied, and so put myself on the mercy of the King, who I know is gracious. And, under favour, I must say I hope he will be pleased to take commiseration upon me concerning that judgment, which is so long past and by which I had so hard measure."

The sentence delivered at Winchester, with the exception of certain barbarous details, which were rescinded, was then confirmed, and Raleigh was taken back to the Tower. The date of his execution was fixed for Thursday, October 29, 1618. He was in feeble health, and suffered much, though he had nothing to complain of as to the conduct of those who kept watch over him. "An honest gentleman, Mr. Edward Wilson, is my keeper," he writes to his wife,¹ "and takes much pain with me. I am sick and weak; my swollen side keeps me in perpetual pain and unrest. God comfort us." And Bessie, in lodgings hard by Tower Green, but not now permitted to see her husband, thus replies:² "I am sorry to hear, amongst many discomforts, that your health is so ill; 'tis merely [*merely* indeed!] sorrow and grief that with wind hath gathered in your side. I hope your health and comforts will mend, and mend us for God. I am glad to hear you have the company and comfort of so good a keeper. I was something dismayed at the first that you had no servant of your own left you, but I hear this knight's servants [those of the Lieutenant of the Tower] are very necessary. God requite his courtesies, and God in mercy look on us.—Yours, E. RALEIGH."

Every effort was made by the friends of the prisoner to have the dread sentence exchanged for exile or imprisonment. The Queen, with whom Raleigh had always been a favourite, wrote to the favourite Villiers, her "kind Dogge," as she styled him, to use his influence with the King so that "the life of Walter Raleigh may not be called in question." Lady Raleigh was incessant in her piteous entreaties to King and Council to have her husband spared from a shameful and sudden death. Several of the gentlemen who had accompanied the ill-fated adventurer in his various expeditions petitioned the Crown on this occasion to exercise its prerogative of mercy. Certain Spanish priests, then on a religious visit to England, urged the same course, from fear that the death of Raleigh would have a bad influence upon the English people, and tend all the more to increase the hate which then existed in this country against Spain.

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, Oct. 18, 1618.

² *Ibid.*

These appeals the prisoner himself warmly supported by frequent invocations of the Royal clemency. Something of a versifier, Raleigh, in the hour of his adversity, composed the following effusion, which he sent to his good friend Queen Ann of Denmark : ¹

- “ Oh had Truth power, the guiltless could not fall,
Malice win glory, or revenge triumph.
But truth alone cannot encounter all.
- “ Mercy is fled to God which mercy made ;
Compassion dead ; faith turned to policy.
Friends know not those who sit in sorrow's shade.
- “ For what we sometimes were, we are no more ;
Fortune hath changed our shape and destiny,
Defaced the very form we had before.
- “ All love and all desert of former times,
Malice hath cover'd from my Sovereign's eyes,
And largely laid abroad supposed crimes.
- “ But kings call not to mind what vassals were ;
But know them now as envy hath described them.
So can I look on no side from despair.
- “ Cold walls, to you I speak ; but you are senseless.
Celestial powers you hear but have determined,
And shall determine to my greatest happiness.
- “ Then unto whom shall I unfold my wrongs,
Cast down my tears, or hold up folded hands ?
To Her to whom remorse doth most belong ;
- “ To Her who is the first, and may alone
Be justly call'd the Empress of the Britons.
Who should have mercy if a Queen have none ?
- “ Save those that would have died for your defence.
• Save him whose thoughts no reason ever tainted.
For lo ! destruction is not recompense.
- “ If I have sold my duty, sold my faith,
To strangers—which was only due to one ;
Nothing I should esteem so dear as death.
- “ But if both God and time shall make you know
That I, your humblest vassal, am opprest,
Then cast your eyes on undeserved woe.
- “ That I and mine may never mourn the miss
Of Her we had, but praise our living Queen,
Who brings us equal if not greater bliss.”

But all these appeals to the Crown were in vain. James curtly replied that the prisoner deserved his sentence, and the

¹ These lines are among the Harleian MS. I have, however, copied them from the careful and accurate biography of Raleigh by Mr. Edward Edwards.

law must be fulfilled. The night before the execution, Raleigh was removed from the Tower to the Gate House of Westminster Hall, which had long been employed as the prison of the Liberty of Westminster, so as to be near the scaffold which had been erected in Old Palace Yard. Here he wrote his last letter to the King—a letter which James called “a roaring, tedious letter.” “The life which I had, most mighty Prince,” penned the condemned man,¹ “the law hath taken from me, and I am now but the same earth and dust out of which I was made. If my offence had any proportion with your Majesty’s mercy, I might despair, or if my deserving had any quantity with your Majesty’s unmeasurable goodness, I might have hope ; but it is you that must judge, and not I. Home, blood, gentility, or estate, I have none ; no, not so much as a being ; no, not so much as a *vitam plantæ*. I have only a penitent soul in a body of iron which moveth towards the loadstone of death, and cannot be withheld from touching it except your Majesty’s mercy turn the point towards me that expelleth. . . . If now I write what seems not well favoured, most merciful prince, vouchsafe to ascribe it to the counsel of a dead heart and to a mind that sorrow hath confounded. But the more my misery is, the more is your Majesty’s mercy; if you please to behold it ; and the less I can deserve, the more liberal your Majesty’s gift shall be ; herein you shall only imitate God by giving free life ; and by giving it to such a one from whom there can be no retribution, but only a desire to pay a lent life with the same great love which the same great goodness shall bestow on it. This being the first letter that ever your Majesty received from a dead man, I humbly submit myself to the will of God, my supreme Lord, and shall willingly and patiently suffer whatsoever it shall please your Majesty to inflict me withal.”

This letter fared no better than its predecessors, and the end was now at hand.

Early in the morning of that terrible Thursday the condemned man was awoke out of a refreshing slumber, and bade dress himself and prepare for the worst. He received the communion from the hands of Dr. Tounson, the Dean of Westminster, who had of late had much religious conversation with him, and spent the hours between five and eight o’clock in fervent prayer.

He then handed to his spiritual adviser the following lines he had composed² :—

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, Oct., 1618.

² *State Papers, Domestic*, Oct. 29, 1618. “Made by Sir Walter Raleigh the morning before his death and delivered to the Dean of Westminster a little before his end.”

“ Even such is Time which takes in trust
Our youth, our hopes, and all we have,
And pays us both with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ;
And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.”

The eve of the day fixed for his execution Raleigh had taken a final farewell of his wife, and the interview between the two had lasted until the abbey had tolled the hour of twelve. All business matters had been settled, and there was therefore nothing on the mind of the condemned man to interfere with his hopes and thoughts as to the unseen world into which he was about to enter. The King as a last favour had granted the wife, speedily to be made a widow, permission to bury the body of her husband after the headsman had done his fell work. “ It is well, dear Bessie,” said Raleigh, pressing her in the agony of a last embrace, “ that thou may'st dispose of that dead which thou had'st not always the disposing of when alive.” So those two parted, never more to meet on this side the “ Eternal Silence.” “ God hold me in my wits !” sighed the poor dame as she entered her coach, stationed under the very shadow of the scaffold, upon which in a few brief hours the blood of her husband was to be shed.

As eight o'clock struck, Raleigh held himself in readiness to quit the Gate House. A cup of excellent sack was now brought him, which he drank at a quaff. He was asked how he liked it. “ As the fellow,” he replied, “ who, drinking of St. Giles' bowl on his way to Tyburn, said it was good drink if a man might tarry by it.” After this refreshment, a procession was made to the scaffold, at the head of which walked the Dean of Westminster. On the way to the Old Palace Yard, Raleigh met Sir Hugh Brereton, an old friend, whom he had especially requested to be present at the execution. “ Sir Hugh, to make sure work, got a letter from Secretary Lake to the sheriff to see him placed conveniently, and meeting them [the procession] as they came near to the scaffold, delivered his letter. But the sheriff by mishap had left his spectacles at home, and put the letter in his pocket ; in the mean time, Sir Hugh being thrust aside by the crowd, Sir Walter bade him farewell, saying, ‘ I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place.’ ”

It was a bitterly cold October morning, rendered all the more sharp by a cutting east wind, and as Raleigh ascended the scaffold and prepared to address the vast mob that thronged the Palace Yard, his limbs, enfeebled by confinement and ill-health, trembled so visibly

that he could scarcely support himself. The sheriff, observing this debility, offered to help his ill-fated charge down from the scaffold and take him to a fire, so that being warmed he might be the better able to deliver his dying speech. "No, good Mr. Sheriff," said Raleigh, "let us despatch, for within this quarter of an hour mine ague will come upon me, and if I be not dead before then mine enemies will say that I quake for fear." Then, holding on by the rail of the scaffold, he faced the crowd and thus began : "I thank God heartily that He hath brought me into the light to die, and that He hath not suffered me to die in the dark prison of the Tower, where I have suffered a great deal of misery and cruel sickness ; and I thank God that my fever hath not taken me at the time, as I prayed to God it might not." After this preface, he proceeded to deal with the charges brought against him. He denied that he ever entered into any plot with France, though he admitted, to save his life, he had attempted to escape into France. He denied that he had ever been counselled by Lord Carew and other lords to fly the country, or that he had ever offered Sir Lewis Stukeley money to assist him in escaping. "But indeed," he acknowledged, "I showed him a letter that if he would go with me there should be order taken for his debts when he was gone ; neither had I £10,000 to give him, for if I had had so much, I could have made my peace better with it other ways than in giving it to Stukeley." He declared that his only object in starting for Guiana was to discover the mine which really existed there. He denied that he ever intended to desert his men when at Trinidad, as had been alleged, or that he had been forced to return home by his men against his will. Nor was it true that he had carried with him to sea numerous pieces, and that the only object of his voyage was to get money into his hands ; he had taken out but little money, and such as he had taken out he had brought back. "These be the material points," he concluded, "I thought good to speak of, and I am now at this instant to render up an account to God ; and I protest, as I shall appear before Him, this that I have spoken is true, and I hope I shall be believed." ¹

¹ Among the *State Papers, Domestic*, October 19, 1618, is the following paper, written in Raleigh's hand and signed by him, referring to these charges which he denied upon the scaffold :—

"Accusations against Sir Walter Raleigh cleared by him at his death."

"I did never receive advice from my Lord Carew to make my escape, neither did I ever tell it (to) Stukley.

"I did never name my Lord Hay and my Lord Carew to Stukley in other words or sense than as my honourable friends among other lords my honourable friends.

Having ended his speech, Raleigh turned towards the headsman and asked to see the axe. He took it up, passed his hand along the edge, and then laid it down with the remark that it was a fair sharp medicine to cure him of all his diseases. After having removed his cloak and doublet, he knelt down and placed his head upon the block. It was now objected to by some that the face of the condemned man was turned to the west instead of to the east. "Does it matter," said Raleigh, raising his head from its terrible pillow, "what way a man's head stands so long as his heart lies right?" Then he replaced his neck on the hollow of the block. "He had given order to the executioner that after some short meditation, upon stretching out his hands he was to be despatched. After once or twice putting forth his hands, the fellow out of timorousness (or what other cause) forbearing, he was fain to bid him strike ; and so at two blows he took off his head, though he stirred not a whit after the first. The people were much affected at the sight, insomuch that one was heard say that we had not such another head to cut off . . . He died very religiously and every way like a Christian, insomuch that the Dean of Westminster (they say) commends him exceedingly and says he was as ready and as able to give as to take instruction."¹

"I did never show unto Stukley any letter wherein there was named 10,000 pounds, nor any one pound, only I told him that I hoped to procure the payment of his debts in his absence.

"I never had commission from the French King. I never saw the French King's hand and seal in my life. I never had any plot or practice with the French directly or indirectly ; nor with any other king, prince, or estate unknown to the King.

"My true intent was to go to a mine of gold in Guiana ; it was not feigned, but it is true that such a mine there is within three miles of St. Thomas.

"I never had it in my thought to go from Trinidad and leave my company to come after to the savage island, as hath by Fearne [Sir John Fearne, who had been engaged with certain French merchants in trade to the Indies] been falsely reported.

"I did not carry with me 200 pieces, as I remember I had with me 60 pieces. I brought back nearly the same sum.

"I never spake to the French Manwaering [an agent of France] any disloyal words or dishonourable words of the King ; nor if I had not loved and honoured the King truly and trusted in his goodness somewhat too much, I had not suffered death.

"These things are true as there is a God ; and as I am now to appear before His tribunal seat where I renounce all mercies and salvation if this be not the truth.

"At my death,

"W. RALEIGH."

¹ For the account of the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh see *State Papers, Domestic*, Oct. 31, 1618, John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton ; also John Pory to Carleton. Same date.

Shortly before his execution Raleigh drew up two epigrams, which are to be found among the national archives, and which, like other matters contained in this article, have never before reached the light of print.¹ This is the first :—

“ Who best did calculate the life of man
Found three score and ten years made up his span.
If more then to survive, be, to be dead,
Life lost not Rawley when he lost his head.”

The second is as follows:—

“ Hope flattered thee though laws did life convince
Yet thou might'st die in favour of thy Prince.
His mercy and thy liberty at last
Did seal belief and make opinion fast ;
In truth when Time had pulled thee out of gaol,
And new hopes had set again new sail,
As many of this world as held free will
Thought thou wer't safe and had'st escaped thy ill ;
But now we see that thou wer't bailed by fate
To live or die, as thou could'st serve our state,
And then wer't lost, when it was understood
Thou might'st do harm, but could'st not do more good.”

So passed to his rest one whose exact position in historical biography it is somewhat difficult to determine. Sir Walter Raleigh was a man so bitterly detested by his enemies, and whose memory was cherished with such bitter animosity for some five decades after his head had fallen on the scaffold in Old Palace Yard, that it is not easy to thresh out the truth from the chaff of hate and prejudice under which his name and actions lie buried. That he was proud, passionate, and domineering we have evidence enough to conclude. What he attempted he was keenly in earnest to achieve, nor was he over-scrupulous in the means he employed to gain his ends. Ambition and avarice were, it was alleged, the dominant factors in his character. When in chasing Spanish galleons, or fitting out expeditions for the purposes of exploration across the Atlantic, or when taking his seat at the Council-table, or bearing up his ship to close with the foe, he was sullen under control, impatient of contradiction and ever scheming to take the lead. Let him command and all obey, then such power suited and pleased him ; under other conditions it was hard to act in harmony with him. His was essentially an acrid and despotic nature. Among the eminent men of his day he scarcely had a true friend, and it is painful to read in the letters of his con-

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, Oct. 31, 1618. “ An epigram of Sir Walter Rawely, beheaded at 74 years of his age.”

temporaries how frequent were the disparaging remarks his petulant and grasping disposition called forth. Yet, in spite of the faults and vices of his character, the name of Raleigh is one which the history of this island will never attempt to erase from its list of celebrities. The man was, in every sense of the word, a true patriot ; confident in the prowess of his country, and keenly sensitive as to her honour. It was the staunchness of his English instincts that made him wax so wroth when he saw a miserable creature, like our first James, truckle to foreign Powers and drag the flag of England through the mire of base servility. He held that his country was second to none ; that by her own strength and fertility of resource she could meet unaided any foe that crossed her path ; and he scorned with all the fire of his temper the pusillanimity inspired by the Court which made England tremble at the frown of Spain, and fear where France and Holland never feared. Had his wish been fulfilled he would have explored wherever colonisation had held out hopes of prosperous settlement ; he would have declined to admit claims based on no solid pretensions ; and he would have given full rein to his spirit of adventure and have made the England of James as enterprising, and as unfettered from foreign control, as had been the England of his great mistress, brave and imperious Queen Bess.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

MY MUSICAL LIFE.

II.

AS my ideas group themselves most naturally about my favourite instrument—the violin—I may as well resume the thread of my narrative in connection with my earliest violin recollections.

I became possessed, at the age of six years, of a small red eighteenpenny fiddle and stick, with that flimsy bow and those thready strings, which are made apparently only to snap, even as the fiddle is made only to smash. I thus early became familiar with the idol of my youth. But familiarity did not breed contempt. I proceeded to elicit from the red eighteenpenny all it had to give ; and when I had done with it, my nurse removed the belly, and found it made an admirable dust-pan or wooden shovel for cinders, and, finally, excellent firewood. Many went that way, without my passion for toy fiddles suffering the least decline ; nay, it rather grew by that it (and the fire) fed on. It may not be superfluous to add that I had by this time found means to make the flimsiest strings yield up sounds which I need not here characterise, and to such purpose that it became a question of some interest how long such sounds could be endured by the human ear. I do not mean my own. All violinists, including infants on eighteenpennies, or combs, admit that to their own ear the sounds produced are nothing but delightful ; it is only those who do not make them who complain. As it seemed unlikely that my studies on the violin would stop, it became expedient that they should be directed. A full-sized violin was procured me. I have every reason to believe it was one of the worst fiddles I ever saw.

I had played many times with much applause, holding a full-sized violin between my knees. I was about eight years old when the services of the local organist—a Mr. Ingram, of Norwood—were called in. His skill on the violin was not great, but it was enough for me ; too much, in fact, for he insisted on my holding the violin up to my chin. The fact is, he could not play it in any other position himself, so how could he teach me ? Of course the instrument was a great deal too large ; but I strained and stretched until

I got it up, for as it would not grow down to me, I had to grow up to it. And here I glance at the crucial question, Ought young children to begin upon small-sized violins? All makers say "Yes;" naturally, for they supply the new violins of all sizes. But I emphatically say "No." The sooner the child gets accustomed to the right violin intervals the better; the small violins merely present him with a series of wrong distances, which he has successively to unlearn. It is bad enough if in after years he learns the violoncello or tenor. Few violinists survive that ordeal, and most people who take to the tenor or 'cello after playing the violin keep to it. Either they have not been successful on the violin, or they hope to become so on its larger though less brilliant relation; but they have a perfectly true instinct that it is difficult to excel on both, because of the intervals. Yet, in the face of this, you put a series of violins of different sizes into the pupil's hand, on the ground that, as his hand enlarges with years, the enlarged key-board will suit his fingers better; but that is not the way the brain works—*the brain learns intervals*. It does not bother itself about the size of the fingers that have got to stretch them. A child of even seven or eight can stretch all the ordinary intervals on a full-sized violin finger-board. He may not be able to hold the violin to his chin; but he can learn his scales and pick out tunes, sitting on a stool and holding his instrument like a violoncello. Before the age of eight I found no difficulty in doing this. But the greater the difficulty the better the practice. The tendons cannot be too much stretched short of spraining and breaking. Mere aching is to be made no account of; the muscles can hardly be too much worked. A child will soon gain surprising agility, even on a large finger-board.

Avoid the hateful figured slip of paper that used to be pasted on violin finger-boards in my youth, with round dots for the fingers. I remember tearing mine off in a fit of uncontrollable irritation. I found it very difficult, with the use of my eyes, to put my fingers on the dots, and even then the note was not always in tune, for of course the dot might be covered in a dozen ways by the finger tips, and a hair's breadth one way or the other would vary the note. But the principle is vicious. A violin player's eyes have no more business with his fingers than a billiard player's eyes have with his cue. He looks at the ball, and the musician, if he looks at anything, should look at the notes, or at his audience, or he can shut his eyes if he likes. It is his ears, not his eyes, have to do with his fingers.

I was about eight years old. My musical studies were systematic, if not well directed. Every morning for two hours I practised scales

and various tunes at a double desk, my father on one side and I on the other. We played the most deplorable arrangements, and we made the most detestable noise. We played Beethoven's overture to "Prometheus," arranged for two fiddles, Callcott's German melodies with pianoforte accompaniment, and without the violoncello part, and Corelli's trios—also without the third instrument. I had somehow ceased to take lessons now. My father's knowledge of violin playing was exactly on a level with my own ; his skill, he modestly owned, was even less, but had it not been for him I never should have played at all. Our method was simple. We sat for two hours after breakfast and scraped. In the evening, with the addition of the piano, we scraped again—anything we could get hold of—and we did get hold of odd things : Locke's music to "Macbeth," old quadrilles, the "Battle of Prague," "God save the Emperor," and the "Huntsman's Chorus." I confess I hated the practising, it was simple drudgery—and put it in what way you will, the early stage of violin playing is drudgery—but it must be gone through with. And then I had my hours of relaxation. I used to walk up and down the lawn in our garden playing tunes in my own fashion. I got very much at home on the key-board, and that is the grand thing after all. No one ever gets at home there who has not begun young—not so young as I began, but at least under the age of twelve. I was soon considered an infant phenomenon on the violin, and trotted out at parties, and I thus early got over all shyness at playing in public.

About this time I received a decided impulse from hearing a little girl, aged six, play on the violin exquisitely, and, as it seemed to me, prodigiously. There were three sisters, named Turner ; the eldest was only fifteen : two played the harp, and the youngest, a pretty child of six, played the violin. She had one of those miniature instruments—I believe a real Cremona—which can still be picked up at old violin shops. I remember the enthusiasm she created in some variations on airs from "Sonnambula," an opera in which Jenny Lind was making furor at the time in London. The poor little violinist was recalled again and again. It was past eleven, and as she came on in her little pink dress just down to her knees—holding her tiny fiddle—I recollect her raising it to her chin to begin again, but her little head lay so wearily on one side, and she looked so tired, that her acute father came forward, perceiving that the child was quite worn out, drew her away, and in a few words asked the people to let her off, adding that she ought to have been in bed an hour ago. I went home and tried those variations. I could not play them, but her playing of them gaye me a new start. The finest lesson a young

player can have is to hear good playing. So my father thought. We had both come to a kind of standstill in our music. We seemed, as he expressed it, to have *stuck*.

It now happily occurred to him to subscribe to certain quartet concerts then announced to take place at Willis's Rooms. In those days such things were novelties. With the exception of Ella's Musical Union, then in its early days, I believe no public quartets had been given in London, except perhaps as a rare feature in some chamber concert.

Sainton and Piatti were then in their prime. I remember them as young men with their hair jet-black. My father wrote to M. Sainton and asked whether he could admit me as a child half-price? M. Sainton wrote back with the utmost politeness to say that to make such a reduction was not in accordance with their rule, but that under the circumstances he should be glad to conform to my father's wishes, especially as my father's sacred office—that of a clergyman—always inspired him with the greatest respect. Accordingly I went. These were amongst the choicest performances I heard in my boyhood. Nor, in some respects, have they ever been excelled in London since.

What a quartet caste that was! Sainton, Hill, Piatti, and Cowper. Sainton full of fire, brilliancy, and delicacy. Cowper with more tone, and a depth and passion which sometimes gave him the advantage over his brilliant French rival; but at the end of each concert we were always left balancing the merits of the two violinists, I inclining at times to the Englishman's fervour and *abandon*, but won back by the Frenchman's finish and execution. In Spohr's violin duets each had an opportunity for the display of his peculiar gift. Each was on his mettle; each gave his own reading to the same phrases in turn, and this friendly artistic rivalry was to me intensely exciting.

Hill was a splendid tenor, full, round, and smooth in tone; and of Piatti, prince of violoncellists, it is needless here to speak.

Willis's Rooms were never full on these occasions; the "Monday Populars" had not yet cultivated the public taste up to chamber music of the classical sort. In that field Professor Ella, with his Musical Union, had hitherto laboured alone. But every one at Willis's Rooms was appreciative. The players all seemed to feel the atmosphere sympathetic and genial. Every one played heartily, and the artists were the very best that could be got.

At each concert some bright particular star appeared as a soloist. I remember a fair-haired girl—fragile and apparently with no physique

to command attention on a grand pianoforte in a large room. She came in a light blue muslin dress ; sat down hurriedly, and tossed her curls back, looking straight up at the ceiling, whilst her fingers ran quickly in a slight prelude over the keys ; then she plunged into a polonaise—or something of the kind ; it might have been one of poor Chopin's ; it probably was, for he was about that time the rage, and quite in the last stage, dying of consumption in London and Scotch drawing-rooms, catching fresh colds every night, faultlessly attired in the miserable dress clothes and exposed shirt-front of the period. Attention had not then been called to his music, but about that time it was beginning to be very fashionable in London, which in such matters tardily followed Paris, where Chopin had long been adored : now it is London that leads the musical taste—after Germany. I have since been told that Mdlle. Clauss—afterwards Szavardy Clauss—was cold and mechanical. I only heard her that once, and that was at Willis's Rooms in, I believe, 1849. We did not think her cold then. From the moment she sat down until she sprang up with that same little flustered, uneasy manner which I noticed on her entrance, our eyes were riveted upon her, and we followed every bar and inflexion of the rapid execution. She seemed to play her piece through—as I have sometimes heard Rubinstein—without taking breath, and we were forced to hold ours : as the artists sometimes say of a picture, “It is painted with one brush,” so Mdlle. Clauss never relaxed her mood or her grip ; she held her composer and her audience absolutely fast until she had done with both ; then she seemed to push both away like one eager to escape.

On a certain afternoon there was neither solo pianist nor violinist down on the programme, but a player on the *contre-basso* was to occupy the vacant place. I remember my disappointment. Who is that tall, sallow-looking creature, with black moustache and straight hair, with long bony fingers, yet withal a comely hand, who comes lugging a great double-bass with him ? Some one might have lifted it up for him ; but no, he carries it himself and hoists it lovingly on to the platform. He seems familiar with its ways, and will allow no one to help him. Why, there are Sainton, Hill, Piatti, and Cowper, all coming on without their fiddles. They seem vastly interested in this ungainly couple—the man and the big bass. He has no music. People behind me are standing up to get a better sight of him, although he is tall enough in all conscience. I had better stand up too ; they are standing up in front of me, I shall see nothing !—so I stood on a chair. The first curiosity over, we all sat down, and expecting

little but a series of grunts, were astonished at the outset at the ethereal notes lightly touched on the three thick strings, *harmonics* of course, just for tuning. But all seemed exquisitely in tune with the piano.

This man was Bottesini, then the latest novelty. How he bewildered us by playing all sorts of melodies in flute-like harmonics, as though he had a hundred nightingales caged in his double-bass ! Where he got his harmonic sequences from ; how he hit the exact place with his long, sensitive, ivory-looking fingers ; how he swarmed up and down the key-board, holding it round the neck at times with the grip of a giant, then, after eliciting a grumble of musical thunder, darting up to the top and down again, with an expression on his face that never seemed to alter, and his face always calmly and rather grimly surveying the audience ; how his bow moved with the rapidity of lightning, and his fingers seemed, like Miss Kilmansegg's leg, to be a judicious compound of clockwork and steam : all this, and more, is now a matter of musical history, but it was new then. I heard him play the "Carnival de Venice." I have heard him play it and some three or four other solos since at intervals of years. His stock seemed to me limited ; but when you can make your fortune with half a dozen, or even a couple of solos, why play more ? Then Bottesini was fond of conducting and of composing. He got a good appointment in Egypt, and I suppose got tired of going around playing the same solos. I never wearied of his consummate grace and finish, his fatal precision, his heavenly tone, his fine taste. One sometimes yearned for a touch of human imperfection, but he was like a dead shot : he never missed what he aimed at, and he never aimed at less than perfection.

Another afternoon there came on a boy with a shock head of light hair, who was received with a storm of applause. He was about sixteen, and held a violin. His name was Joachim. He laid his head upon his Cremona, lifted his bow arm, and plunged into such a marvellous performance of Bach's Chaconne as was certainly never before heard in London. The boy seemed to fall into a dream in listening to his own complicated mechanism. He shook out the notes with the utmost ease and fluency. It all seemed no trouble to him, and left him quite free to contemplate the masterpiece which he was busy in interpreting. Mendelssohn, after hearing him play the same masterpiece on one occasion, caught him in his arms and embraced him before the audience.

I heard few concerts, and those usually of a poor sort, but I was ravenous for music, and each performance made an indelible im-

pression upon my mind. I remember the very rooms—the “Horns” at Kennington, the dining-room at the Beulah Spa, Upper Norwood, a schoolroom at Brixton, our own schoolroom at Lower Norwood—where Mr. Hullah—looking (in 1846) very much as he does now (1883)—used occasionally to appear to superintend the classes on his then novel system. He usually, however, sent Mr. May, a very nice-looking young man, whom I have since met in London, and who is now “the same age as other people.”

We used to trudge, my father, my sister, and self, through the snow to these classes. It was not an unmixed delight, like so many other things in this world that are so good for us.

I wore socks and shies, and my legs were bare to my knees. I invariably forgot my gloves, and my hands and legs were always blue with cold.

Mr. Hullah himself was looked up to with a certain awe. He was a very great and celebrated man, but his affability in speaking to my father was surprising. I can remember his genial, kindly face; and his manner with children was quite gentle and friendly, considering who he was. But withal he was very business-like and systematic—and no nonsense.

About this time I heard Miss Dolby, then in her prime. How she did sing “Bonny Dundee,” accompanying herself! What a voice! what a *bonhomie*! Always the true artist, the estimable woman, the earnest worker. She had deserved her popularity, and retained her hold over the public longer than most singers. For how many years was she without a rival in oratorio! It would not be right to say that she “created” “O rest in the Lord,” but it is true to say that for years the song was identified with her rendering of it, and that no subsequent singer has forsaken that rendering with any success. Some have over-hurried it, and some have over-declained it. I have heard it actually preached at the people—an inexpressibly offensive method; but Miss Dolby hit the happy mean, with the truest perception of the right functions of oratorio art. She seemed personally filled with finely chastened but deep emotion, and she gave herself up to the expression of it *in the presence of others*, but not *at them*. She knew she was being overheard, and she expected sympathy; but she was not engaged in a propaganda, and did not aim at forcing conviction.

When Miss Dolby married M. Sainton, the world of art rejoiced over the union of two persons who had already passed a considerable portion of their busy lives in the service of the English people, and with that simple-minded devotion to the highest interests of the

musical art which has done so much to raise the social status of musicians and ennoble the cause of music in England.

About this time I heard Jullien's band at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The siege of Gibraltar was going on at night, with explosions and fireworks of inconceivable splendour ; the great cardboard ships looked quite real to me—they were blown to pieces every evening—and the fort, with the sentinels pacing up and down on the ramparts, as large as life. The band played in a covered alcove not far from the water's brink. The effect on a summer's evening was delightful. Jullien's enormous white waistcoat and heavy gilt chair made a good centre. I can see his large, puffy, pale face and black moustache now, as he lolled back exhausted in his gorgeous fauteuil ; then sprang up, full of fire, patted the solo cornet on the shoulder with "Pratiquer !" I happened to overhear him. "Pratiquer, il faut toujours pratiquer." Bottesini also played there in the still summer evenings, with magical effect, accompanied by Jullien's band. Days and nights of my childhood, what music ! what fireworks !

At this time Jenny Lind and Ernst were both in London, and Liszt I believe passed through like a meteor. I never heard any of them in their prime, though I did hear Madame Lind-Goldschmidt sing the "Ravens" at a concert years afterwards, and it was my privilege to hear Ernst before he had lost his cunning, nor shall I ever hear his like again. He played once at Her Majesty's Opera House, when the whole assembly seemed to dream through a performance of the "Hungarian Airs." The lightest whisper of the violin controlled the house ; the magician hardly stirred his wand at times, and no one could tell from the sound when he passed from the *up* to the *down* bow in those long cantabile notes which had such power to entrance me.

I heard him later at Brighton. He played out of tune, and I was told that he was so shaken in nerve, that playing a Beethoven quartet in private, and coming to a passage of the first violin of no great difficulty, which I have often scrambled through with impunity, the great master laid down his fiddle and declared himself unequal to the effort.

Great, deep-souled, weird magician of the Cremona ! I can see thy pale, gaunt face even now ! those dark, haggard-looking eyes, with the strange veiled fires, semi-mesmeric, the wasted hands, so expressive and sensitive, the thin, lank hair and emaciated form, yet withal nothing demoniac about thee like Paganini, from whom thou wast absolutely distinct. No copy thou, thyself all thyself—tender, sympathetic, gentle as a child, suffering, always suffering ; full of an

excessive sensibility ; full of charm ; irresistible and fascinating beyond words ! Thy Cremona should have been buried with thee. It has fallen into other hands. I see it every season in the concert-room : Madame Norman-Néruda plays it. I know she is an admirable artist. I do not hear thy Cremona ; its voice has gone out with thee, its soul has passed with thine.

In the night I hear it under the stars, when the moon is low, and I see the dark ridges of the clover hills, and rabbits and hares, black against the paler sky, pausing to feed or crouching to listen to the voices of the night.

Alone in the autumn woods, when through the shivering trees I see the angry yellow streaks of the sunset, and the dead leaves fall across a sky that threatens storm.

By the sea, when the cold mists rise, and hollow murmurs, like the low wail of lost spirits, rush along the beach.

In some still valley in the South, in midsummer, the slate-coloured moth on the rock flashes suddenly into crimson and takes wing ; the bright-eyed lizard darts timorously, and the singing of the grasshopper never ceases in the long grass ; the air is heavy and slumberous with insect life and the breath of flowers. I can see the blue sky—intense blue, mirrored in the lake—and a bird floats mirrored in the blue, and over the shining water comes the sound, breaking the singing silences of nature : such things are in our dreams !

It is thus only I can hear again the spirit voice of thy Cremona, dead master, but not at St. James's Hall ; no longer in the crowded haunts of men as once, its body only is there : its soul was the very soul of the master who has passed to where the chiming is "after the chiming of the eternal spheres."

I heard other great players : Sivori, delicate, refined, with a perfect command of his instrument—a pupil of Paganini's, playing all Paganini's pieces, and probably no more like Paganini than a Roman candle is like a meteor ; Chatterton on the harp, a thankless instrument, without variety and never in tune, whose depths are quickly sounded—an *arpeggio*, a few *harmonics*, a few full glorious chords, an ethereal whispering, and *da capo* ! Piatti on the violoncello—a truly disembodied violoncello—so pure and free from catgut and rosin came the sound ; and pianists innumerable in later days. But if, looking back and up to the present hour, I am asked to name off-hand the greatest players—the very greatest I have heard—I say at once Ernst, Liszt, Rubinstein.

H. R. HAWEIS.

(To be continued.)

NOTES OF TWO WINTRY CRUISES IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

I.

THE fact that a large mail steamer should, on the morning of March 13, 1880, have been wrecked in a dead calm and dense mist on the rocky coast of Anglesea, within five miles of Holyhead, and that her signals of distress should have been distinctly heard in that port, without producing other result than a discussion between the Coastguard and the Harbour-master as to whether assistance should be sent, resulting in a determination to do nothing, because "they were not sure whence the sound came, and it might have been some one firing guns on the mountain to warn vessels from approaching the land"—such a fact, I say, is an episode in the shipping annals of A.D. 1880 which surely is worthy of record.

Yet, as on this occasion no lives were lost in consequence, it was allowed to pass unnoticed, and nothing more will be heard on the subject till the next vessel goes down with all hands in sight of port, as we might very well have done had we been left solely to the mercy of the proper authorities. No thanks to them that we all reached the land in safety.

The steamship *Montana*, of the Guion Line (gross tonnage, 4,320), left New York for Liverpool on March 2, with a moderate number of passengers, chiefly Americans, and a cargo consisting principally of fresh meat and oysters. The furious gales of the previous fortnight were followed by comparative calm, which lasted till the 9th, when foul weather set in, and we had a very dirty night. One big sea stove in two of our boats, but happily did no further damage, and the vessel rode splendidly, with amazingly little motion, considering what an angry tempest was raging. The storm suddenly abated, and was followed by days so balmy and a sea so glassy in its calm, that the March lion seemed to have indeed given place to the March lamb.

Thus pleasantly sped our last days, in enjoyment of clear sunshine, and on the evening of the 12th we separated for the night

without a misgiving, other than that latent obedience to the proverbs "Roose (*i.e.* Praise) a fair day at evening," and "Never halloo till you are out of the wood," which to an old traveller becomes second nature. But the newer hands were mapping out their hours and deciding by what trains to travel, as surely as though we were already in Liverpool.

Towards midnight a dense mist came on, and though the captain, first and third officers, and quarter-master were all on the bridge keeping watch, they could not see half the length of the ship. Through the dense fog came a faint unsteady halo, suggestive of a light, sometimes just visible, then vanishing as the mist drifted past in denser volume. Unfortunately they concluded it must be the lighthouse on the Stacks, and steered accordingly. Alas! it was the Skerries, which we should have passed on the other side. As it was, we ran right on to a shelving rock at the foot of steep cliffs on the mainland.

We had all night been going so slow as to be scarcely conscious of movement, and as the land loomed above us, the order was given "Full speed astern," so we were actually backing at the rate of fifteen knots an hour when, at 2.30 A.M., we struck. Consequently the shock was no greater than that sensation of running ashore which becomes so familiar to those who often pass through the Suez Canal, and the crash of our keel rending asunder on the cruel rocks, produced no louder sound than that of the anchor going down. A moment later we heard the order for "all hands" on deck, which left no room for doubt as to what had happened. I ventured to take time to dress and lock my boxes, then hurried up on deck, dragging with me a great bundle of treasured portfolios containing precious memorials of many far lands, from which I was resolved not to part.

Passing from the quiet of the partially-lighted saloon to the exceeding darkness on deck, all seemed confusion. Through the dense mist we could scarcely discern the great dark crags, which our bow was almost touching. The vessel lay over on the starboard side at such an angle as to make it impossible to launch the boats on the port side, which, however, mattered less, as two of them had been rendered useless on the night of the 9th. Unfortunately, of the three that were available, only one proved seaworthy when brought to trial. Even in lowering and manning these, the lack of previous drill was painfully evident. The men, though most willing, did not appear to know their stations, and half an hour elapsed ere the first boat was ready. This, according to regulation, was assigned to the ladies and

children. For some inexplicable reason the gangway could not be lowered, and we were ordered first to the stern, then forward again, and finally once more back to the stern—no slight matter in a vessel upwards of four hundred feet in length, and lying at such an angle as to make walking exceedingly difficult.

Happily for myself, the delay gave me time to reflect that there may be cases, even on board ship, when the law of implicit, unquestioning obedience may admit of some modification ; so, being convinced that taking to the boats meant taking in so much sea water as must destroy the portfolios of water-colour drawings, from which I could not part, I ventured to ask the captain to let me stick by the ship, to which he kindly assented. So I watched the other five ladies and three children lowered by a rope ladder, with a rope round their waist, and then the boat was despatched to find its way to Holyhead under guidance of the pilot whom we had brought from Queenstown.

Meanwhile the firemen had rushed up, like rats eager to forsake the sinking ship, and the captain with difficulty prevented their jumping into, and so swamping, the first boat. He, however, gave them the second, in order to get rid of them ; and the third, which proved to be the only sound boat of the lot, was told off just to land all the male passengers at the nearest possible point, and then to return to stand by the wreck. All this time we were burning blue lights and tar-barrels, and fired our only gun twelve times (twelve charges of powder was all we had on board). These guns were, as I have already remarked, distinctly heard in Holyhead, which was only distant five miles, across a dead-calm bay, and the only result was a discussion between the authorities whether to do something or nothing, which ended in a decision to do nothing.

Had there been any sea on, the vessel would inevitably have heeled over and broken up, in which case our chances would have been poor indeed, so rugged was the rocky coast on which we lay. As it was, there was great danger that this might happen, and, as we were left without a boat, the captain appealed for a volunteer to swim ashore with a rope. For some time no one would come forward, till Mr. Hamilton, the purser, himself volunteered for the work, although he had injured his knee rather seriously some days before. Happily, his good example proved infectious, and he was left to do other valuable service on board, aiding the captain by every means in his power. Throughout this trying day, Mr. Hamilton's perfect coolness and composure did credit to his long training in her Majesty's navy ; he managed to think of everything for everybody,

and his kindly firmness with the men was tested to the uttermost long before night.

Danger from another cause threatened us. The firemen in their hurry to escape had taken no steps to shut off steam or lower the fires, so there was imminent danger of an explosion, and the officer in charge was nearly suffocated in the attempt to do this work unaided. After a while he managed to get help, and so this danger was averted. Meanwhile the stewards were working admirably, and were now engaged in saving the Company's plate and linen. Finding myself left alone, I occupied my leisure by going round all the cabins, and packing the luggage of my fellow-passengers, much to their subsequent satisfaction and surprise. This done, I resumed watch on deck ; the mist had cleared away, and in the early dawn we could see the town of Holyhead, and all the steamers in harbour, as plainly as its inhabitants must have seen us ; while on our right uprose the lighthouse on the Skerries. Several times we saw small steamers which seemed to be coming towards us, but, like the Pharisee of old, they passed by on the other side. I had just been reading an admirable article in *Scribner's Magazine* for January 1880 on the lifeboat service in America, and the contrast between the vigilance therein described and the culpable neglect of which we were victims on this Welsh coast was too forcible to be pleasant.

Help was, however, at hand from an unexpected quarter. A small steamer (the *Sea King*, Captain Bibby) had left Liverpool at midnight, bound for Holyhead, and on entering the bay observed lights in an unwonted position, so came out of its course to investigate, and at 7 A.M. lay alongside of us. We hailed the good little ship as heaven-sent. Mails and baggage were immediately transferred to her, nor were we slow to follow, and were soon joined by all the male passengers, who just then appeared on the crags above us.

They had rowed a considerable distance along the shore in the dark before they succeeded in finding a spot where they could land, and even then they had to wade through deep water. With some difficulty they scrambled up the cliffs, and found cottages and a church. They knocked at the cottage doors and asked leave to come in and get dried, but the Saxon tongue fell unintelligibly on Cymric ears, and Cymric hearts had apparently no sympathy for shipwrecked mariners, for the sole response was that one man produced a large club and made warlike demonstrations in case any one should venture to cross his threshold.

I suppose if this story came to you from the South Pacific Isles, you would think it was quite natural, but I beg to assure you it is not

the way we do things there ! Some of those poor wet fellows were, like myself, returning home after years of absence in lands called uncivilised, but we all agreed that we should have had to go far indeed to match our experiences of this our first day on British coasts.

By 8 A.M. the little steamer was ready to start, but of course she could not abandon the captain and officers of a vessel liable at any moment to heel over and go to pieces, and it was 11 A.M. before a small steamer of the Trinity House approached. Lloyd's agent and a pilot had already arrived in small sailing-boats, not with much view to rendering assistance, I should say, and they returned with us in the *Sea King* to Holyhead, where the ladies had arrived about eight o'clock.

On leaving the ship at 3 A.M., their boat was found to be leaking so seriously that, meeting the second boat with the firemen, they were all transferred to it, during which process they lost such little baggage as they had taken with them. There were now twenty-seven persons in the boat, and of the oarsmen, only three were seamen. It was soon evident that the second boat leaked worse than the first. Four men were told off exclusively to bale her out with buckets, but with all their exertions the water was up to the thwarts, and it seemed as if she must inevitably founder. The distance to Holyhead was only five miles, and the water dead calm, but it took five hours to cross the bay, and when they did arrive, soaked and cramped (one lady having to be carried ashore fainting), they were kept waiting a couple of hours, before the hotel could produce any breakfast, and they were too much stupefied to think of going to bed and having their clothes dried. Where so little care was shown for ladies and children, there was even less for the men, and so it was no wonder that the crew partook freely of the only solace easily obtained, and were soon exceedingly drunk, and indulged in a series of free fights for the rest of the day.

It was late in the afternoon ere, having returned to the *Montana* with telegraphic instructions from the head office, and said a mournful farewell to our kind captain, we looked our last at the poor ship which had carried us so gallantly across the Atlantic.¹ Then the good little *Sea King* started for Liverpool, where we arrived safely ere

¹ Strange to say, the *Montana* is again afloat. Thanks to the continuance of dead calms for many days, she never moved from her original position, and as the damage was confined to one watertight compartment, it was found possible, after removing all her cargo, to float her once more. She is the largest vessel that has ever been thus saved.

midnight, deeply impressed by the utter apathy and indifference of the inhabitants of Holyhead, to whom, apparently, the wreck of large steamers within sight of their windows must be so common a sight as to have lost even the interest of novelty.¹

Among the passengers who endured those five hours of imminent danger and misery in the little boat were a family, consisting of father, mother, and three children, who, just a month previously, had sailed from New York for Hull, in the S.S. *Hindoo*, of the Wilson line. When in mid-ocean she encountered a terrific storm, which swept her decks, carrying away ten boats, her funnel, and her steering gear. Three officers were drowned, and the captain was carried overboard, but brought back by the reflux. Her live cargo, consisting of upwards of two hundred head of cattle, became wild with terror, and added so much to the confusion that they had to be thrown overboard. For a week the vessel lay helpless on the great waters, with all hands at the pumps, yet unable to keep pace with the leakage. Day by day she was slowly but surely sinking, and all on board stood face to face with death, with no food save a little dry biscuit. On February 22 she was sighted by the S.S. *Alexandria*,² which rescued her crew and passengers, in all fifty-three persons, and carried them back to New York, when the passengers were at once transferred to the *Montana*, which was on the eve of sailing.

By a singular coincidence, I had started from England seven years previously in the *Hindoo*, then a magnificently-fitted new vessel, on her trial trip, so that the "*Montana*" was actually carrying the first and last passengers of that ill-fated ship! Perhaps some notes of that eventful trial trip may not be wholly without interest at the present time.

A picture of the *Hindoo* appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of November 23, 1872, on which day she sailed for Calcutta. She was a vessel of upwards of 3,200 tons, very long and very narrow; her length from stem to stern being about 380 feet, her width only 37. She was built expressly for the Suez Canal; hence her singular proportions.

The peculiarity of her internal arrangements also claimed notice. All accommodation for first-class passengers was placed in the middle of the vessel (I should rather use the nautical term, *midships*), thereby

¹ The sister ship to the *Montana* ran ashore just beyond the Skerries a few months previously. And here, too, is the scene of the awful wreck of the *Royal Charter*.

² The *Alexandria* had a day or two previously rescued the crew of another sinking ship; and it was her captain whose keen and sympathetic gaze first detected the condition of the *Hindoo*.

avoiding all possible motion. The sleeping cabins lay on a lower level, while the saloon, standing by itself, was not merely lighted by hatchways overhead, but had a row of large square windows on either side, suggestive of such perfect ventilation as might disarm the Red Sea itself of half its terrors. Side doors also opened into galleries, covered overhead, but looking down upon the sea—pleasant lounging-places in calm weather or in moderate rain.

The saloon thus commanded a view of the whole horizon, and no room could be more pleasantly planned for a summer trip. The same care for thorough ventilation was also displayed in the sleeping cabins, which, in addition to the usual port-holes, had the benefit of large skylights, thus securing at will the largest possible amount of air—a benefit not to be lightly weighed in a vessel which was to convey its passengers direct to the tropics. From these hints you may gather that the ship was designed with the intention that she should be first class in every respect ; a credit to her builders, the pride of her captain, and to her passengers a home as comfortable as might be found on the face of the ocean. But alas ! for the too well-proven truth of how

The best laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.

One week from the day on which the new ship sailed so hopefully from Gravesend to begin her sea life, a poor struggling vessel, hoisting signals of distress, contrived with the utmost difficulty to enter the harbour at Plymouth, there to unship her passengers and cargo, and seek for herself an asylum wherein she might repair her damages ; not such damage only as was fairly due to wind and storm, but such as resulted from contract work hastily slurred over with a view to make all look well on the surface, by men who little heeded or cared how dearly others might eventually have to pay for their recklessness, when, in the hour of need, the iron bars that looked so strong should prove all honeycombed with air-holes, and when the fatal leak should reveal the omission of necessary bolts and rivets, to say nothing of sundry lesser dangers and inconveniences, due to the faulty work of tired or careless hands working overtime—working, indeed, latterly night and day, in order, if possible, to have the ship ready to sail at a given date.

Up to the very last moment the workmen were in possession of every corner, and though the crew and the stewards worked like galley-slaves, attempting to get the cargo shipped and stores unpacked, a delay of three days was found necessary ; even then all was dirty

and unready when, on the afternoon of Saturday, 23rd, a large number of passengers embarked at Gravesend. A second detachment awaited us at Plymouth, where we were due two days later.

Ready or unready, we sailed on Sunday morning ; our ship's company so newly gathered together that officers, sailors, and stewards were, all alike, total strangers one to another, every one asking his neighbour's name. The passengers, of course, started with the mutual angularity peculiar to true Britons—angles, however, which storm and tempest very quickly wore off, rounding and smoothing us, like pebbles on a wave-worn beach.

The first step towards amalgamation was the institution of church services, whereat our five parsons (forgetting all minor differences of denomination) agreed to officiate by turns ; hearty services in which the majority were ready to join. Here we first detected what good material for a future choir lay ready for whatever master-hand could undertake the guidance of a very large proportion of excellent voices. Such an one was detected before evening—a true musical genius, who had not forgotten his early training as a Magdalen chorister, and who now drew round him whatever elements of music we possessed, a new Broadwood (albeit but a cottage piano) being an additional attraction.

The calm of our Sunday evening, and the success of its music, was in a great measure due to the fact that we were lying at anchor in the Downs, for, as we neared Dover, it was found that part of our new engines had heated, and it was necessary to allow the iron time to cool. This, you perceive, was the first check we met with.

We sailed again at daybreak, but the weather was rapidly setting in for mischief. A strong south-westerly gale blew dead against us, and though the good ship bore up gallantly, and amazed us all by her steadiness while battered on all sides by the chopping seas, she nevertheless shivered and strained so severely that every weak point was betrayed by trickling streams, which found their way through crevices innumerable, and deluged every sleeping-berth, so that one occupant after another was fairly washed out, and the saloon was crowded with wet women and wet babies, to say nothing of still wetter men and such wet clothes as we attempted to dry (the ship, by the way, owned no drying-room, so the saloon stove had all along to serve as such).

Still the gale increased, and on Tuesday afternoon our pilot and our captain agreed to try and run into the harbour of refuge at Portland. This, however, proved impossible, the darkness and the mist closing in ere we could make sure of it, so there was nothing for it

but once more to stand out to sea, and battle on all night with the mad wind and raging waves, while sharp cutting hailstorms swept over us at intervals, sorely trying to those who were keeping their anxious watch through those long hours of darkness.

The vessel rolled frightfully; and the most experienced sailors on board again and again watched anxiously to see whether she could possibly right herself. Of course, such straining as this revealed at each moment some new crevice, which served as a point of vantage to the waves, which, washing clean over the forepart of the ship, and along the lower deck, poured into all the cabins in perfect waterfalls. The stewards were at work all night vainly trying to swab up the water as fast as it poured in, and the passages were blocked up with piles of wet carpets and soaked mattresses.

The passengers were all very quiet. Some lay still in wet berths, others shifted about from corner to corner, vainly hoping to find some dry spot where the water would not follow them. Now and then a desperate roll produced such a clatter of coal-scuttle, crockery, and other goods that had escaped from durance vile, followed by such a rush of water, that some cheery souls contrived to see only the ludicrous side of the scene, and raised a ringing laugh, which, though jarring at the moment, doubtless tended to keep up the spirits of many.

When morning broke, we once more neared the shore, and this time succeeded in making Portland Harbour—a haven of refuge, calm and peaceful, shut in from the stormy ocean by a natural bar of shingle on one side, and on the other by a mighty breakwater, built of hewn stone, the work of the convicts on Portland Island; a good piece of work truly, and one for which we thanked the unwilling workers from our hearts, wondering the while if indeed they *were* unwilling, or whether even convicts, working out their meet punishment, could fail to feel some pride in contributing their mite of labour to a work so stupendous and so valuable to their country.

We anchored near the rocky and picturesque island; then, having chartered a large boat to carry our wet mattresses and blankets to be properly dried at Weymouth, we accompanied them thither, greatly to the edification of all spectators, who, well accustomed to shipwrecks, anxiously watched the approach of our boat with its curious cargo, not knowing what fresh tale of horror we might have to tell. Right thankful we were that our story was so simple, and so thoroughly devoid of all sensational interest.

Not so theirs. One subject was in every mouth—the awful gale, and the wrecks which were reported from every corner of the Channel. Within two days two vessels had been wrecked at this very place, and a third had come ashore, forsaken of her crew, who, however, as we afterwards learnt, had been rescued by another ship. The first wreck was that of a schooner which was driven ashore on the Chesil Bank, the sea running so furiously that no rescue could be attempted, and the crowd assembled on the beach watched the poor fellows on board perish, one by one, within a few yards of them, without a hope of being able to save them.

The second wreck seemed yet more terrible, because on so large a scale. The *Royal Adelaide*, a splendid clipper of 2,000 tons burthen (an emigrant ship, bound for Sydney), had been driven ashore on the West Bay, just between Weymouth and Portland—on that natural bar of shingle which I have already mentioned as forming one side of the harbour—a wall of safety to those within, but a terror to the poor souls outside in the open sea. In the present instance the vessel was driven in broadside on the beach, and hurled by the waves to within twenty feet of the crowds who had been watching her for hours, and who would fain have helped her had such help been possible. Now the breakers had it all their own way, and played with her as a cat with a mouse—sometimes receding, so as to leave her almost dry, then dashing right over her with such violence as to threaten to wash off every soul of that agonised multitude which crowded her decks. Torches and tar-barrels blazed upon the beach, and brilliant blue lights threw their strange ghastly glare upon that terrible scene, revealing each figure in clear relief, with the background of mad curling waves, and the white spray dashing far above the masts.

Strong willing arms were there, ready and able to help ; but their good purpose was in a great measure frustrated by the stupidity of the bewildered wretches on board. When a successful rocket was fired (a fiery messenger of hope, bearing the thin cord to which were attached the strong hawser and cradle that should have brought all safely ashore) its use was not understood, and a long interval of precious time was wasted ere any one was brought to land. But for this no lives need have been sacrificed at all. As it was, the number of those who perished was variously calculated at from ten to fifteen, mostly women and children, who, by all laws of the sea, should have been the first to come ashore.

Ere these, however, could be rescued, the vessel broke asunder with a crash like thunder, which resounded loud above the roaring of

the waves—a terrible sound, which for days afterwards seemed to re-echo in the ears of all who heard it. Straightway the whole sea was full of floating cargo, passengers' luggage, masts, spars, planks, stores ; and every wave that dashed upon the beach hurled up some fragment, as if in defiance, till the whole shore was heaped with goods of every sort and kind—as if some merchant's vast stores lay piled in wildest confusion. Among the salvage was a pig, which reached the shore alive, and was at once appropriated by a bystander, who, however, was detected, and marched off to the police-station with the pig on his shoulders. A race-horse which was likewise on board fared less happily—battered and bruised by one shock after another, it was washed ashore dead. As the vessel finally sank, one old woman was left standing on her alone. She had been too terrified to take her place in the cradle, so had to be left to her fate. One passenger who was carrying a large sum of gold perished in the attempt to save it. Another lost a sum of four hundred pounds—the precious savings of a lifetime—but he himself escaped.

And now that nothing more could be done to save the living, a terrible scene commenced, a thousandfold more horrible than the terrors of the previous hours. The ship carried large quantities of spirits as part of her cargo, the very strongest form of old hollands and whisky, from forty to fifty above proof. Soon the shore was strewn in every direction with spirit-casks and cases. Men chilled with working for hours in the bitter cold and wet of that piercing winter night, were not slow to yield to the temptation thus thrown in their way. Casks were broached—in some cases the tops knocked off—and men and boys drank the fiery spirit as though it had been a draught of water, and when they had drunk till they no longer could discern one barrel from another, many of them turned to the casks of paraffin, and drank from them ; then, utterly helpless, they lay down, wherever they chanced to be, and soon the whole shore was strewn with scores of corpse-like wretches, who lay out all night in the bitter cold, some so near the waves that the spray dashed over them and they narrowly escaped being swept away altogether. Multitudes were rescued in the morning, chill and cold, but still alive, and were carried home by friends who strove to bring them back to life. Seven were actually dead, and their bodies lay waiting the coroner's inquest, and other deaths were reported later. It is said that even some of the soldiers and custom-house officers who were placed in charge of the shore joined in the dismal revelry ; certainly the drinking went on all the next day, and the wide-awake old hands contrived to bury casks and cases for future use. At

length the chief custom-house officers, despairing of protecting this part of the cargo, went along the coast, and stove in every cask that came ashore, and then only was the hideous carnival of drunkenness stayed. Not that the spirits were the sole temptation to the harpies who crowded the shore. Multitudes were there who had not forgotten the wrecking instincts of their forefathers, and who had assembled only to see what they could pillage, and thus vast quantities of goods which might otherwise have been saved for the use of the luckless emigrants were deliberately carried off, and we were told that many of the low shops in the neighbouring villages were full of the stolen goods. These robbers lost no time in helping themselves to all they could carry, for so soon as the authorities came to their senses, the beach was guarded so strictly, and all dubious-looking characters were so rigorously searched, that not even an old rusty penknife might be carried off as a relic.

Such was the terrible history which greeted us on our landing, filling our hearts with thankfulness that, in the terrible gale of the previous night, we had been spared the like fate. A few hours later all the survivors of the wreck were sent back to London to return to the homes whence (but a few days previously) they had started, so full of hope and energy. Only one woman was left behind, her mind having given way beneath the load of her agony. Husband and children were dead; and even the madness, which in some cases lends a merciful veil to such intolerable anguish, failed to lull her into a deceptive peace, and her pitiful cries were heartrending to hear.

Bit by bit, this story of the wreck was told to us by various eye-witnesses while we wandered about Weymouth—glad to be once more on *terra firma*, and glad, too, to explore the nooks and crannies of the picturesque old town, where sundry quaint old houses claimed our attention. One in particular did so, with steep-pitched roof and gable-ends to the street, and grotesquely carved black wooden figures supporting overhanging windows. Happily, its tenant is a poulterer who fully appreciates the quaint beauty of his domicile, and lends colour to it by well-arranged game, splendid pheasants, and fish of all sorts. As I halted a few minutes to sketch this pleasant relic of olden days, the kindly old man came forward and presented me with a pamphlet, recording a romantic legend concerning the house in the days of good Queen Bess, when its owner was a goodly merchant, whose son wooed some one else's daughter after the manner of the Montagues and Capulets, and finally, though unwittingly, shared with his lover a poisoned goblet.

The following morning we landed on Portland Island, and climbed the long steep path leading up to the fortified convict prison which crowns the summit of the hill. In every direction gangs of convicts were working in prison dress, stamped all over with the broad arrow, to mark the dress and its wearer as Government property. The gangs are overlooked at all points by armed warders ready to fire in case of necessity—a necessity, however, which happily never, or very rarely, arises. Those we saw were chiefly employed in working the stone quarries, with which the island is honeycombed, while it is seamed in all directions with tramways for the transport of the beautiful white stone. Large numbers of fossil shells are found, from great Ammonites the size of a cart-wheel down to the tiniest atoms smaller than a pin's point. The buildings and walls are of course all specimens of convict work, and most creditable specimens they are. From the ramparts surrounding the prison the view was splendid; in fact, as we looked down over the steep grey cliffs to the blue sea below, we were forcibly reminded of that from Gibraltar, for a strange and lovely calm had succeeded the storm, and the sunny sea gave no hint of the wild mischief it had wrought so recently. It lay still and placid, reflecting the cloudless blue overhead; the harbour was crowded with ships of many nations, which had here found shelter during the gale, and now hoisted their white sails to dry in the light breeze. So bright and summer-like was the weather that the wintry storm of the previous days seemed as though it must have been a dream. All was laughing sunshine, and only the presence of armed sentinels at every turn served to remind us of where we were, and of the moral chill that surrounded us.

As the gentlemen of the party were anxious to see the internal arrangements of the prison (to which no ladies are admitted) we left them there, and, retracing our steps, made for the pebble beach where, on the previous Monday, the poor emigrants had met their terrible fate. The shingle for miles lies in three distinct ridges like huge steps, piled up by the waves. We struggled along this for upwards of a mile, to the place where the vessel had struck, and where a portion of her still remained. The whole shore, as far as we could see, literally glittered with sheets of tin, once packing-cases, but now broken up into fragments, battered and crinkled by the action of waves and stones.

Though almost all that could be called salvage had already been removed, the beach was still thickly strewn with traces of the wreck—spars, planks, broken barrels, and packing-cases, bales of paper, half buried beneath the ever-shifting pebbles; tongues, cheeses, and

other stores, all destroyed with salt water, sardine cases, and turnips innumerable. The water was still full of floating fragments, and spirit-cases, barrels, and portmanteaux were washed to and fro by the waves, while men stood by with rope-nooses ready to draw ashore whatever might come within their reach. All the serviceable raiment which had been washed ashore had already been secured, but there still remained an amazing number of torn straw bonnets and women's hats.

I noticed one girl's hat from which the waves had washed the trimming, only to replace it with a new one, scarcely less brilliant than the gay flowers which, but a few hours before, had been the pride of some young lassie—perhaps one of those whose life had passed away in the darkness of that terrible night. Now, the poor battered straw was wreathed with green and crimson seaweeds, and from that strangely suggestive garland I gathered a little branch of coralline, encrusted with tiny shells, as a touching memorial of the wreck. A weather-beaten tar standing near me picked up the tube of an infant's feeding-bottle as a similar relic, and on every side gleeful children shouted in their careless mirth while collecting treasures, the bitter import of which they so little understood.

Just before we reached the beach, the waves had yielded up two more of their dead, and as the bodies were carried ashore, a poor fellow pressed forward through the crowd of idlers to claim that of his wife. Others were still missing, and two boats were plying to and fro along the coast, watching for any which might still float up from the deep. Ere long one more rewarded their search, and as we turned to leave that wreck-strewn strand we noted the scattered group of idlers gathering to one point to await the landing of the boat, and the last picture that met our eyes was the little barque with its dismal freight, rowed silently by strong willing arms, and cutting darkly against the lurid glow of an orange sunset ; while great banks of purple and leaden clouds foretold how quickly the treacherous calm would be succeeded by gales more violent than any we had yet experienced.

Their prophecy proved but too true, and when, on Friday night, we left the peaceful harbour, and once more held on our course, it was to experience such a tempest as the most experienced old sailors declared they had never seen the like of in the English Channel. It was not till the following afternoon that we sighted the Plymouth coast, and deemed ourselves already well-nigh in harbour—a vain, delusive hope ! No pilot came to meet us in answer to our signals. We afterwards learnt that one had started, but the gale had carried

away his sail, and, moreover, it seemed sheer madness to face such a sea as was then running, with waves dashing far above the break-water. No one suggested that we should ourselves hang out dripping oil-bags, whose almost miraculous effect in preventing the formation of crested waves has been so often proven.

After beating about for some time, our captain determined to run into harbour without a pilot rather than incur the danger of longer delay outside. At this very moment, however, the rudder-chain gave way ; strong iron cable as it was, the force of the water was sufficient to snap it like glass. Quick as thought, the steersmen were transferred to the second wheel, but with no better luck ; a tremendous sea struck the rudder-gear, and twisted the four strong iron rods (each thicker than a big man's arm), leaving them bent and broken like so many straws. It was hardly possible to believe that the water could have possessed such marvellous force ; and experienced naval men gazed in amazement at the mischief done by one mighty blow, though their wonder was certainly somewhat lessened when they noted the condition of the iron, all honey-combed with air-holes. Thus we were left rudderless at the mercy of the waves, and all hope of steering for the harbour was at an end, while a strong breeze was blowing us right on shore.

In the merchant service the ensign is a scarlet flag with the Union Jack in the corner ; the Royal Navy carries the Union Jack on a white ground, and the Naval Reserve on a blue ground. To hoist the ensign upside down is the recognised signal of distress. This was now done, but no one on shore noticed it, for darkness and storm were veiling the land. We then tried to fire the guns, and one was actually loaded ere it was discovered that some miscreant had spiked both, in some diabolical "lark," so that hope failed us. We next had recourse to burning blue lights and rockets, hoping that, as we were expected at Plymouth, a steam-tug might possibly be sent to our rescue ; but all these attempts proved futile—so, after spending some hours in beating round and round with a frail, cobbled rudder-band which periodically gave way, we stood fairly out to sea, passing the Eddystone rocks in fear and trembling, knowing how good a chance we ran of being dashed upon them in our helpless condition.

We afterwards heard from fellow-passengers (some of whom had only left us at Portland, and travelled thus far by rail, and who on that dreadful evening had stood on the heights of Plymouth watching with breathless interest our sore battle with wind and

waves) how the agent of the Company had offered large moneys to induce a Government tug to go forth to our rescue, but none durst face the storm.

As straws indicate a current, so in ship-life the smallest irregularity in the hours of meals is a sure token of something being amiss. This evening all the stewards were hard at work helping in the dangerous task of repairing the rudder-gear; moreover, the big seas poured over the cook's galley, upsetting all the pots, so it was late ere a scrambling meal could be served—a meal, moreover, which many of us believed, with good reason, would probably be our last, as there was no knowing what might happen ere day dawned.

The repairs which we had undergone at Portland were of the feeble sort, at which old ocean laughs as at the futile threats of Dame Partington and her celebrated mop; consequently, the water was again pouring into every cabin by all the old crevices and a good many new ones; for, though the good ship battled bravely against the terrific storm, she was desperately strained, as the raging winds and waves rolled and tossed her to and fro, in their mad frolic.

The sleeping-cabins were so thoroughly flooded that only one or two of us, who succeeded in finding moderately dry corners, ventured below; all the others spent the night in the saloon. Of course no one undressed, as we all knew we might be called up at any moment; so we merely lay down, ready for an immediate start should such be made—not that any boats could have lived in such a sea. The service 'for those in peril on the deep' was read in the saloon, and then all lay very still and quiet.

I must say for the passengers, one and all, that they behaved splendidly; in this hour of extreme danger all were perfectly calm and collected, and I firmly believe that, if we *had* foundered (as was reported in the newspapers), we should have gone down without a cry. Only one or two of the little children were sorely terrified when the ship gave such an extra roll as threatened to turn her right over, and one lovely fair-haired little one, would clasp her tiny hands and pray in her own simple words that her Father in heaven would not suffer the ship to go down. Doubtless the prayer of that little one, and of many another anxious heart, was heard and answered in heaven; and I cannot but believe that much of the strange calm that pervaded the ship that night was derived from the knowledge that from many a corner of the land, individuals, families, and even some congregations never failed to remember us in their daily

petitions for those who travel by land and by water, thus holding us the more securely in those links whereby

The whole round world is every way
Bound by golden chains around the feet of God.

As the night wore on, it was found that we had sprung a serious leak, and that the water in the hold, which in the morning had measured four inches, and in the evening thirteen, had now increased to four feet, in spite of the steam-pumps which were constantly at work. *Seven inches were all that now remained between us and the certainty of foundering*; for had the steam-pumps ceased to act, all hope was at an end, and seven inches more would have put out the engine fires. As it was, the firemen were working in deep water. All hands were called to the pumps, and by dint of hard work all night, the further ascent of the water was stayed. No effort, however, could reduce it by a single inch.

Then it was remembered that when the ship was being laden in dock, it was found that so soon as the cargo increased her weight she began to leak, and on further examination it was discovered that through some terrible carelessness one of the large bolts that fastened her together had never been put in. She was of course unladen and the error rectified, but other errors might reveal themselves in more critical moments, and we wondered now whether our present danger was due to some similar negligence.

We were already aware that though the ship had met with foul weather on her preliminary journey from Glasgow to London, she was then unladen, and consequently so light as to draw fully ten feet less water than after shipping her cargo, so that many weak points thus passed unnoticed, and might have continued so for long enough, but for the test of this terrible gale—a gale which hardy old sailors declared they never had seen the like of in the Channel—one moreover which played such dire havoc with shipping of every sort that for many days the newspapers seemed to be but a record of wrecks and disasters, each more lamentable than the last.

The longest night, they say, must have an end, and thankful indeed we were when the morning dawned (albeit with the darkness of a dim December day), and the sun once more arising beheld us still afloat. I think the most thankful of all was our captain, a good man, and wise, kind, and genial, and a first-class sailor of long experience, who throughout this trying time had inspired all on board with the utmost confidence in their leader, and who out of the seven nights since we left London had spent five in anxious watching through storm and tempest. Now, as we once more neared

Plymouth, a pilot-boat came off to meet us, and the captain's responsibility was nominally at an end.

Not that the poor vessel was by any means out of her troubles, however, for (failing to answer her broken rudder) she signalled our entry into harbour by all but running down an old man-of-war—H.M.S. *Narcissus*. Having happily succeeded in stopping within six inches of her, we anchored, notwithstanding which the pilot insisted on steaming ahead, when of course the cable snapped and the anchor was lost. Next, we again swung round upon the *Narcissus* and carried off her life-buoy, whereupon an official deputation came on board to demand compensation! A current now drifted us down to the breakwater, and all but ran us upon it; in short, several anxious hours elapsed after we entered the harbour ere we found safe anchorage and were at rest, and ere a fresh supply of hands could be procured from the land, to come and work the pumps and relieve the ship's company.

It was Sunday morning (First Sunday in Advent), and all the church-bells were ringing for service—a welcome sound which we had scarcely expected ever again to hear. We rowed ashore in the bright sunshine and found our way to St. Andrew's, a fine old church, very large, with crowded congregation, to whom was addressed a stirring Advent sermon. Yet to us one verse alone seemed to sum up the story of our day: "Then are they glad because they are at rest, and so He bringeth them to the haven where they would be." Doubly welcome to us was the solemn stillness of the old mother-church of Plymouth, wherein so many generations have worshipped in succession, then passed away to their rest; beautiful the flood of sunshine that, streaming through many-tinted windows, fell in rainbow-light on the kneeling crowds who gathered round the altar,¹ and even lent a passing gleam of colour to the quaintly-dressed children of an old charity school, in their long brown cloaks and hideous plush bonnets, like helmets—a sort of penitential dress, suggestive rather of some grim monastic body than of the loving charity that cares for these orphaned little ones.

When the congregation had dispersed, we lingered awhile amid the quaint old monuments of bygone generations—coloured monuments with curiously-carved groups, showing the whole family whose dust now lay below as they had appeared in their daily life: squires and ladies, each followed by many sons and daughters, sometimes by twin babies wrapped in swaddling-clothes to denote the fact of their having died unbaptized, and showing various other domestic incidents.

¹ There were present about two hundred and fifty communicants.

Great was now the excitement of meeting such of our fellow passengers as had come thus far by land, and of hearing the thousand and one theories and plans which were propounded concerning our probable fate, past and future.

When all had been duly discussed, we returned on board, to find that though a gang of thirty men had been working the pumps all day (in addition to the steam-pumps) they had only succeeded in diminishing the water by four and a half inches, albeit in harbour and in comparatively smooth water. All night the monotonous and ominous sound went on, while the men sang in chorus to keep themselves cheery.

We awoke to a morning of such peaceful sunshine as seemed to mock all memory of the storm. A canary belonging to one of the passengers was pouring forth its most joyous songs; the live stock of the ship were turned out for exercise, and the deck presented the appearance of a well-to-do farmyard, with cocks, hens, and ducks, sheep and pigs, and, above all, *the* cow, walking about at large, and rejoicing in such unwonted liberty after their close imprisonment. As to the children, they were wild with glee, more especially a quaint little half-caste, an exceedingly acute child, who, having been for some years at school in Scotland, had acquired the very broadest Scotch accent, and who was in every respect a source of extreme amusement to all on board, especially when singing all manner of comic songs in a clear high voice. She took a most kindly charge of the younger children, her usual companion being a singularly fair and pretty child, the contrast between the two little friends irresistibly suggesting the names of Topsy and Eva.

It had by this time been ascertained that the general condition of the *Hindoo* was such as to necessitate a complete overhauling, which could not be done till she was dry-docked, an operation that would entail so long a delay that it was determined to send on the passengers in two smaller ships; the first detachment were to start in the *Agra*, a very small vessel, while the remainder would follow a week later in the *Othello*. Meanwhile all passengers were sent ashore on an allowance of ten shillings a day, to fill up the time in any way they pleased. So far as we were concerned, this delay was rather pleasant than otherwise, as it enabled us to make a long-talked-of expedition to Cornwall and the Land's End; while the untoward season showed us the latter in magnificent phase of storm, which we should scarcely have sought under other circumstances.

Ere leaving Plymouth, however, we devoted one long day exclusively to the great dockyards at Devonport and Keyham—those

wonderful nurseries of Britain's mighty fleet. We went through huge building sheds, where we saw ships of every size and in every stage of building; mighty logs of teak, or mahogany, or pine, bending like wax in the hand of a child, till they assumed the faultless curves required to build up those strong and graceful lines.

One vessel we saw which was being taken to pieces—the last of England's old wooden walls—a two-decker, which for years has been kept unfinished, on the chance of its still being required when all the ironclads should have failed in their work, but whose death-warrant had at length been signed, and such of its timbers as had escaped dry-rot were soon turned to account elsewhere. Passing thence to the mast-house we experienced a new sensation in masts, as we watched the whole process of building them up piecemeal—a work more elaborate than the uninitiated could ever dream of—masts and yard-arms, and all manner of separate parts accumulated in vast stores, and betraying their true size, which no one accustomed only to view them from the deck of a ship could possibly realise. The ropery next claimed our attention, a building a quarter of a mile long, known as the rope-walk, and divided into upper and lower stories, wherein is shown every process in the manufacture of ropes, from the combing of the raw hemp and converting it into yarn, to its appearance as string, and cord, and small ropes, which, when duly twisted together, eventually form the strongest cables.

From Devonport we walked on to Keyham, these two points forming the two halves of the Plymouth dockyards. Here we saw men-of-war of all shapes and sizes, in dry docks and wet docks, with great guns and little guns, and duly inspected every corner of some of the finer ships. Amongst others, we explored the *Hydra*, an extraordinary turret-ship of wonderfully hideous build, one of four murderous sisters—the *Hydra*, the *Gorgon*, *Cyclops*, and *Hecate*.

We turned aside to see the huge steam-engines which pump the docks dry when required; then, passing on to the blacksmith's dominions, found ourselves in a world of furnaces, where strong arms were forging masses of red-hot iron which would have astonished old Tubal Cain himself. Thence we went on, and on, and on, through endless machinery departments, where huge boilers and engines were in process of manufacture, and where the whirling of wheels and the combined noise of hundreds of workers simultaneously hammering metal, soon became altogether intolerable, so that we were glad to beat a speedy retreat.

Very different from this stirring sound of busy life was that which greeted us outside, where the tolling of a solemn minute-bell,

and the borough flag flying half-mast high, told that the Lord of the Manor, Sir Edward St. Aubyn, had gone to his rest. For the same reason, all the shops in Devonport were half-closed; and when, on the following day, we made our way down to Penzance, a sad funeral company were bearing the mortal remains of father and friend to their last resting-place in the quiet "God's acre" at the foot of St. Michael's Mount, that strangely picturesque pyramid of grey rock, which, rising from the bosom of the waters, appears at high tide as an island, separated from the mainland by a channel five or six feet deep, while at low tide, not foot passengers only, but even carriages, may safely pass to and fro.

At low tide then, in the dusk of a misty winter evening, this dark funeral train passed down from Marazion, and across the cold wet sands; then slowly toiled up the steep rocky path which leads to the old castle, where, in the chapel wherein Benedictine monks of old were wont to hold vigil, and where many a brave knight has knelt ere going forth to battle—the chapel which has been dedicated to the Archangel for the last fourteen hundred years, ever since the fires of Baal ceased to blaze on this rock—in this time-honoured chapel he who had been Lord of the Mount was laid for a while (within the walls of his own romantic castle), ere he was once more borne down that rock-hewn path to the little grassy cemetery, where fishers and seafaring folk sleep so calmly, amid the ceaseless murmur of the waves.

Strangely picturesque, in truth, is that sea-girt home, whose grey walls and towers mingle with the stern grey rock, so that it is hard to tell where nature ends and masonry begins; the whole interwoven with greenest ferns and ivy, and here and there grassy slopes or beds of bracken, the haunt of countless rabbits, which frolic and dart to and fro in perfect security. Add to all this the wondrous charm of its surroundings—the ever-changing sea in all its varied moods of sun and storm—and you find a home fit for a poet or an artist.

We lingered long watching the mysterious sunset lights on sea and land, and musing on the changes that have passed over the land since those early days when the Mount was described in the old Cornish tongue as "The Hoar Rock in the midst of woods," a name which certainly could not apply to it now, but which is corroborated by the remains of such large trees as are still occasionally found below the sea level, and seem to point to a time when the Mount, so far from being an island, actually stood well inland in the heart of the forest.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

(To be concluded.)

HEDGEHOGS.

THE English spring set in this year with almost more than its usual severity. In the early part of May every glade and hedgerow bank was thickly studded with tender green points thrusting their way upwards to find the sunlight, and bursting their winter wrappings just in time to be blighted by the March winds and November fogs that had lagged unconscionably behind their time. The way in which these humble and confiding vegetables meekly surrender themselves to the exigencies of the English climate is almost pathetic. A tender-hearted philosopher will therefore avoid treading upon them ; and should he chance to see beneath some gnarled beech stump a pile of October's withered leaves gently upheaved, and, after much internal scuffling, a moist black point thrust forth, shining in the watery rays of the weak-eyed sun, then especially will he be careful to plant his foot elsewhere : for that point is probably the nose of a hedgehog. Snails and slugs have been abroad for weeks ; night after night the blades of rank grass have bent beneath the weight of the obese caterpillars of the yellow under-winged moth. The adder is sunning itself upon the bank of budding bracken ; and beetles of all kinds have committed wholesale suicide in the roadway puddles ; and at last the hedgehog has waked up from his five months' sleep to the consciousness that "life is real, life is earnest," and that snails, slugs, and caterpillars, vipers and beetles of many-legged rapidity, are waiting to be eaten.

As he yawns and stretches his short legs for the first time since last year, the hedgehog's appearance is not prepossessing. He resembles a spadeful of garden rubbish more than anything else. For one advantage of the spiky nature of his clothing is that before taking up his winter quarters, by rolling in heaps of leaves he can annex a considerable quantity of extraneous matter which serves as a blanket during his retirement. His nest, moreover, is as substantial and as ill-ventilated as an underground railway tunnel ; and thus he makes shift to remedy Nature's negligence in supplying him with a mere suit of needles for winter wear. Poets and rustic legends, with their keen eye for observing exactly those things in

Nature which do not exist, credit the hedgehog's nest with the properties of an almanack :—

Observe which way the hedgehog builds her nest
To point the north, or south, or east, or west ;
For if 'tis true that common people say,
The wind will blow the quite contrary way.

Therefore you have only to wait in spring until the hedgehog explains, by walking out of his circular domicile, exactly which point is to be considered the “front,” to be able to foretell the direction of the prevalent winds of the last winter. The practical use of the knowledge is obvious. But this is the only good thing the poets have to say about the hedgehog. Its voice—which is perhaps not unlike the sound of a person snoring or breathing hard—has given almost universal umbrage to literature, being “easily mistaken,” according to *Notes and Queries*, “for the moaning of a disturbed spirit.” Those who are familiar with disturbed spirits would no doubt see the resemblance at once. Shakespeare, too, had a great idea of the hedgehog's terrible voice. He estimates that “ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins, would make such fearful and confused cries as any mortal body hearing it should straight fall mad,” and the horrifying climax of the Witches' incantation was the second “whine” of the hedgepig. Shakespeare, however, was a poet and followed the lamentable rule of that guild in borrowing his predecessors' similes of animals and birds, with the usual lamentable results. An urchin with him was something a little less supernatural than “ouphes” or fairies, just as a nightingale, a phoenix, and a “night-raven” were so many stuffed figures of speech. Of the real creature he knew absolutely nothing ; but if Shakespeare had possessed a back garden and had placed a hedgehog there to eat the snails, he would perhaps have acquired some practical knowledge of the noise a hedgehog can make. The hedgehog's normal pace is about three miles an hour. On a gravel path it sometimes attains a still greater velocity, and on these occasions the astonishing way in which its splay feet scatter the pebbles about in its nocturnal “spurts” after beetles, would lead a stranger to imagine that three men and a boy were trying to catch a runaway horse in the garden. Calculated upon this basis, the noise of ten thousand hedgehogs, even without the “swelling toads,” would have given the poet a practical idea to work upon without falling back upon the urchin's “fearful and confused cries.” The gravel path, indeed, seems to be the special province of the hedgehog. There Gilbert White “loved” them, because they ate up the plantain roots which disfigured his neat

walks ; though he admitted that their excavations were more extensive than the occasion required. This qualified praise, however, is all the good that has hitherto been recorded of the hedgehog. His whole history is a libel, and his very name an insult. He is no pig, but the relic of an ancient family, and his alleged connection with Beelzebub rests on little else than malicious conjecture ; though rustic legends, always tenacious of evil, still aver that the hedgehog's merry jest is still to bathe in horse-ponds and greet each thirsty ox with a fiendish chuckle and a well-directed spine, thereby causing blains and fatal murrain.

The evidence of the crime generally stands thus : There is the dead cow ; there is the horse-pond ; and floating in it is the water-logged corpse of a hedgehog. Clearer circumstantial evidence is not required. It is true that the hedgehog itself is dead, and that a *post-mortem* acquits it at once of all felonious intentions in getting into the water. Its disarranged anatomy and evident print of hobnails amply suffice to carry out the theory of the defence that the animal was first stamped upon and then kicked into the water. Moreover, each spine can be shown to be fastened by a judicious knob, like the head of a pin, *inside* the skin, rendering artillery practice at the cattle impossible. But rebutting evidence is useless. There is the dead cow, and there is the water, and here is the hedgehog. Nor is this all ; for Pliny, who, without prejudice to the claims of any other person, has been most deservedly named “ the father of lies,” accuses the hedgehog of stealing apples—Ælian adds, figs—and the English rustic has, thanks to the ignorant mimicry of those who ought to have known better, learnt the same fable ; and what the dwellers on the *heath* and of the village—the *pagani* of old times—have once learnt, they are, *teste* the English language, very heathen pagans in retaining. An English villager—capable, we are told, of recording his vote on abstruse questions of free trade or foreign policy—will still tell you, with a grave face, how the hedgehog climbs his apple trees, and with its insignificant little legs jerks the branches till the fruit falls to the ground ; then, rolling itself up, leaps from the tree upon the fruit, and finally marches off in triumph with the apples stuck on its spines. More even than this : when the cows are asleep, this ill-conditioned vermin will enter the sheds and steal their milk. At all events, hedgehogs are often found, rolled up and fast asleep, in the warm straw. Evidently they came there for some evil purpose, and, as the cows are too big to eat, it must have been to steal milk. Therefore the hedgehog must at once be trampled on ; for the spectacle of a wild thing with life, and no power to defend itself,

offers too great a temptation to an agricultural labourer's ideas of "sport." Hedgehogs are becoming scarce.

There is an intense pathos in this little animal's uphill struggle for existence against overwhelming odds. One of the last slow-footed descendants of an old order of things, in antiquated company with the shrew and the mole, though lacking the evasive celerity of the one and the subterranean habits of the other, he shuns the glare of daylight, and the bustle of a competition for which he is no longer fitted, and centuries of persecution seem to have given his face a wistful expression deprecatory of intended violence. Nowhere, indeed, has Nature sustained a more signal defeat than in the matter of the hedgehog. Time was when our unsophisticated predecessors painted themselves blue and wore no clothing, much less boots, and the hedgehog's armour was ample protection against any ordinary barefooted savage. But civilisation has supplied the rustic with an inch of solid leather and half an inch of hobnails, and poor Nature is checkmated. Even the poets, gratuitously credited with a "keen sympathy with Nature," have deserted to the enemy, and with their libellous fictions have raised every man's hand against her in this matter. Gamekeepers have some ground for accusing the hedgehog of eating an occasional young pheasant or a more frequent egg. Even young turkeys have at times fallen victims. But let the gamekeepers do their worst. Why should the agricultural public assist them? Do they love slugs and snails and caterpillars? or are they so fond of vipers that they should exterminate the only animal that preys upon them?

It is pleasing, however, to know that the hedgehog has a friend, if only in the Kalmuck Tartar, who cultivates its acquaintance in his rude dwelling to drive away the vermin. Once even in Europe it was held in higher honour as a household pet; and Lipsius wrote a funeral ode upon the death of Douza's hedgehog. The Scriptures, too, assign the magnificence of ancient Babylon as an inheritance for the hedgehog; though our English versions, with characteristic injustice, have changed it to the "bittern." The Jews, however, in their translations of Holy Writ, have been more honest, and with the Rabbins the hedgehog retains its pride of place as copartner with the pelican among the upper lintels of ruined Median palaces. Another ancient race, the gipsies, who, with three sticks and a kettle, according to Cowper, "cook the flesh obscene of dog," honour the hedgehog also after their kind, for they cook that as well. The recipe is not elaborate. They first catch their hedgehog; then stamp upon it, encase the corpse in a ball of clay, and leave it in the fire

till the clay becomes brick. This is subsequently cracked, like a cocoanut, and inside is the baked and skinless hedgehog, for its spines, being imbedded in the brick, drag off the skin with them. Then it is eaten. But the commercial practicality of our civilisation looks askance at the hedgehog. We do not eat it. No one milks a hedgehog, and it never lays eggs. Formerly the Romans, indeed, employed its spiny cuticle for "hackling" hemp, and farmers on the Continent still place it upon the muzzles of weaned calves; but with us even these insignificant titles to commercial value have been taken away by the adoption for those purposes of mechanical contrivances of leather and iron. Albertus Magnus used to recommend a hedgehog's right eye fried in oil for those who wished to see as well by night as by day; but no specialist of note recommends it now.

The only sphere of possible utility still open to the English hedgehog in the nineteenth century is the domestic circle; for a tame hedgehog has its uses. It annoys the cat, and quenches blackbeetles. Occasionally it gets under the grate and walks off with a red-hot coal upon its back, filling the house with the odour of a brushmaker's manufactory on fire. This, however, is only an error of judgment on the urchin's part; as is also its occasional disappearance down a drain, thereby causing considerable inconvenience to the household. But there is one great blot upon the hedgehog's moral character; for, like the Reverend Stiggins, its "particular vanity" is rum. No one, however, need pander to its low tastes; and in many respects the hedgehog might be found as useful as the dog. At the Angel Inn, at Felton, in Northumberland, one specimen used to act as turnspit as well as the dog that bears that name; and if it cannot bark at thieves or run after the carriage, still the hedgehog, as an article of domestic furniture, has many good points. This a burglar with his boots off might easily find to his cost. Caliban's bitter complaint that Prospero had trained his hedgehogs to

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall,

should be sufficient evidence, if any were wanting, of their capabilities for such service.

But the special vocation of a hedgehog is, after all, the destruction of vermin; and here it has been found doubly useful. In one house, where unlimited "vermin-killer" had been employed with insignificant results, a hedgehog was introduced. It commenced operations by eating up all the "vermin-killer," and then went gaily in quest of the cockroaches. This showed kindly forethought; for the poison might have been dangerous to the children, whereas on a hedgehog it has

no effect worth mentioning. After a strong dose of strychnine it has indeed been known to lie upon its back and airily gesticulate with its legs, behaving generally with a levity quite unbecoming its poisoned condition. But the effect soon wears off; and Messrs. Lenz and Buckland nearly exhausted their list of poisons in experiments upon hedgehogs, with the result that the quadrupeds were always ready for more. Nor have external poisons any better or rather any worse effect, and this is a considerable point in the hedgehog's favour when he dines off a viper. On such occasions his proceedings are simplicity itself. He first smells the snake, and gets promptly bitten on the nose. This makes him quite sure, for he is very shortsighted, that the reptile is a viper, and he eats it. Perhaps he is bitten in half-a-dozen places during the operation, sometimes more, sometimes fewer; but that was exactly what he expected; and as it does him no harm, he does not mind so long as he gets his dinner. Until therefore the last viper has vanished from the British Isles, it would be a great pity that an animal with such unique talent as the hedgehog possesses should be allowed to become extinct.

E. KAY ROBINSON.

WAGNER, FAMULUS.

IT would not, perhaps, be difficult, even at this late hour, for an exacting critic to raise some doubts as to whether Dr. Faustus ever had a visible existence in the flesh. But the tide of opinion has long run the other way, and without, indeed, going so far as to settle that Johann Faust was born at Kundlingen, in Würtemberg, or to decide what the social position of his parents was, still less to boldly assert that Melancthon was personally acquainted with him, we may receive that there was a German physician called Faust—not to be confounded with the celebrated printer whose name was occasionally so spelt—and that, in some way or another, he obtained a great reputation as an adept in the black art about the commencement of the sixteenth century. Once admitted that he was a magician, the facts that he had signed away his soul to the Evil Spirit and came to a frightful end follow easily enough. Although it has suited the purposes of narrative, or has emphasised artistic contrast, to make a theologian of him, the historical evidence, such as it is, goes to show that Faust was a medical man.

We need not, however, suppose that he was a person of any particular note. For fortune is most capricious in dealing out reputations, extending a large celebrity sometimes to those who might, without injustice, have been forgotten. The first two names that occur to recollection shall be mentioned as instances in point, and are those of Mr. Macadam and Madame Dugazon.

The first, for a method of coagulating broken stones in road-making (which, by the by, must surely have been known in connection with Indian *kunker* long before his time), is renowned throughout Europe and America, and has been made the basis of a verb in more than one language. He has become so completely abstract that it is almost refreshing to find him as a strong bony Scotchman in Rush's "Memoranda," driving the American Minister in a gig along the highway to Hertford, and being bowed to and not charged at the turnpike, in recognition of his pre-eminence as the Colossus of Roads.

The French lady, Rosalie Lefèvre Dugazon, was a lively actress—

nothing more—but she was considered to have originated a *genre*, though it is difficult to see that she really did so, and consequently her name appears on Parisian and provincial play-bills every day in the year, and she has become a noun, and has crept into the dictionary. *La première dugazon* has come to mean pretty well what we call first singing-maid, innkeeper's daughter, or the like.

In the absence of reliable details concerning the history of Johann Faust, and yet with the prominence of three facts in connection with him—namely, that he was a doctor, that he travelled a great deal, and performed wonders—we may, perhaps, without want of consideration, reduce him to a medical man, who, finding family practice rather dull, thought better, with the aid of a few chemical experiments and mysterious nostrums, to roam about as a thaumaturgist. He would want an accomplice for his tricks, as well as to advertise his powers ; and accordingly we find him accompanied by Wagner, whom German commentators, with perfect gravity, describe as the son of a clergyman at Wasserburg.

A charlatan, or itinerant quack-salver, was recently noticed at a French fair in a brocade morning gown of great magnificence, who operated for the tooth-ache and for those swollen and tied-up faces so common in foreign crowds with (according to himself) surprising success. Wagner was on the top of the caravan, beating a drum, and shaking his metal hat with a gesture which produced a chime of little bells.

It may, perhaps, be attributed to mere chance that, out of many impostors, Faust should have been selected to have his name associated with the idea of supernatural powers acquired at a grievous sacrifice, and to serve as an example of pride of intellect ending in complete disaster. But when the myth was once started, it was soon amplified, and in a very short time became prodigiously popular. Nor need this popularity surprise us, for the meagre foundation of the story was still sufficient to serve the purposes of two sets of people—those who wished to get some utterance for that uneasiness the questions of man's destiny, if boldly examined, are calculated to create ; and those who were desirous to prove that reason could not supplant faith, and that unsanctified knowledge, as typified by forbidden arts, ended in utter dissatisfaction.

Between the two, opportunity was afforded for deep and striking thoughts woven into the tissue of a dramatic narrative not devoid of sorrowful grandeur ; and of this opportunity genius was not slow to avail itself.

However, as the particular object at present is a view of the

character of Wagner as he came at last to be represented by Goethe, we may leave the myth to itself, with the remark that as Faust increased in stature as a magician of unrivalled potency, there was a corresponding growth of his disciple, or *famulus* ; whilst if it is insisted that we should take the Doctor *au sérieux*, Wagner may pass as the principal supporter of his views, and as the editor and annotator of his published works.

The original idea of Wagner seems to have been that of a person of a comic turn, who possessed some of the powers and aped some of the performances of his master. And this character he preserved when the story of Faust was introduced into the old puppet plays. However, on this popular little stage it was thought necessary to present a professional merryman ; and therefore Kasperl soon appears, who throws Wagner into the shade. Much the same occurs in Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus." In the quarto of 1604, Wagner comes on first as a humorous person ; but when he begins incantations, it is at the expense of a regular clown, who henceforth makes the fun broader.

Buffoonery is increased in the quarto of 1616 by greater prominence given to Robin and others, and by the conception of Benvolio, who is a strange and fantastic creature.

Wagner is, however, represented by Marlowe as a man of moderate scientific acquirements. The elementary parts of astrology, depreciatingly termed "freshmen's suppositions," are thought to be quite within his grasp :

"These slender trifles Wagner can decide."

Little was made, from a dramatic point of view, of the myth by Marlowe. He merely strung together a series of ill-connected scenes, suggested by the popular catchpenny life of the Doctor then in vogue ; and these scenes are disfigured by dull comic business, and even by horseplay. But the piece will always be read for its many beautiful lines, and for the really grand soliloquy at the end.

The relapses from bravado to a terrified conscience on the part of the unhappy adept, if rather abruptly intimated, cannot fail to move the reader to a legitimate sympathy.

Mr. Hallam has also remarked that "There is an awful melancholy about Marlowe's Mephistophilis, perhaps more impressive than the malignant mirth of that fiend in the renowned work of Goethe."

This may be received, if the further remark be admitted that the fiend of Goethe sometimes shows traces of a profound sorrow underlying his scoffing bitterness. When Faust, in one of the closing scenes, reproaches him with not reporting Margaret's misery, he

answers, "Sie ist die erste nicht." Surely this is as full of pathos as Swift's terrible label, "Only a woman's hair !"

Wagner, in the German masterpiece, becomes a very well marked and entertaining character. Goethe in his dramas and works of fiction, if not fertile in incident or particularly strong in situations, is always gloriously powerful in characterisation. Most people have felt some disappointment as the romance of "Wilhelm Meister" dies out of the region of healthy every-day life into that of phantasy, rendered less probable and attractive by the too discernible presence of allegory. Yet it cannot be said that the latter part shows diminution of power ; the character-painting is so successful that if we wish things otherwise, we cannot close the book. The Autobiography also is crowded with medallions, so to speak, in which the heads are executed with a firm and yet delicate hand.

In the first night scene of "Faust," during a most exciting moment, when it has been suddenly impressed upon the aspiring experimentalist what a distance there is between his own capacities and those of the spirit world ; when the child of fire vanishes with the shattering words—

Thou art equal of the spirit thou canst grasp,
Not of me !—

there is a knock at the door. It is Wagner. He enters in a dressing-gown and night-cap, and with a lamp.

"Pardon !" cries he, "I hear declaiming. You were reading, I dare say, a Greek tragedy aloud ; I should like to pick up something of the art ; it comes very useful nowadays. I have often known people say a player might teach a parson."

Faust is vexed at the interruption, and answers bitterly—

"Yes, when the parson is a player ; which occasionally perhaps happens."

The sarcasm is entirely lost on Wagner, who pursues his own train of thought.

"It is very difficult for a mere student who sees nothing of the world to lead his fellow-men by persuasion."

Faust points out with indignation that the acquirement and the arranging and delivery of the sentiments of others will never move men. It must be your own heart speaking to other hearts. You must feel what you say.

But Wagner cannot admit that the rules will not effect a great deal.

"Elocution," he persists, "is the secret of success with the orator. I feel I am sadly behind, myself, in the matter."

But the other, still scornful and impetuous, tells him if he has

got anything to say, words will come. "Fine sentences full of commonplaces, what are they? Bah! the foggy wind of autumn amongst the dry leaves."

Wagner does not catch the real gist of the satire. An image of emptiness and dissatisfaction awakens in his mind only the scholar's regret at the limits of memory and of time.

He speaks sadly enough in that vein—

"Art is long, and life fleeting! Head and heart both ache sometimes in critical studies. It is so difficult to get at the original sources of information! And half-way, perhaps, you have to die."

"Parchment is a sacred well indeed!" sneers Faust. "No thirst after a drink of water from thence! Don't you understand? Refreshment, man, gushes out of your own soul!"

Wagner cannot belie his life pursuits. "It is a great pleasure to realise the spirit of the old world; to know what the wise have thought before us, and to what a height we have carried learning!"

"Oh, of course," laughs the Doctor, "to the very stars! My good fellow, the past is a book with seven seals. You do not realise the spirit of the ancient times. It is the reflection from your own spirit that deceives you. And a plaguy exhibition it is! Rubbish—lumber! or if there is any movement, only the movement of puppets with dry aphorisms in their mouths, good for puppets perhaps—not for us!"

"Well, but the world," cries Wagner, warming a little, "men's intellects and affections—surely you would like to learn up something about them?"

"Yes, yes," answers Faust, impatiently, "but those who have really apprehended the problems connected with man's powers and his desires, and have been unguarded enough to reveal the results of their reflections, what has always been their lot, my friend? The cross or the stake! It is late. We must part."

Wagner is sorry. Discussion *per se* is pleasant to him. However, next day is Easter; there will be an opportunity of asking further questions. He feels he has read a great deal; he must know something. But a complete mastery of the subject is his ambition. What subject? The *omne scibile*.

When the two are next seen, their surroundings are widely different. The day has developed into a lovely spring one, and all the town has turned out before the Gate. Mingled together are students and servant girls, soldiers, beggars, smug citizens and their pretty daughters, with the fortune-teller who tries to deceive them.

Life and gaiety and gladness reign everywhere. Faust has been through a terrible crisis since he last saw Wagner. He has been on the verge of suicide. The ringing of bells, the singing of choruses, had called him back to thoughts of earlier days—to their simple beliefs and supporting hopes. Sweet tears burst forth. In this relieving shower the dark cloud broke. He is pensive now, impressionable ; in his best, his most poetic mood. Wagner is by his side ; a shy, awkward figure, we take it ; in gala costume, perhaps, in which he feels little at home. The gay, animated scene exhilarates Faust ; he breaks forth into beautiful description. How variegated the spectacle ; too early indeed for flowers, but the hues of the bright dresses must do service for them. He feels the electric shock of humanity ; he is a man amongst the multitude ; he rejoices with a permitted joy in being so.

This eloquence makes Wagner proud of his companion. The student says he is quite happy with such a man ; intercourse of this kind, too, must be very improving. He should be uncomfortable alone ; for he cannot abide coarseness. Fiddling, shouting, skittles—a devil-driven rumpus miscalled merriment ; amidst these frivolities he is quite out of his element. We should think so.

Presently some peasants come up and recognise Faust as the son of a popular doctor who paid great attention to the poor during the pestilence. The son, too, himself, they declare, nobly devoted his time to the cause of alleviation.

He is invited to drink, and is lustily cheered. The respect thus testified is greatly to Wagner's fancy. This is a proud moment indeed. Science at its apogee. In the scholar's view it is an ovation. The fiddle stops, the dancers pause, caps fly off ; all half incline as if the Sacrament were passing.

But Faust turns aside, mounts a height, selects a stone on which to sit. One of his cynical moods return. He knows his father was an empiric ; added astrology to his wretched medicine ; did more harm than good ; got the credit of cures effected by nature, whilst his own mishaps were overlooked. He was, in short, a quack ; and as an accessory he too, Faust, was a quack himself. Shame seizes upon him.

Wagner cannot agree. Surely the art can only be practised as it has been handed down. The son learns from the father, and if, besides learning, adds something new, *his* son again learns all from him. Knowledge is thus piled up by accumulations.

But the charm of the approaching sunset seizes upon Faust. Oh, to keep pace with that orb as it passes on to new life ! To pursue

the endless evening as it recedes ! By sleeping vale ; by silver brook turned golden by our transit ; o'er rugged mountain with its dark defiles, an obstacle no longer. And now on to the warm, the tropic sea. On, on, sunset becoming sunrise ; night behind and the everlasting dawn in front ; above, the sky, and under us the waves. But human feet are fixed ; the day-god departs. Alas ! the body cannot don the wings of the mind. And yet it is our nature to desire to rise ; to press upwards, onwards, like the lark, like the eagle, or even the heavier crane still struggling towards its home. Oh, for wings ! And then Wagner gives utterance to that immortal sentence in which so very, very much is embodied, and which, if he had said nothing else, would have marked his character for all time—

“I myself am subject to whimsical moments ; but such an impulse I have never experienced.” The student thinks woods and fields soon grow tiresome. What could one do with wings ? No, no ; a book by the fireside, when the winter night grows cheerful, when the limbs grow warm. And then, perhaps, a manuscript ! an original source of information—heaven upon earth !

“Ah,” sighs Faust, “humanity knows two impulses. One fastens us to earth ; the other would fain raise us above the mist into the regions of the ideal ! The lower impulse alone is known to thee. Oh, if spirits would descend to lead to new and varying scenes. Costlier than king's purple robe would be a magic mantle which should waft me to unknown seas and lands.”

The mention of spirits reminds Wagner that he has read in Paracelsus and other authors of the subtle beings which the different quarters of the compass supply, and he proceeds to detail their classification ; the north sends such, and the south such, much as old Burton might have done in his “Anatomy.” Spirits, however, altogether, are very deceptive, he suspects, and should not be trusted. But what is Faust looking at ?

Faust was looking at the black poodle circling towards them, with whom his destiny was to be entirely bound up. With a fearful prescience he feels that the object is one of intense interest. Surely that is a line of fire on its track ! But Wagner thinks not ; a poodle obviously—nothing more. A dog, indeed, he believes he has seen with the students. It has been taught tricks ; it will sit on its hind legs, or jump forwards, or fetch a stick from the water. When animal nature is thus instructed, even the learned may well take notice of the interesting phenomenon. The poodle certainly deserves favour from Faust.

With these mild observations Wagner disappears from the scene, and we behold him no more.

But quite sufficient time has been spent in his company to give us a capital idea of him. We know his limits ; we know what science, what truth, is in his view. The old paths will lead gently on to more extensive things. Progress is natural, but innovation undesirable. Only a wise moderation must regulate our conduct, and frivolity should be avoided. "Life would be tolerable but for its amusements," said a modern Wagner. Our impulses may be indulged at proper moments, but must not be allowed to carry us away. Moreover, our own impulses are orthodox ; but those of other people heterodox.

That delicious sentence about the "whimsical moments" is of a very general application, for which it is not necessary that the relative positions of Faust and Wagner should be precisely reproduced. The comicality arises whenever a smaller nature tries to adapt to his own size, another which cannot possibly fit : as children sometimes put their little feet into grown-up shoes.

It crops up in a thousand forms. Southey was much interested with Shelley, because he himself, he said, had passed through a Shelley stage ! He had had his whimsical moments, but the impulse of being the foe of convention for life had not occurred to him. A tea-table essayist, of sustained suavity, who long trickled through the pages of a deceased contemporary, laid it down as a rule in one of his papers on all subjects, that the intellectual labourer required at the outside a pint of claret daily. But the ever-working Goethe irrigated his superb organisation with two and sometimes three bottles of Rhenish wine at his afternoon meal. The pint had been a whimsical moment with the amiable moralist, but bottles !—he had never experienced the impulse ; he feared such a flight would have ended in a fall ! To measure wine, indeed, is wise ; and Goethe never touched stimulant during writing hours, which with him were early ; but it is measuring men in vintner's fashion which is not so well.

Reading some time back, in a notice of a man of genius by a man of talent, that it was a great pity the former did not get up early in the morning, settle down to his desk, and, by the application of a little beeswax to the seat of his pantaloons, secure an artificial attention to his business, we fell into some reflection. Because we thought that if, perhaps, the art of weaving fiction was to some the pursuit of a vision, the vision must be waited for before the nympholept could take wing after it into the fields of air.

But relief came when it was remembered that though Wagner had had occasionally his whimsical moments, he had never wished to fly ; and therefore the desire to do so, naturally enough, seemed at once unintelligible and absurd.

For beeswax certainly does not assist flight.

J. W. SHERER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE "BLOW-HOLES."

NOW that the "blow-hole" controversy is settled, and something else must be substituted, I may refer back to my note in the number for April, 1881, page 503, where a simple and effective mode of ventilation was suggested—one which doubtless would have been originally adopted had the underground railway existed anywhere in the neighbourhood of our collieries, or if the directors of the District Railway were familiar with the methods adopted for colliery ventilation.

Compared with the difficulties of the problem that has to be solved in a colliery, where life or death depends on the sweeping out of choke damp and fire damp, that presented by the underground railways is but trivial.

To show what was done long ago, and is now being done on a still larger scale, I will quote a few figures from the Report of the Lords' Committee on Accidents in Coal Mines, 1849.

In the Hetton Colliery, by means of only two ventilating shafts, one upcast and one downcast, no less than seventy miles of underground roadways were ventilated. The problem of ventilating all this was greatly complicated by the fact that the seventy miles through which the air had to travel was not along one simple line of tunnel, like that of our underground railways, but along a maze of passages running in various directions. The current of air had to turn and return in most complex windings, and was divided into sixteen "splits," each starting from one main source, then running independently, but all finally re-uniting in the main current before ascending by the upcast shaft. The quantity of air thus drawn through was *168,560 cubic feet per minute at a mean rate of twelve miles per hour*. The cost of doing this was simply the consumption of eight tons of coal per day, burning in the upcast shaft to determine the upward current.

The upcast shaft of the coal-mine is one of the pits, the downcast another. If no ventilation were needed, only one pit would be sunk; thus the cost of the second pit is an expenditure incurred simply for the purpose of ventilation.

In the case of the railway, only one shaft is demanded—viz., the upcast—which might easily be made not only unobjectionable, but a very beautiful object. Everybody admires the campanile of Italy—those independent bell-towers that were built by the sides of their churches,—and one or another of these might be selected as a copy, or I would rather say should be, seeing that if any original design of an English engineer or architect were selected, our self-created art critic would denounce it as hideous, whatever its real merit might be ; but a copy of something that was old and Italian, such as the campanile of San Marco at Venice, or Giotto's masterpiece at Florence, would of course be too utterly lovely.

My reason for saying that only one such shaft would be required is that with proper management the stations themselves would form the downcasts. I need not here tell how these should be arranged with double doors for the purpose, as anybody who knows anything about the ordinary arrangements of colliery ventilation can supply the practical information.

Of course all the existing blow-holes and open places would require to be closed or glazed, and the air only admitted at the stations, where it might be adjusted as a gentle breeze or mimic hurricane. With the upcast campanile near the middle of the line, the tunnel would be swept through from either end by an all-embracing blast moving at the twelve miles an hour of the Hetton Colliery, if required, or at much smaller speed, as the comfort of passengers might demand.

Before concluding this note, I must confess that I have been rather amused at the wild blast of controversy that has already been blown through these new blow-holes, while the multitude of old blow-holes of the Metropolitan Railway which have so long existed in the midst of some of the most important thoroughfares of London remain unnoticed. They are made at convenient intervals along the whole course of the line, the best streets being usually selected for their openings ; but these openings being mere gratings level with the roadway, about nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety of each of the million of Londoners who pass them are unconscious of their existence.

Only yesterday I saw two active-minded urchins engaged in the pursuit of knowledge by lying prone, face downwards, to peep through the gratings of that one which opens into the middle of the Marylebone Road between the Baker Street and Edgware Road stations, and thought, if our newspaper topic writers were to do the like, what a storm would be raised around the Board of the Metropolitan

Railway Company, for keen, critical noses occupying the position of those of the inquisitive boys would actually be able to determine, by sense of smell, the moment when a locomotive was passing below.

AVENTURINE.

TIME was when this curious substance stood in high fashion among collectors of artistic nic-nacs ; now, only a few people know it, even by name. It is a kind of glass of a pale brownish colour, brown pink I should call it. Bedded and suspended in this are innumerable brilliant gold-like spangles, remarkably regular in their form, size, and distribution.

It was a Venetian product, and its mode of manufacture kept a profound secret, and for aught I know still remains a secret. A paper in the *Jahrbuch für Mineralogie* of 1882, by H. Fischer, reminds me of an almost forgotten experience in connection with this substance.

Herr Fischer discusses the question of whence the ancients obtained their ornamental minerals and metallic ores. He states that the aventurine now offered for sale at Allahabad and North India generally, is not Venetian, but is brought there by the Afghans, who are practised in the production of artificial stones ; also, that it is possible that these obtain it from Badakschan, which is the only known locality in the East where aventurine is made. In Delhi Venetian aventurine is sold.

He suggests that probably Marco Polo, who visited Central Asia in the thirteenth century, learned the art of making this glass from some of the native tribes who were skilled in the cutting, boring, and polishing of agates, chalcedony, &c., and that he brought it to Venice.

My own experience above referred to suggests a totally different explanation of the origin of the Venetian art. One of my youthful pupils at the Midland Institute (Maude Walsh, son of a well-known Birmingham glass-maker) was very ambitious to produce the ancient ruby glass, which chemical analysis shows to be coloured by copper, instead of the gold commonly used for ordinary modern ruby glass.

I was interested in his work and helped him with it, my theory, based upon preliminary failures, being that the desired ruby glass was a compound of silica with suboxide of copper, the ordinary green copper glass being a compound with a higher oxide ; and in accordance with this theory, I suggested various means of keeping

down the oxidation and reducing the existing oxide. One that I now remember, was the use of precipitated metallic copper obtained by the action of metallic zinc on copper sulphate.

Maude Walsh persevered with commendable diligence and equivocal results, making, now and then, a fair sample of ruby glass, but unable to obtain it regularly and of uniformly pure tint.

One evening he brought me a specimen of unmistakable aventurine, resembling the Venetian sample in all respects but the size of the spangles, his being larger.

At that time I was ignorant of the composition of aventurine, but on reference to Gmelin, now find that "Gahn has observed that the spangles consist of metallic copper crystallised in the form of flat segments of a regular octahedron."

The name aventurine (or *aventurina*, its Italian form) is derived from *a ventura*, by accident. This is the acknowledged derivation in Venice, where a tradition remains that the spangle-glass was discovered by accident, but nothing further is recorded concerning the circumstances of the accident.

Now, we know that the old Venetian glass-makers did solve the problem of making copper ruby glass, to do which they must have worked in nearly the same way as my pupil did, and with similar materials. Therefore it is but natural that they should have stumbled upon the same glittering result as that which he found in his melting-pot.

Such is my theory of the origin of this beautiful product, which I think deserves some restoration of its old reputation, as it may be worked, like other glass, into any artistic form. The above (especially the use of the precipitated copper) may suggest to our own glass-makers a method of producing it.

THE DOMESTICATION OF MONKEYS.

THE remarkable intelligence of dogs, and, in a minor degree, of cats, is doubtless due to education and the hereditary transmission of the cerebral development induced by education. A pointer that has been reared from puppyhood in town and has never seen a partridge, will point, the first time it is taken in the country, at its first sight of game. Collies and other specially trained dogs exhibit similar hereditary aptitude.

What would have happened if monkeys had been similarly domesticated and as carefully trained to useful work, such as fruit-gathering, lamp-lighting, &c., during a few hundreds of generations?

The monkeys in our menageries usually die of consumption. Recent investigations which connect pulmonary tubercles with bacilli, and indicate that the germs of these pestiferous creatures may be communicated by the breath, render it a matter of small surprise that the poor creatures, confined together in the detestable atmosphere of such places as the monkey-house of the Zoological Gardens, should become thus infected and speedily die.

It is a curious fact that the keepers of caged animals in menageries are usually victims of pulmonary consumption. This shows that there is something more than mere coldness of climate concerned in promoting the mischief.

There are monkeys and monkeys, some spiteful and dangerous, others docile and gentle as kittens. A dozen pairs of the latter sporting at large in the Crystal Palace would be immensely amusing, their trapeze performances throwing Leotard deeply into the shade ; and living thus in something like their natural condition they would probably increase and multiply sufficiently to afford an opportunity of observing the hereditary results of domestication, and the soothing charms of much music.

What would they do during the performances of the Handel Festival? Would they select the Reporters' Gallery, the Royal Box, the upper regions of the orchestra, or the reserve seats on the floor ; or would they crouch behind the effigies of the kings and queens of England at the most remote end of the transept ?

These and many other questions concerning their habits are sufficiently interesting to scientific and popular curiosity to render such an addition to the attractions of the palace a profitable investment for the shareholders.

Some years ago I was much interested in observing the exceptional frontal development and very intelligent expression and movements of a very pretty little monkey at the Regent's Park Gardens, so much so that I made inquiries of the keeper concerning it. He told me that it was born there. Were these characteristics accidental, or the result of heredity under domestication ?

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

IN *The Journal of Science* of last March is a rather alarming paper by an anonymous writer, bearing the title of "Coming Shadows : an Ethnological Study." The author shows that at the present rate of growth in numbers, the negro population will, in the course of about another century, far outnumber the whites, especially

in the Southern States, where, according to his figures, they will have reached double the number of the white population in the year 1890.

This anticipation is based on the results of the census of 1880, according to which the emancipated negro population is increasing at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, or doubling itself every twenty years, while that of the whites in the States increases only at the rate of 2 per cent., or doubling every thirty-five years.

Terrible pictures are drawn of the consequences of this, but in their delineation no allowance is made for the checking effect of density of population and the consequent habits of town life *v.* country life.

The actual results in the Southern States afford an interesting confirmation of the prediction of Col. Hamilton Smith, whose book on ethnology I read many years ago and can now only quote from memory. Instead of Blumenbach's division of the human species into five varieties, Caucasian, Ethiopian, Mongolian, Malay, and American, he divides them into only three, the Caucasian, Ethiopian, and Mongolian, corresponding to their natural or original habitats, the temperate, tropical, and arctic regions, with of course intermediate sub-varieties, belonging to the sub-tropical and sub-arctic zones. He contends—and supports his arguments very ably—that when either of these is brought out of his native region he degenerates, and in the struggle for existence cannot hold his ground against the native variety; thus the Caucasian competing in the tropics with the negro would ultimately succumb, in spite of original superiority, while the negro speedily dies out in temperate climates.

This appears to be sound, and I can see nothing alarming in it. It merely means a distribution of the human race on the principle of putting the right men in the right place. If the white men in the South, finding their numbers declining, attempt by violence to kick against a natural law, they will simply get what they deserve. Their proper course is to study the subject philosophically, and proceed accordingly, either by emigrating farther North or by submitting to live as a minority and bending their habits to the requirements of negro civilisation, which will doubtless assume a curiously different form from that which constitutes our white ideal.

VOLCANIC MANURE.

EVERY observant traveller who visits Etna and Vesuvius admires the wonderful fertility of the country around the volcanoes. The defeat of Hannibal has been attributed to the

enervating influence of a sojourn on the luxurious plains of Capua.

The explanation of this is afforded by some analyses made by L. Ricciardi of ashes ejected from Vesuvius on 25th February, 1882. He found in them $4\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of phosphate of lime, and more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of potash, and that the ash evolved a sensible quantity of ammonia when treated with caustic potash.

These and other constituents indicate a valuable fertilizer provided it is distributed in a pulverised condition, and such distribution takes place over a very large area of country during an eruption, for the masses of lava-crust ejected perpendicularly from the crater fall back towards it, and on their way down encounter other pieces coming upwards, and thus they are so continually crashing together that they grind each other into dust, which is blown away as soon as the particles become small enough to yield to the wind.

At the great eruption of Tomboro, on the island of Sumbawa (east of Java), which continued from April 5, 1815, to the beginning of June, some of the dust thus formed travelled to Tara and Celebes, a distance of 300 miles, and caused a darkness described by Sir Stamford Raffles as more profound than that of the darkest night. This dust was deposited over an area estimated at about 2,000 miles in circumference, and in some places was so deep as to do serious mischief.

This, of course, is an extreme instance, but during ordinary eruptions a deposit of some inches in depth is spread over vast areas, supplying a "top-dressing" that our farmers would envy, and which would put an end to the artificial manure trade in England if we were within reach of such volcanic beneficence.

PIGS AND ALCOHOL.

IN olden times, when the dissection of the human body was prohibited, pigs were used as substitutes, on account of their near relationship to man. Blumenbach devoted a humorous lecture to the subject of the resemblances, physical and moral, of pigs to men. He divided the different breeds of pigs into Caucasian, Ethiopian, Mongolian, Malay, and American, and showed to his pupils the characteristic differences that are parallel to the corresponding human varieties.

Thus the native pig of hot countries is black, has a prominent jaw and broad nose resembling the human Ethiopian, and so on with the rest as regards variations of facial bones, hair, &c.

He showed that the influence of civilisation on pigs was similar to its influence on man. The civilised pig is a most cleanly animal in its habits, as may be seen by observing the prize pigs at our cattle shows, while the uncivilised or ill-educated pig is comparable in filthiness to similarly neglected human beings.

I once witnessed a display of drunkenness among pigs at a large pig farm, where the proprietor had spoiled a barrel of elderberry wine and ordered his pig bailiff to put it into the wash, meaning little by little, but the bailiff being energetic used it all at once, and the consequence was that about 300 pigs of various ages were all drunk together in the square enclosure of the foal-yard, which was devoted to their use as a promenade.

Their behaviour was intensely human, exhibiting all the usual manifestations of jolly good fellowship, including that advanced stage where a group were rolling over each other and grunting affectionately in tones that were distinctly expressive of swearing eternal friendship all round. Their reeling and staggering, and the expression of their features, all indicated that alcohol had the same effect on pigs as on men; that under its influence both stood on precisely the same zoological level.

With this grotesque exhibition fresh in my memory, I read with interest a paper in the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy of Sciences on May 28, by MM. Dujardin-Beaumetz and Audigé, in which they describe the effects of alcoholic diet on pigs. Eighteen of these animals were treated sumptuously, according to old-fashioned notions of hospitality, by mixing various alcohols with their food, in proportions about corresponding to a modest half-pint of wine at dinner. The alcohols that we drink in wine, malt liquors, whisky, hollands, brandy, &c., invariably produced sleep, prostration, and general lassitude, while absinthe (included as another variety of alcohol) produced an excitation resembling epilepsy.

The experiments extended over three years, during which some of the animals died from the effects of alcohol poison.

The survivors were killed, and subjected to *post-mortem* examination. All were found to be injured, and the mischief was greatest when crude spirit was used, less when it was carefully redistilled and purified.

These results are worthy of the consideration of those who concede that morning drinks are mischievous, but that there can be no harm done by a fair allowance taken with solid food, as at dinner or supper.

A NEW SOURCE OF POTASH.

ALTHOUGH we know that potash exists in sea water and in many rocks, notably in feldspar, which is very abundant in Cornwall and elsewhere, we are still largely dependent upon the old source for our supplies of the carbonate. We do not literally obtain it, according to its etymology, from the ashes under the pot, as our very great grandmothers did in the old times of wood fuel, but from the ashes of the succulent portions of great forest trees when their trunks are cut for timber.

Another source has lately been suggested by M. H. Mangon, who has analysed the leaves of the ice-plant (*mesembryanthemum crystallinum*), and finds that the *dried* plant contains an average of 43 per cent. of the salts of potassium and sodium, and that a hectare would yield about 863 kilos. of carbonate of potash, equal, in round numbers, to 7 cwt. per English acre.

He, therefore, raises the question whether this plant may be cultivated commercially as a source of caustic potash and its carbonates, and also be employed to remove from the saline soils of the Mediterranean coasts the excess of salts to which their barrenness is attributed.

I find, upon reference, that M. Mangon's suggestion is not quite novel, as the Spaniards use the ashes of this plant, under the name of *Barilla Moradera*, in their glass works, and barilla (crude alkali) is made in Egypt from the *mesembryanthemum nodiflorum*, another species of the same genus of plants.

VEGETARIAN CHEESE.

EARNEST vegetarians who do not repudiate cheese have been seriously troubled by the necessity of using the stomachs of slaughtered calves as a source of the rennet which is used in making the curd, and many attempts to supersede the animal coagulant by using vegetable and mineral acids, alum, &c., have failed.

They will doubtless be glad to learn on the authority of Sir William Hooker, that a shrub common in Northern India supplies a vegetable rennet. Its name is the *Puneeria cogulans*. A decoction of 30 parts of its powdered capsules in 1,150 parts of water is a coagulating liquid of such strength that a teaspoonful is sufficient for curdling a gallon of milk, or, otherwise stated, the quantity required is one teaspoonful of the powder to 38 gallons of milk.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD ON MR. IRVING.

IT is pardonable to speak of Mr. Matthew Arnold as the author of the articles which appear from time to time in the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the signature "An Old Playgoer," since the assertion that they are by him has been publicly made and has passed uncontradicted. These contributions to the literature of the stage are of unequal value. When Mr. Arnold in dealing with "Impulse" seeks to reconcile with preconceived opinions the state of the English and French stage, and the audiences attracted to both, his utterances are—well, fantastic; his estimate of the performance of the "Silver King" agrees in all respects with that of modern criticism; his speculations as to the manner in which the Sultanas are allured to see Shakespeare are pleasant and ingenious. To me, however, the most agreeable thing about these papers is the proof they afford of the renewed interest taken by men of cultivation in the stage. One opinion expressed by Mr. Arnold has my warm assent. "It is," says Mr. Arnold, "almost always by an important personality that great things are effected; and it is assuredly the personality of Mr. Irving and that of Miss Helen Terry which have the happy effect of bringing the Sultanas and of filling the Lyceum." This is strictly true. At the period of his approaching departure for America Mr. Irving is receiving such homage as few actors have known. Further distinctions are in store for him, and it is more than probable that he will, if he lives, be the first actor to receive the honour of knighthood. His popularity is not, however, the mere outcome of exceptional proficiency in his art. The secret lies in the attraction of a worthy and a delightful personality. A man with these gifts and with fair opportunities would have obtained success in any line. As an actor Mr. Irving has disclosed remarkable quality; his most artistic performances have not, however, been the most successful. He possesses, as Mr. Arnold says, the "rare gift of delicacy and distinction." He has one far higher, of humour in its full sense. Beyond all things, however, stands the charm of a striking and an attractive personality, and in this must be found the secret of his unparalleled success.

THE GROWTH OF A REPRESENTATIVE REPUTATION.

A TENDENCY to prop up the reputation of a writer who while living has pushed his way to a foremost place, and to add to the cairn erected after his death stones taken, it may be, from old-fashioned or less important monuments, has always been apparent in mankind. To professed wits like Foote and Sydney Smith in past days, and Mr. Byron and Mr. Burnand in the present, the best jokes made by their contemporaries, and sometimes by their predecessors, are complacently attributed, while any cynical reflection of uncertain authorship is, as a matter of course, fathered upon Rochefoucauld. One of the most characteristic stories told of Theodore Hook is to be found in the writings of Taylor, the water poet, who died two centuries earlier. This application of the old saying, "Qui enim habet, dabitur ei, et abundabit," need surprise none. There seems indeed a species of intellectual gravitation which makes the current ideas of an epoch attach themselves to a man of high intellectual capacity and serve to swell his fame. In the higher criticism, which, as a portion of the modern renaissance, has been developed during the present reign, condemnation of the critical system once in vogue of censuring a man for not being other than he is, has become a commonplace. When, however, with no thought of appropriating the labours of others, but in mere repetition of an accepted idea that could not with equal convenience be otherwise expressed, a writer like Mr. Matthew Arnold states that we ought not to blame a man for not being a different person, the sentence provokes in various quarters explanation, refutation, or comment. Henceforward, accordingly, the special view in question becomes a portion of the personal luggage of the great critic. So insignificant in the possession of a man like Mr. Arnold are a hundred similar sayings, it is neither worth while for him to repudiate, nor for another to contest, his claim to any one of them. Instances like this show, however, the manner in which to a future generation a man comes clad with the authority of an epoch.

GRIEVOUSLY OVERLADEN.

THOSE who have taken the side of Mr. Plimsoll in the controversy as to the treatment of merchant sailors and the manner in which ships are sent to sea, have had to face charges of falsehood, sensationalism, and I know not what. Every device that fraud and rapine can invent to prolong their miserable existence and to reap an aftermath of unholy gain is put forward to discredit those

who drag their proceedings to the light. Listen, however, to words that are spoken, not by Mr. Plimsoll, but by one of the Wreck Commissioners. "There was nothing," said Mr. Rothery, speaking at Liverpool of a vessel that had been lost with all hands, "in the construction of the 'Hildegarde' to lead the Court to suppose that her loss was owing to her unseaworthiness ; but there was the fact that she was *grievously overladen*. It seemed to the Court abundantly clear that the blame rested with the instructions which the owners gave to the master. He did not say that they wilfully sent the vessel to sea with the object of drowning these poor men, but they did not take the reasonable precautions they ought to have done to prevent her from foundering. The owners had got the full value of the ship and freight, and, on the whole, they had not made a bad business affair of it ; but they had lost their ship and the lives of the sixteen men who were in her." A rebuke such as this from a man like Mr. Rothery must, it would be thought, crush almost out of life any man whom the constant pursuit of gain had not hardened into stone. Yet the same thing goes on, not only in the Pacific, where the sixteen lives were sacrificed, but on our own coasts, and on the vessels which, at the bidding of some of our great railway companies, carry passengers across to France. Comment on this state of affairs is needless. Not, however, for all the fortunes that have been made in Liverpool dare I take on my shoulders the reproach of sending forth living men in ships thus "*grievously overladen*."

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND AND ON THE CONTINENT.

ACCORDING to a report on railways issued by M. Waddington, the proportion of railway journeys taken during the year by Frenchmen of all classes averages 3·7 per head. Against this we in England are able to oppose 17·2 per head, which of course means that Englishmen travel about five times as often as Frenchmen. No difficulty will be experienced by anyone familiar with the two countries in accepting these statistics. An attempt recently made by Mr. T. H. Farrer, in an evening journal, to prove that the rates on English railways are lower than those on the French lines has great interest. It strikes me, however, as unsatisfactory in one respect. Against one of the most spirited of English lines, the Great Northern, Mr. Farrer opposes the Paris, Lyon, and Méditerranée, which is the least liberal, the most old-fashioned, and the most stupidly managed line in France ; to the Parisian an object of ridicule when not of aversion. As the London and South-Western Railway is regarded by one whom business or pleasure takes often to

Tunbridge, so is the Paris, Lyon, and Méditerranée regarded by one compelled to avail himself of its preposterous service. When, accordingly, Mr. Farrer shows the relative rates between London and Edinburgh on the one hand and Paris and Marseilles on the other, he points a moral less convincing than if he had taken for parallel the line from Paris to Bordeaux or to Toulouse. Greatly to our comfort, he shows that the maximum speed per hour in England is 44 miles first-class and 41 third, against $34\frac{1}{2}$ miles and 25 in France; that we have each day fourteen third-class trains and fifteen first against four of the former and six of the latter in France, and that our fares are perceptibly lower. To this pleasant view of the case must be added that there is much more civility in England than in France, and that our trains are not crowded as are the French with a public that fears even in the hottest days of July any intrusion into the carriage of fresh air. Travelling, in short, is inconceivably pleasanter in England than in France. The one thing, however, our railway companies should be compelled to supply is either the bottle of iced water, which, in Sweden, occupies in summer time a place in most carriages, or the fountains at the stations at which, on the Continent, the third-class passengers wash their hands and replenish their bottles.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF JOURNALISM.

FREEDOM of the press is recognised as one of the most precious of English institutions. Without the aid of this most potent influence, the fabric of our liberties could never have been erected, nor could the gigantic mound of class privileges and social inequalities have been swept away. In times of difficulty, however, it is expedient that the newspaper should recall its responsibilities as well as its privileges. I cannot sufficiently reprobate the manner in which, in its eagerness to obtain news, the press supplies the enemies of England with the exact information they want in order to carry out their schemes. One witness alone can testify to the identity of a criminal whose conviction is greatly dreaded by his associates. The press forthwith mentions his name, his address, his place of work, and all particulars that can be desired by those who have most interest in getting rid of his testimony. New protection is suggested for certain buildings, and the public writer tells, for the benefit of evil-doers, the spots at which newly placed guards can be found. Is the public so greedy for news that it would not forego information which is certain to be of service to the enemy?

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1883.

THE NEW ABELARD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE THUNDERCLAP (*concluded*).

THE two men, father and son, had struck their blow boldly but very cruelly, and it came with full force on the devoted woman's head. At first Alma could scarcely believe her ears ; she started in her chair, put out her hands quickly as if to ward off another savage attack, and then shrank in terror, while every vestige of colour in her cheeks faded away.

Sir George stood gazing down at her, also greatly agitated, for he was well-bred enough to feel that the part he was playing was unmanly, almost cowardly. He had spoken and acted on a mere surmise, and even at that moment, amidst the storm of his nervous indignation, the horrible thought flashed upon him that he might be wrong after all.

"His first wife is still living !" repeated Alma with a quick involuntary shudder, scarcely able to realise the words. "Uncle, what do you mean ? Have *you* gone mad, as well as George ? Of whom are you speaking ? Of—of Mr. Bradley ?"

"Of that abominable man," cried the baronet, "who, if my information is correct, and if there is law in the land, shall certainly pay the penalty of his atrocious crime ! Do not think that we blame *you*," he added more gently ; "no, for you are not to blame. You have been the dupe, the victim, of a villain !"

Like a prisoner sick with terror, yet gathering all his strength about him to protest against the death-sentence for a crime of which

he is innocent, Alma rose, and trembling violently, still clutching the chair for support, looked at her uncle.

"I do not believe one word of what you say! I believe it is an infamous falsehood. But whether it is true or false, I shall never forgive you in this world for the words you have spoken to me to-night."

"I have only done my duty, Alma!" returned Sir George, uneasily, moving as he spoke towards her and reaching out his arms to support her. "My poor child—courage! George and I will protect and save you."

Hereupon Mephistopheles junior uttered a sullen half-audible murmur, which was understood to be a solemn promise to punch the fellow's head—yes, smash him—on the very earliest opportunity!

"Don't touch me!" exclaimed Alma. "Don't approach me! What is your authority for this cruel libel on Mr. Bradley? You talk of punishment. It is you that will be punished, be sure of that, if you cannot justify so shameful an accusation."

The two men looked at each other. If, after all, the ground should give way beneath them! But it was too late to draw back or temporise.

"Tell her, father," said George, with a prompting look.

"You ask our authority for the statement," replied the baronet. "My dear Alma, the thing is past a doubt. We have seen the—the *person*."

"The person? What person?"

"Bradley's *wife*!"

"He has no wife but me," cried Alma. "I love him—he is my husband!"

Then, as Sir George shrugged his shoulders pityingly, she leant forward eagerly, and demanded in quick, spasmodic gasps:—

"Who is the woman who wrongs my rights? Who is the creature who has filled you with this falsehood? Who is she? Tell me!"

"She is at present passing under the name of Montmorency, and is, I believe, an actress."

As he spoke, there came suddenly in Alma's remembrance the vivid picture of the woman whom she had seen talking with the clergyman in the vestry, and simultaneously she was conscious of the sickly odour of scent which had surrounded her like a fume of poison. Alma grew faint. Some terrible and foreboding presence seemed overpowering her. She thought of the painted face, the shameless dress and bearing of the strange woman, of Bradley's peculiar air of

nervous uneasiness, of the thrill of dislike and repulsion which had run momentarily through her own frame as she left them together. Overcome by an indescribable and sickening horror, she put her hand to her forehead, tottered, and seemed about to fall.

Solicitous and alarmed, the baronet once more approached her as if to support her. But before he could touch her she had shrunk shuddering away.

Weak and terrified now, she uttered a despairing moan.

“Oh! why did you come here to tell me this?” she cried. “Why did you come here to break my heart and wreck my life? If you had had any pity or care for me, you would have spared me; you would have left me to discover my misery for myself. Go now, go; you have done all you can. I shall soon know for myself whether your cruel tale is false or true.”

“It is true,” said Sir George. “Do not be unjust, my child. We could not, knowing what we did, suffer you to remain at the mercy of that man. Now, be advised. Leave the affair to us, who are devoted to you; we will see that you are justified, and that the true culprit is punished as he deserves.”

And the two men made a movement towards the door.

“Stop!” cried Alma. “What do you intend to do?”

“Apply for a warrant, and have the scoundrel apprehended without delay.”

“You will do so at your peril,” exclaimed Alma, with sudden energy. “I forbid you to interfere between him and me. Yes, I forbid you! Even if things are as you say—and I will never believe it till I receive the assurance from his own lips, never!—even if things are as you say, the wrong is mine, not yours, and I need no one to come between me and the man I love.”

“The man you love!” echoed Sir George in amazement. “Alma, this is infatuation!”

“I love him, uncle, and love such as mine is not a light thing to be destroyed by the first breath of calumny or misfortune. What has taken place is between him and me alone.”

“I beg your pardon,” returned her uncle, with a recurrence to his old anger. “Our good name—the honour of the house—is at stake; and if you are too far lost to consider these, it is my duty, as the head of the family, to act on your behalf.”

“Certainly,” echoed young George between his set teeth.

“And how would you vindicate them?” asked Alma, passionately. “By outraging and degrading *me*? Yes; for if you utter to any other soul one syllable of this story, you drag my good name in

the mire, and make me the martyr. I need no protection, I ask no justification. If necessary I can bear my misery, as I have borne my happiness, in silence and alone."

"But," persisted Sir George, "you will surely let us take some steps to——"

"Whatever I do will be done on my own responsibility. I am my own mistress. Uncle, you must promise me—you must swear to me—to do nothing without my will and consent. You can serve me yet; you can show that you are still capable of kindness and compassion, by saving me from proceedings which you would regret, and which I should certainly not survive."

Sir George looked at his son in fresh perplexity. In the whirlwind of his excitement he had hardly taken into calculation the unpleasantness of a public exposure. True, it would destroy and punish the man, but, on the other hand, it would certainly bring disgrace on the family. Alma's eccentricities, both of opinion and of conduct, which he had held in very holy horror, would become the theme of the paragraph-maker and the leader-writer, and the immediate consequence would be to make the name of Craik ridiculous. So he stammered and hesitated.

George Craik, the younger, however, had none of his father's scruples. He cared little or nothing now for his cousin's reputation. All he wanted was to expose, smash, pulverise, and utterly destroy Bradley, the man whom he had always cordially detested, and who had subjected him to innumerable indignities on the part of his cousin. So, seeing Alma's helplessness, and no longer dreading her indignation, he plucked up heart of grace and took his full part in the discussion.

"The fellow deserves penal servitude for life," he said, "and in my opinion, Alma, it's your *duty* to prosecute him. It is the only course you can take in justice to yourself and your friends. I know it will be deucedly unpleasant; but not more unpleasant than going through the Divorce Court, which respectable people do every day."

"Silence!" exclaimed his cousin, turning upon him with tremulous indignation.

"Eh? what?" ejaculated George.

"I will not discuss Mr. Bradley with *you*. To my uncle I will listen, because I know he has a good heart, and because he is my dear father's brother; but I forbid *you* to speak to me on the subject. I owe all this misery and humiliation to you, and you only."

"That's all humbug!" George began furiously, but his father interposed and waved him to silence.

“Alma is excited, naturally excited ; in her cooler senses she will acknowledge that she does you an injustice. Hush, George !—My dear child,” he continued addressing Alma, “all my son and I desire to do is to save you pain. You have been disgracefully misled, and I repeat, I pity rather than blame you. To be sure you have been a little headstrong, a little opinionated, and I am afraid the doctrines promulgated by your evil genius have led you to take too rash a view of—hum—moral sanctions. Depend upon it, loose ideas in matters of religion lead, directly and indirectly, to the destruction of morality. Not that I accuse you of wilful misconduct—Heaven forbid ! But you have erred from want of caution, from, if I may so express it, a lack of discretion ; for you should have been aware that the man that believes in neither Our Maker nor Our Saviour—an—in short, an infidel—would not be deterred by any moral consideration from acts of vice and crime.”

This was a long speech, but Alma paid little or no attention to it. She stood against the mantelpiece, leaning her forehead against it, and trembling with agony ; but she did not cry—the tears would not come yet—she was still too lost in amazement, pain, and dread.

Suddenly, as Sir George ended, she looked up and said :—

“The name of this woman, this actress ? Where is she to be found ?”

“Her name—as I told you, her assumed name—is Montmorency. George can give you her address ; but I think, on the whole, you had better not see her.”

“I *must*,” replied Alma, firmly.

Sir George glanced at his son, who thereupon took out a note-book and wrote on one of the leaves, which he tore out and handed to his father.

“Here is the address,” said the baronet, passing the paper on to Alma.

She took it without looking at it, and threw it on the mantelpiece.

“Now pray leave me. But, before you go, promise to do nothing—to keep this matter secret—until you hear from me. I must first ascertain that what you say is true.”

“We will do as you desire, Alma,” returned Sir George ; “only I think it would be better—much better—to let *us* act for you.”

“No ; I only am concerned. I am not a child, and am able to protect myself.”

“Very well,” said her uncle. “But try, my child, to remember that you have friends who are waiting to serve you. I am heart-broken—George is heart-broken—at this sad affair. Do nothing

rash, I beseech you ; and do not forget, in this hour of humiliation, that there is One above Who can give you comfort, if you will turn humbly and reverently to *Him* !”

With this parting homily the worthy baronet approached his niece, drew her to him, and kissed her benignantly on the forehead. But she shrank away quickly, with a low cry of distress.

“Do not touch me ! Do not speak to me ! Leave me now, for God’s sake !”

After a long-drawn sigh, expressive of supreme sympathy and commiseration, and a prolonged look full of quasi-paternal emotion, Sir George left the room. George followed, with a muttered “Good-night !” to which his cousin paid no attention.

Father and son passed out into the street, where the manner of both underwent a decided change.

“Well, that’s over !” exclaimed the baronet. “The poor girl bears it far better than I expected ; for it is a horrible situation.”

“Then you mean to do as she tells you,” said George, “and let the scoundrel alone ?”

“For the time being, yes. After all, Alma is right, and we must endeavour to avoid a public exposure.”

“It’s sure to come out. It’s *bigamy*, you know—*Bigamy* !” he added, with more emphasis and a capital letter.

“So it is—if it is true. At present, you know, we have no proofs whatever—only suspicions. God bless me ! how ridiculous we should look if the whole thing turns out a mare’s-nest after all ! Alma will never forgive us ! You really feel convinced that there was a previous marriage ?”

“I’m sure of it,” returned George. “And whether or not——”

He did not finish the sentence ; but what he added to himself, spitefully enough, was to the effect that, “whether or not,” he had paid out his cousin for all her contumelious and persistent snubbing.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONFESSION.

“ Dieu, qui, dès le commencement de la création, avez en tirant la femme d’un côté de l’homme établi le grand sacrement du mariage, vous qui l’avez honoré et relevé si haut, soit en vous incarnant dans le sein d’une femme, soit en commençant vos miracles par celui des noces de Cana, vous qui avez jadis accordé ce remède, suivant vos vœux, à mon incontinent faiblesse, ne repoussez pas les prières de votre servante ; je les verse humblement aux pieds de votre divine majesté pour mes péchés et pour ceux de mon bien-aimé. O Dieu qui êtes la bonté même, pardonnez à nos crimes si grands, et que l’immensité de votre miséricorde se mesure à la multitude de nos fautes. Prenez contre vos serviteurs la verge de la correction, non le glaive de la fureur. Frappez la chair pour conserver les âmes. Venez en pacificateur, non en vengeur ; avec bonté plutôt qu’avec justice ; en père miséricordieux, non en maître sévère.”

THE PRAYER OF HÉLOISE (*written for her by ABELARD*).

ALMA remained as her uncle and cousin had left her, leaning against the mantelpiece, with her eyes fixed, her frame convulsively trembling. Yet her look and manner still would have confirmed Sir George in his opinion that she bore the shock “ better than might have been expected.” She did not cry or moan. Once or twice her hand was pressed upon her heart, as if to still its beating, that was all.

Nevertheless she was already aware that the supreme sorrow, the fatal dishallucination, of her life had come. She saw all her cherished hopes and dreams, her fairy castles of hope and love, falling to pieces like houses of cards ; the idol of her life falling with them, changing to clay and dust ; the whole world darkening, all beauty withering, in a chilly wind from the eternity of shadows. If Ambrose Bradley was base, if the one true man she had ever known and loved was false, what remained ? Nothing but disgrace and death.

He had been in her eyes next to God, without speck or flaw, perfectly noble and supreme ; one by one he had absorbed all her childish faiths, while in idolatry of passion she had knelt at his feet adoring him—

He for God only, she for God in *him* !

And that godhead had sufficed.

She had given up to him, together with her faith, her hope, her understanding, her entire spiritual life.

Passionate by nature, she had never loved any other human creature ; even such slight thrills of sympathy as most maidens feel, and which by some are christened “ experiences,” having been almost

or quite unknown to her. She had been a studious, reserved girl, with a manner which repelled the approaches of beardless young men of her own age ; her beauty attracted them, but her steadfast intellectual eyes frightened and cowed the most impudent among them. Not till she came into collision with Bradley did she understand what personal passion meant ; and even then the first overtures were intellectual, leading only by very slow degrees to a more tender relationship.

Alma Craik, in fact, was of the same fine clay of which enthusiasts have been made in all ages. Born in the age of Pericles, she would doubtless have belonged to the class of which Aspasia was an immortal type ; in the early days of Christianity, she would have perhaps figured as a Saint ; in its mediæval days as a proselytising abbess ; and now, in the days of Christian decadence, she opened her dreamy eyes on the troublous lights of spiritual Science, found in them her inspiration and her heavenly hope. But men cannot live by bread alone, and women cannot exist without love. Her large impulsive nature was barren and incomplete till she had discovered what the Greek *hetairai* found in Pericles, what the feminine martyrs found in Jesus, what Eloisa found in Abelard ; that is to say, the realisation of a masculine ideal. She waited, almost without anticipation, till the hour was ripe.

Love comes not as a slave
To any beckoning finger ; but, some day,
When least expected, cometh as a King,
And takes his throne.

So at last it was with the one love of Alma's life. Without doubt, without fear or question, she suffered her lover to take full sovereignty, and to remain thenceforth throned and crowned.

And now, she asked herself shudderingly, was it all over ? Had the end of her dream come, when she had scarcely realised its beginning ? If this was so, the beautiful world was destroyed. If Bradley was unworthy, there was no goodness in man ; and if the divine type in humanity was broken like a cast of clay, there was no comfort in religion, no certainty of God.

She looked at her watch ; it was not far from midnight. She moved from her support, and walked nervously up and down the room.

At last her mind was made up. She put on her hat and mantle, and left the house.

In her hand she clutched the piece of paper which George Craik had given her, and which contained the name and address of Mrs. Montmorency,

The place was close at hand, not far indeed from Bradley's residence and her own. She hastened thither without hesitation. Her way lay along the borders of the park, past the very Church which she had spared no expense to build, so that she came into its shadow almost before she knew.

It was a still and windless night ; the skies were blue and clear, with scarcely a cloud, and the air was full of the vitreous pour of the summer moon, which glimmered on the church windows with ghostly silvern light. From the ground there exhaled a sickly heavy odour—the scent of the heated dew-charged earth.

Alma stood for some time looking at the building with the fortunes of which her own seemed so closely and mysteriously blent. Its shadow fell upon her with ominous darkness. Black and sepulchral it seemed now, instead of bright and full of joy. As she gazed upon it, and remembered how she had laboured to upbuild it, how she had watched it grow stone by stone, and felt the joy a child might feel in marking the growth of some radiant flower, it seemed the very embodiment of her own despair.

Now, for the first time, her tears began to flow, but slowly, as if from sources in an arid heart. If she had heard the truth that day, the labour of her life was done ; the place she looked upon was curst, and the sooner some thunderbolt of God struck it, or the hand of man razed it to the ground, the better for all the world.

There was a light in the house close by—in the room where she knew her lover was sitting. She crept close to the rails of the garden, and looked at the light through her tears. As she gazed, she prayed ; prayed that God might spare her yet, rebuke the satanic calumny, and restore her lord and master to her, pure and perfect as he had been.

Then, in her pity for him and for herself, she thought how base he might think her if she sought from any lips but his own the confirmation of her horrible fear. She would be faithful till the last. Instead of seeking out the shameless woman, she would go in and ask Bradley himself to confess the truth.

Swift action followed the thought. She opened the gate, crossed the small garden, and rang the bell.

The hollow sound, breaking on the solemn stillness, startled her, and she shrank trembling in the doorway ; then she heard the sound of bolts being drawn, and the next moment the house door opened, and the clergyman appeared on the threshold, holding a light.

He looked wild and haggard enough, for indeed he had been having his dark hour alone. He wore a black dressing jacket with

no waistcoat, and the collar of his shirt was open and tieless, falling open to show his powerful muscular throat.

"Alma!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "*You* here, and so late!"

"Yes, it is I," she answered in a low voice. "I wish to speak to you. May I come in?"

He could not see her face, but the tones of her voice startled him, as he drew back to let her enter. She passed by him without a word, and hastened along the lobby to the study. He closed the door softly, and followed her.

The moment he came into the bright lamplight of the room he saw her standing and facing him, her face white as death, her eyes dilated.

"My darling, what is it? Are you ill?" he cried.

But he had no need to ask any question. He saw in a moment that she knew his secret.

"Close the door," she said in a low voice; and after he had obeyed her she continued, "Ambrose, I have come here to-night because I could not rest at home till I had spoken to you. I have heard something terrible—so terrible that, had I believed it utterly, I think I should not be living now. It is something that concerns us both—me, most of all. Do you know what I mean? Tell me, for God's sake, if you know! Spare me the pain of an explanation if you can. Ah, God help me! I see you know!"

Their eyes met. He could not lie to her now.

"Yes, I know," he replied.

"But it is not true? Tell me it is not true?"

As she gazed at him, and stretched out her arms in wild entreaty, his grief was pitiful beyond measure. He turned his eyes away with a groan of agony.

She came close to him, and, taking his head in her trembling hands, turned his face again to hers. He collected all his strength to meet her reproachful gaze, while he replied, in a deep tremulous voice:—

"You have heard that I have deceived you, that I am the most miserable wretch beneath the sun. You have heard—God help me!—that there is a woman living, other than yourself, who claims to be my wife."

"Yes! that is what I have heard. But I do not believe—I will not believe it. I have come to have from your own lips the assurance that it is a falsehood. Dear Ambrose, tell me so. I will believe *you*. Whatever *you* tell me, I will believe with all my soul."

She clung to him tenderly as she spoke, with the tears streaming fast down her face.

Disengaging himself gently, he crossed the room to his desk, and placed his hand upon some papers scattered there, with the ink fresh upon them.

“When I heard you knock,” he said, “I was trying to write down, for your eyes to read, what my lips refused to tell, what I could not speak for utter, overpowering shame. I knew the secret must soon be known ; I wished to be first to reveal it to you, that you might know the whole unvarnished truth. I was too late, I find. My enemies have been before me, and you have come to reproach me—as I deserve.”

“I have *not* come for that,” answered Alma, sobbing. “It is too late for reproaches. I only wish to know my fate.”

“Then try and listen, while I tell you everything,” said Bradley, in the same tone of utter misery and despair. “I am speaking my own death-warrant, I know ; for with every word I utter I shall be tearing away another living link that binds you to my already broken heart. I have nothing to say in my own justification ; no, not one word. If you could strike me dead at your feet, in your just and holy anger, it would be dealing with me as I deserve. I should have been strong ; I was weak, a coward ! I deserve neither mercy nor pity.”

It was strange how calm they both seemed ; he as he addressed her in his low deep voice, she as she stood and listened. Both were deathly pale, but Alma’s tears were checked, as she looked in despair upon the man who had wrecked her life.

Then he told her the whole story : of how, in his youthful infatuation, he had married Mary Goodwin, how they had lived a wretched life together, how she had fled from him, and how for many a year he had thought her dead. His face trembled and his cheek flushed as he spoke of the new life that had dawned upon him, when long afterwards he became acquainted with herself ; while she listened in agony, thinking of the pollution of that other woman’s embraces from which he had passed.

But presently she hearkened more peacefully, and a faint dim hope began to quicken in her soul—for as yet she but dimly apprehended Bradley’s situation. So far as she had heard, the man was comparatively blameless. The episode of his youth was a repulsive one, but the record of his manhood was clear. He had believed the woman dead, he had had every reason to believe it, and he had been, to all intents and purposes, free.

As he ceased, he heaved a sigh of deep relief, and her tears flowed more freely. She moved across the room, and took his hand.

"I understand now," she said. "O Ambrose, why did you not confide in me from the first! There should have been no secrets between us. I would freely have forgiven you. . . . And I forgive you now! When you married me, you believed the woman dead and in her grave. If she has arisen to part us so cruelly, the blame is not yours—thank God for that!"

But he shrank from her touch, and uttering a cry of agony sank into a chair, and hid his face in his hands.

"Ambrose!" she murmured, bending over him.

"Do not touch me," he cried; "I have more to tell you yet—something that must break the last bond uniting us together, and degrade me for ever in your eyes. Alma, do not pity me; your pity tortures and destroys me, for I do not deserve it—I am a villain! Listen, then! I betrayed you wilfully, diabolically; for when I went through the marriage ceremony with you I *knew* that Mary Goodwin was still alive!"

"You knew it!—and, knowing it, you——"

She paused in horror, unable to complete the sentence.

"I knew it, for I had seen her with my own eyes—so long ago as when I was vicar of Olney. You remember my visit to London; you remember my trouble then, and you attributed it to my struggle with the Church authorities. That was the beginning of my fall; I was a coward and a liar from that hour; for I had met and spoken with my first wife."

She shrank away from him now, indeed. The last remnant of his old nobility had fallen from him, leaving him utterly contemptible and ignoble.

"Afterwards," he continued, "I was like a man for whose soul the angels of light and darkness struggle. You saw my anguish, but little guessed its cause. I had tried to fly from temptation. I went abroad; even there, your heavenly kindness reached me, and I was drawn back to your side. Then for a time I forgot everything, in the pride of intellect and newly acquired success. By accident, I heard the woman had gone abroad; and I knew well, or at least I believed, that she would never cross my path again. My love for you grew hourly; and I saw that you were unhappy, so long as our lives were passed asunder. Then in an evil moment I turned to my creed for inspiration. I did not turn to God, for I had almost ceased to believe in Him; but I sought justification from my con-

science, which the spirit of evil had already warped. I reasoned with myself ; I persuaded myself that I had been a martyr, that I owed the woman no faith, that I was still morally free. I examined the laws of marriage, and, the wish being father to the thought, found in them only folly, injustice, and superstition. I said to myself, ‘She and I are already divorced by her own innumerable acts of infamy ;’ I asked myself, ‘Shall I live on a perpetual bonds slave to a form which I despise, to a creature who is utterly unworthy?’ Coward that I was, I yielded, forgetting that no happiness can be upbuilt upon a lie. And see how I am punished ! I have lost you for ever ; I have lost my soul alive ! I, who should have been your instructor in all things holy, have been your guide in all things evil. I have brought the curse of heaven upon myself. I have put out my last strength in wickedness, and brought the roof of the temple down upon my head.”

In this manner his words flowed on, in a wild stream of sorrowful self-reproach. It seemed, indeed, that he found a relief in denouncing himself as infamous, and in prostrating himself, as it were, under the heel of the woman he had wronged.

But the more he reproached himself, the greater her compassion grew ; till at last, in an agony of sympathy and pain, she knelt down by his side, and, sobbing passionately, put her arms around him.

“Ambrose,” she murmured, “Ambrose, do not speak so ! do not break my heart ! That woman shall *not* come between us. I do not care for the world, I do not care for the judgment of men. Bid me to remain with you to the end, and I will obey you.”

And she hid her face, blinded with weeping, upon his breast.

For a time there was silence ; then the clergyman, conquering his emotion, gathered strength to speak again.

“Alma ! my darling ! Do not tempt me with your divine goodness. Do not think me quite so lost as to spare myself and to destroy *you*. I have been weak hitherto ; henceforth I will be cruel and inexorable. Do not waste a thought upon me ; I am not worth it. To-morrow I shall leave London. If I live, I will try, in penitence and suffering, to atone ; but, whether I live or die, you must forget that I ever lived to darken your young life.”

As he spoke, he endeavoured gently to disengage himself, but her arms were wound about him, and he could not stir.

“No,” she answered, “you must not leave me. I will still be your companion, your handmaid. Grant me that last mercy. Let me be your loving sister still, if I may not be your wife.”

“Alma, it is impossible. We must part !”

"If you go, I will follow you. Ambrose, *you* will not leave me behind you, to die of a broken heart. To see you, to be near you, will be enough ; it is all I ask. You will continue the great work you have begun, and I—I will look on, and pray for you as before."

It was more than the man could bear ; he too began to sob convulsively, as if utterly broken.

"O God ! God !" he cried, "I forgot Thee in mine own vain-glory, in my wicked lust of happiness and power ! I wandered farther and farther away from Thy altars, from my childish faith, and at every step I took my pride and folly grew ! But now, at last, I know that it was a brazen image that I worship—nay, worse, the Phantom of my own miserable sinful self. Punish me, but let me come back to Thee ! Destroy, but save me ! I know now there is no God but One—the living, bleeding Christ Whom I endeavoured to dethrone !"

She drew her face from his breast, and looked at him in terror. It seemed to her that he was raving.

"Ambrose ! my poor Ambrose ! God has forgiven you, as I forgive you. You have been His faithful servant, His apostle !"

"I have been a villain ! I have fallen, as Satan fell, from intellectual vanity and pride. You talk to me of the great work that I have done ; Alma, that work has been wholly evil, my creed a rotten reed. A materialist at heart, I thought that I could reject all certitude of faith, all fixity of form. My God became a shadow, my Christ a figment, my morality a platitude and a lie. Believing and accepting everything in the sphere of ideas, I believed nothing, accepted nothing, in the sphere of living facts. Descending by slow degrees to a creed of shallow materialism, I justified falseness to myself, and treachery to *you*. I walked in my blind self-idolatry, till the solid ground was rent open beneath me, as you have seen. In that final hour of temptation, of which I have spoken, a Christian would have turned to the Cross and found salvation. What was that Cross to me ? A dream of the poet's brain, a symbol which could not help me. I turned from it, and have to face, as my eternal punishment, all the horror and infamy of the old Hell."

Every word that he uttered was true, even truer than he yet realised.

He had refined away his faith till it had become a mere figment. Christ the Divine Ideal had been powerless to keep him to the narrow path, whereas Christ the living Lawgiver might have enabled him to walk on a path thrice as narrow, yea, on the very edge of the great gulf, where there is scarcely foothold for a fly. I who write

these lines, though perchance far away as Bradley himself from the acceptance of a Christian terminology, can at least say this for the Christian scheme—that it is complete as a law for life. Once accept its facts and theories, and it becomes as strong as an angel's arm to hold us up in hours of weariness, weakness, and vacillation. The difficulty lies in that acceptance. But for common workaday use and practical human needs, transcendentalism, however Christian in its ideas, is utterly infirm. It will do when there is fair weather, when the beauty of art will do, and when even the feeble glimmer of æstheticism looks like sunlight and pure air. But when sorrow comes, when temptation beckons, when what is wanted is a staff to lean upon and a Divine finger to point and guide, woe to him who puts his trust in any transcendental creed, however fair !

It is the tendency of modern agnosticism to slacken the moral fibre of men, even more than to weaken their intellectual grasp. The laws of human life are written in letters of brass on the rock of Science, and it is the task of true Religion to read them and translate them for the common use. But the agnostic is as shortsighted as an owl, while the atheist is as blind as a bat ; the one will not, and the other cannot, read the colossal cypher, interpret the simple speech, of God.

Ambrose Bradley was a man of keen intellect and remarkable intuitions, but he had broadened his faith to so great an extent that it became like one of many ways in a wilderness, leading anywhere, or nowhere. He had been able to accept ideals, never to cope with practicalities. His creed was beautiful as a rainbow, as many-coloured, as capable of stretching from heaven to earth and earth to heaven, but it faded, rainbow-like, when the sun sank and the darkness came. So must it be with all creeds which are not solid as the ground we walk on, strength-giving as the air we breathe, simple as the thoughts of childhood, and inexorable as the solemn verity of death.

Such has been, throughout all success or failure, and such is, practical Christianity. Blessed is he who, in days of backsliding and unbelief, can become as a little child and lean all his hope upon it. Its earthly penance and its heavenly promise are interchangeable terms. The Christian dies that he may live ; suffers that he may enjoy ; relinquishes that he may gain ; sacrifices his life that he may save it. He knows the beatitude of suffering, which no merely happy man can know. We who are worlds removed from the simple faith of the early world may at least admit all this, and then, with a sigh for the lost illusion, go dismally upon our way.

That night Ambrose Bradley found, to his astonishment, that Alma was still at his mercy, that at a word from him she would defy the world. Therein came his last temptation, his last chance of moral redemption. The Devil was at hand busily conjuring, but a holier presence was also there. The man's soul was worth saving, and there was still a stake.

The game was decided for the time being when the clergyman spoke as follows :—

“My darling, I am not so utterly lost as to let you share my degradation. I do not deserve your pity any more than I have deserved your love. Your goodness only makes me feel my own baseness twenty-fold. I should have told you the whole truth ; I failed to do so, and I grossly deceived you ; therefore it is just that I should be punished and driven forth. I have broken the laws of my country as well as the precepts of my creed. I shall leave England to-morrow, never to return.”

“You must not go,” answered Alma. “I know that we must separate, I see that it is sin to remain together, but over and above our miserable selves is the holy labour to which you have set your hand. Do not, I conjure you, abandon that ! The last boon I shall ask you is to labour on in the church I upbuilt for you, and to keep your vow of faithful service.”

“Alma, it is impossible ! In a few days, possibly in a few hours, our secret will be known, and then——”

“Your secret is safe with me,” she replied, “and I will answer for my uncle and my cousin—that they shall leave you in peace. It is I that must leave England, not you. Your flight would cause a scandal and would destroy the great work for ever ; my departure will be unnoticed and unheeded. Promise me, promise me to remain.”

“I cannot, Alma !—God forbid !—and allow you, who are blameless, to be driven forth from your country and your home !”

“I have no home, no country now,” she said, and as she spoke her voice was full of the pathos of infinite despair. “I lost these, I lost everything, when I lost *you*. Dearest Ambrose, there is but one atonement possible for both of us ! We must forget our vain happiness, and work for God.”

Her face became Madonna-like in its beautiful resignation. Bradley looked at her in wonder, and never before had he hated himself so much for what he had done. Had she heaped reproaches upon him, had she turned from him in the pride of passionate disdain, he could have borne it far better. But in so much as she assumed the sweetness of an angel, did he feel the misery and self-scorn of a devil.

And, if the truth must be spoken, Alma wondered at herself. She had thought at first, when the quick of her pain was first touched, that she must madden and die of agony ; but her nature seemed flooded now with a piteous calm, and her mind hushed itself to the dead stillness of resignation. Alas ! she had yet to discover how deep and incurable was the wound that she had received ; how it was to fester and refuse all healing, even from the sacred unguents of religion.

“Promise me,” she continued after a pause, “to remain and labour in your vocation.”

“Alma, I cannot !”

“You *must*. You say you owe me reparation ; let your reparation be this—to grant my last request.”

“But it is a mockery !” he pleaded. “Alma, if you knew how hollow, how empty of all living faith, my soul had become !”

“Your faith is not dead,” she replied. “Even if it be, He who works miracles will restore it to life. Promise to do as I beseech you, and be sure *then* of my forgiveness. Promise !”

“I promise,” he said at last, unable to resist her.

“Good-bye !” she said, holding out her hand, which he took sobbing and covered with kisses. “I shall go away to some still place abroad where I may try to find peace. I may write to you sometimes, may I not ? Surely there will be no sin in that ! Yes, I will write to you ; and you—you will let me know that you are well and happy.”

“O Alma !” he sobbed, falling on his knees before her, “my love ! my better angel ! I have destroyed you, I have trampled on the undriven snow !”

“God is good,” she answered. “Perhaps even this great sorrow is sent upon us in mercy, not in wrath. I will try to think so ! Once more, good-bye !”

He rose to his feet, and, taking her tear-drenched face softly between his hands, kissed her upon the brow.

“God bless and protect you !” he cried. “Pray for me, my darling ! I shall need all your prayers ! Pray for me and forgive me !”

A minute later, and he was left alone. He would have followed her out into the night, as far as her own door, but she begged him not to do so. He stood at the gate, watching her as she flitted away. Then, with a cry of anguish, he looked towards his empty church standing shadowy in the cold moonlight, and re-entered his desolate home.

(To be continued.)

THE EXAMINATION MANIA.

SOME of us are old enough to remember the time when school-keeping was commonly regarded as a last resource for men and women who had failed in everything else. This stage of English educational evolution is happily passing away, though not quite gone, as there still remain a few private seminaries that are neither more nor less than houses of refuge for destitute parsons, and to which some foolish mothers still consign their unfortunate children, believing that the prefix of "Rev." is a sufficient guarantee of educational efficiency, and an infallible certificate of respectability.

Outside of these and a few surviving "Dame Schools" of the old pattern, our modern schools are now conducted by men and women who have legitimately devoted themselves to teaching as a profession, and have been more or less systematically trained to their work. *Pädagogik* is not yet recognised as an established branch of science in this country, as it is in Germany; it has no endowed professorships in our universities, but we have a few normal schools and a system of apprenticeship, by means of which a goodly number of pupil teachers are practically trained with some degree of efficiency.

Besides these, we have societies and examining bodies which give diplomas and certificates to teachers simply as teachers. All these are good, so far as they go, and better still in promise for the future; they indicate a dawning of national intelligence which may presently amount to an enlightened appreciation of the fact that a nation can only advance in civilisation and true prosperity according to the physical, intellectual, and moral training of the majority of its component units, and therefore that the education of *all* classes is a business whose importance transcends superlatively every other that can occupy the attention of any civilised community.

Among the symptoms of this recent awakening is the existing examination mania, the intention of which is admirable, though some of its results are becoming deplorable. I make these preliminary remarks to prevent, if possible, a misunderstanding of my intent in pointing out some of these evils. I am not denouncing examinations, nor underrating the motives of their institution, but simply endea-

vouring to show that our preliminary leap in the dark has not landed us in the right place.

The fundamental source of the mistake is that we are making examinations the end or object of education, instead of one of its means or instruments. Our young children and advanced students are being educated in order that they may finish their school education by passing examinations.

The true teacher *begins* with examination, its object being to ascertain not the *proficiency*, but the *deficiencies* of his pupils, in order that he may supply what is wanted. I am speaking now of primary school education, not of technical or professional education and examinations.

The putting of books into the hands of children, and then hearing them "say their lessons," is not teaching, but a fraudulent proceeding perpetrated by educational charlatans, or school-keeping refugees. The teacher, properly so called, is continually examining his pupils at every stage and step of their progress, helping them when they falter and setting them right when they deviate from the proper course. Lecturing, or other form of oral exposition, however lucid, fails more or less if it is not supplemented by continual examination. Such examination not only tests the pupils, but also the teacher.

An example will illustrate. At certain schools where I have been engaged as visiting teacher it was my practice to introduce each lesson or "lecture" by a recapitulatory examination on the preceding; in other schools the young ladies wrote abstracts of each lecture and forwarded them to me by post. What was the result? In spite of most careful explanation and much questioning by the way, I found that mistakes due to misunderstanding were abundant, sometimes outrageous. When a mistake was limited to a few pupils, I knew that the fault was with those particular individuals; when a certain misunderstanding ran through all the class, I learned that the fault was in my teaching, and amended it accordingly, by going over the subject again and re-examining upon it.

This sort of examination is totally different both in its aims and in its results from the competitive examinations, for which prizes or certificates are awarded either at the school itself or by an outside examining body.

When the success and professional reputation of the teacher is measured by the number of pupils he can pass in a given time, he is forced to become a very bad teacher in order to gain the reputation of being a good one. "Payment by results," when these results are measured by the success of pupils in passing outside public examin-

ations, is a means of educational corruption as fatal to sound educational progress as bribery at elections is to constitutional political progress, and should be denounced accordingly.

The teacher thus dependent on examinations cannot afford to cultivate the understanding of his pupils ; this would be a loss of time. To be successful, he must devote all his energies and all the time of his pupils to mere cramming of the memory. Examinations as now conducted by these outside examiners of primary-school pupils are tests of mere knowledge, not of intelligence,—not of sound understanding nor of reasoning power. The highest marks are obtained by the flippant, mechanical, superficial text-book swallower. The candidate who has “learned” Euclid will gain more marks than he who has studied geometry. The same with other subjects, especially where certain books are recommended. He or she who “gets up” these books like a blind parrot will usually stand higher than the earnest, honest, and thoughtful student.

The teacher who is most successful in the work of “preparing” is he who keeps most narrowly within the prescribed limits of the forthcoming examination papers ; he who suppresses rather than encourages anything like a thoughtful inquiring spirit among his pupils, lest such a spirit should carry them out of the examinational groove.

General intellectual degradation is the nett result of all this, combined with not a small amount of moral degradation, for too often the mere child is trained in examination dodges, such as the obtaining of marks by skilful evasion and concealment of ignorance, or by pandering to the prejudices, partizanship, or pet foibles or theories of certain examiners.

One of the most general and damaging effects of severe competitive examinations on ordinary average pupils is to make them disgusted with the subjects of their study ; the weary grinding, brought to a climax of overstrain as the examination time approaches, generally induces a pitching of the subject overboard, immediately the examination is passed, unless a further examination is to follow. This is perfectly logical ; the pupil being constantly trained to regard the examination as the final object of his work, treats it accordingly, and when it is over works no more.

This is an absolute perversion or inversion of the whole business of primary school education, which, however far it may be carried, is but introductory. The title “Finishing School” is an educational absurdity. Even university education of the highest class is, or should be, but introductory, and by the highest class of students is always so regarded.

Having been largely engaged as a visiting teacher at schools and colleges for ladies, I have had opportunities of observing and comparing practical results. By far the most satisfactory were those obtained in a school where no *competitive* examinations whatever were held or permitted in the school, nor any "preparations" for outside examinations. There were fourteen to sixteen visiting "Professors" engaged, besides the lady teachers in the house, and we were all instructed to direct our efforts to solid teaching, without regard to mere display ; in my department, the scientific, it was distinctly understood that the main object of the teaching should be to cultivate a taste for the subjects, and that nobody supposed that the girls could become chemists or geologists by means of weekly lessons.

My connection with this school extended (with an intermediate break due to separation by distance) over a period of above thirty years, partly in Edinburgh, partly in London, and I had good opportunities of testing this teaching, as several of my early Edinburgh pupils sent their daughters to the school when it removed to London, and were occasional visitors to my class there.

I found that their interest in the subjects to which I had introduced them remained ; some of them told of dresses they had spoiled or other mischief done by disasters in making chemical experiments, and all were desirous that the same love of science which they had enjoyed should be cultivated in their daughters, by presenting to them its most interesting features without any of the weary tasks that are involved in the pedantic charlatanism of forcibly dragging mathematical affectations into experimental science and natural history, or cramming for a display of mere verbal learning at examinations.

I am aware that the plea for our existing system of outside examinations of the pupils of primary schools is that it acts as a check upon teachers, and stimulates them to active effort. There *was* some force in this when the dame schools and houses of refuge above-mentioned constituted the bulk of our educational establishments. Something then was necessary to stir up the slough of educational stagnation in which the youth of the nation was immersed. Examinations may have done *some* service in awakening *some* kind of activity, and if the activity were of the right kind the service would have been immense, but as I have endeavoured to show it is stimulating only a perverted activity.

I admit the difficulty of judging the merits of a teacher by those who employ his services, viz. the parents of the children ; but it is

not greater than that of estimating the ability of a medical adviser or a lawyer by patients and clients who are ignorant of medicine and law. Nevertheless we do somehow manage to judge by results, with some approximation to justice. The same would be the case with teachers, if parents depended more upon their own judgment, visited the schools themselves, and generally applied their own common sense, actively and critically, instead of depending on the rotten crutch of substituted parental duty performed by professional examiners. When working as a teacher in Edinburgh, I was delighted to find that hard-handed Scotch artisans on coming home from work habitually questioned their children on their day's work at school. This was truly beneficial examination. Would that all parents were like these Scotchmen !

Those who insist upon the necessity of the testing of school teachers by outside public examiners, seem to forget that the examiners themselves need quite as much testing or checking as the teachers.

The reply to this will doubtless be that the examiners selected by the universities and other examining bodies are men of acknowledged eminence. This, however, does not affect the demand for such checking, unless it be to increase it. The *ability* to determine the value of the answers demanded by examination papers suitable for school children is cheap enough. A very moderate amount of special eminence is abundantly sufficient for such rudimentary routine drudgery.

It is not the eminence or the ability that is in question here, but the willingness to submit to the dull tedium of the necessary drudgery where papers are examined at so much per gross, as mere pot-boiling work. My experience of eminent men rather suggests that the higher the eminence the smaller the inclination to stoop from that eminence and submit to the severe commonplace monotonous labour of struggling through thousands of answers of school boys and school girls to questions that have long since been left far behind as problems of interest.

Having been both teacher and examiner, I know full well which work is the more wearisome and the more liable to be slurred over or performed in a perfunctory manner. In direct teaching, the presence of the pupil or pupils, and the personal interest felt for their welfare by all true teachers, is an incentive to unsupervised effort, and a natural stimulant to spontaneous mental activity ; while the weary headache-generating work of going over, and over, and over again the answers to the same questions puts a heavy strain upon any man,

and demands for its efficient performance an almost preternatural endowment of conscientiousness.

I have occasionally checked the work of examiners, and have encountered some very sad results, both of pupils passed unworthily and of others unjustly rejected. My method has been of ascertaining from several pupils who have gone up for the same examination what answers were given in their papers, then comparing my own estimate of the value of these answers with that given by the examiner.

As before stated, there is no question here of whether I was as good as the examiner, or better or worse, as regards the *ability* to estimate these values, for either of us *could* do it easily enough ; it was simply a test of the attention and care bestowed on the work.

The general opinion, based on experience, that there is a great deal of luck in the passing of examinations, really means that the state of the examiner's liver has a measurable influence on the number of marks given.

But how can we examine the examinations of the examiners? may be fairly asked.

Easily enough, if you must have examinations, by simply applying the principle which astronomers adopt in checking their own observations. Instead of depending on the absolute unchecked diction of any one examiner, however eminent, there should be three working examiners, men not too eminent to afford to do hard drudgery work for a moderate fee. Over these a supervisor as eminent as you please.

The juniors should each complete, seal up, and deliver his report to the supervisor, without any communication with the others. The supervisor should go through these reports without, in the first place, troubling himself at all with the examination papers. Where the number of marks given by all three nearly approximate, the average of these should be finally awarded ; wherever any serious discrepancy occurs the revisor should call for the examination papers, go carefully through the answers producing the discordance, and arbitrate finally.

This would keep the working examiners well up to their work, as the negligence or incapacity of any one would be indicated by his discordance with the other two, and by his final correction by the supervisor, whose work would not be heavy, seeing that with such liability to supervision very little carelessness would be perpetrated.

If this is deemed too costly, then throw up altogether the idea of testing or checking the work of teachers by outside examiners who need more checking and testing than the teachers themselves.

Technical examinations of medical students and other profes-

sional candidates, including teachers themselves, is quite another business, and is inevitable. The reform required in these is that they should be far more numerous, and that more value should be assigned to the professors' own certificates of the results of weekly class examinations, such as I understand are systematically held in the medical classes of the University of Edinburgh. It is absurd to suppose that the work of three or four years can be fairly tested in three or four hours.

When I was a student there the Professors were the examiners of their own pupils, and their certificates were unquestionably of higher value than those of outside examiners. Under this system a diligent student, whose regularity of attendance and general display of intelligence and earnestness carried the weight which is due to them, had a fair chance against the dodger who passed the portal of "Rutherford's" more frequently than that of the quadrangle during his four years' residence, but "pulled up" by paying a grinder to cram him with useless book-rote for a few weeks prior to the examination.

The idea that the Professor will have favourites is a shallow one, seeing that his favour, if any is displayed, will in the long run be won by a combination of moral and intellectual qualifications, such combination being of primary importance in most professions, especially in medicine.

An outside examiner *co-operating* with the professor may be an improvement on this, and is quite sufficient to check any possible weakness in favour of sneaking toadying students.

But returning to my main subject, the examinations for children in primary schools, I have yet to say a few words on a very serious aspect of the practice as it now stands, viz. its effect on the health of the children.

It is very satisfactory to see that many medical men are taking up the question, and I think I may venture to say that they are perfectly unanimous concerning it. The last act of too many educational tragedies is performed too visibly under their eyes for them to have any doubts on the subject, and they are speaking out as well befits the guardians of public health to speak.

My experience is such that I can generally pick out from a number of school girls those who have been during the few past months preparing for an examination, especially if their faces were familiar to me before commencing the course of cerebral torture. I have watched the fading of childish bloom, the undermining of childish joyousness the cruel growth of unnatural pallor, and the expression

of anxiety and aged seriousness. In some cases a break-down has occurred before arrival of the awful day, and the victim has never recovered. Either death or permanent weakness of brain has followed. In others the ordeal has been passed, a holiday has partially restored the decaying health, but never totally; the fixed laws of organic growth declare that to be impossible.

The intellectual result is a hatred of every school subject, and refuge in the miserable literature of sensational fiction. The exceptions are girls of masculine temperament, with high cheek bones, square shoulders, broad foreheads, big muscles, and exceptionally capacious chests. They pull through like boys, who suffer far less from the modern implements of educational torture than girls, but there are boys of delicate physical organisation, and endowed with highly nervous susceptibility, that are sacrificed more or less completely, and shut out from an intellectual career that might have been brilliant had the tender buds of the youthful germ of promise been lovingly handled and judiciously nourished in accordance with the natural laws of their growth.

My advice to all parents who are seeking a school for their children is to carefully scrutinise the prospectuses of those under consideration, and whenever they find that an advertisement is put forth of the number passed at this or that or the other public examination, to decide at once against that school, as educationally pestiferous. Then, with the others that do not so unblushingly publish their shame, make careful inquiry respecting the general working of the school, and finally select that in which special preparation for annual or other competitive examinations, inside or outside, forms the least prominent feature, or does not exist.

This, of course, must not apply to the class-work examinations, which proceed *pari passu* with the daily teaching, and which I described at the commencement of these remarks. Such examinations, as means of education, are most valuable, but whenever examinations are made the end instead of the means, the education is rotten, dishonest, and mischievous, and the sooner the poisonous perversion is stamped out altogether the better for the moral, intellectual, and physical future of the whole community.

MY MUSICAL LIFE.

III.

FROM such heights I am loth to return to my own insignificant doings, but they happen to supply me with the framework for my present meditations : they are the present pegs on which I have chosen to hang my thoughts.

I was at a complete standstill : I sorely needed instruction. I went to the seaside for my health. One day, in the morning, I entered the concert room of the town hall at Margate. It was empty, but on a platform at the farther end, half a dozen musicians were rehearsing. One sat up at a front desk and seemed to be leading on the violin. As they paused, I walked straight up to him. I was about twelve then. "Please, sir," I began rather nervously, "do you teach the violin?" He looked round rather surprised, but in another moment he smiled kindly, and said, "Why, yes—at least," he added, "that depends. Do you mean you want to learn?" "That's it," I said. "I have learned a little. Will you teach me?" "Wait a bit. I must finish here first, and then I'll come down to you. Can you wait?" he added, cheerily. I had been terribly nervous when I began to ask him, but now I felt my heart beating with joy. "Oh yes," I said, "I can wait!" and I waited and heard them play, and watched every motion of one whom I already looked upon as my master.

And he became my master—my first real master. Good, patient Mr. Devonport ! I took to him, and he took to me, at once. He got me to unlearn all my slovenly ways, taught me how to hold my fiddle and how to finger and how to bow. It seems I did everything wrong. He used to write out Kreutzer's early exercises, over his breakfast, and bring them to me all blotted, in pen and ink, and actually got into disgrace, so he said, with his landlady for inking the table cloth ! That seemed to me heroic ; but who would not have mastered the crabbed bowing, the ups and downs and staccatos, and slur two and bow one, and slur three and bow one, and slur two and two after that ! And I did my best, though not to his satisfaction ;

but he never measured his time with me, and he had an indefinably sweet way with him which won me greatly, and made me love my violin—a five-pound Vuilhaume copy of Stradivarius, crude in tone—more than ever.

When I left the sea, I lost my master. I never saw him again. If he is alive now, and these lines should chance to meet his eye, I will join hands with him across the years. Why should he not be alive? Hullah and Sainton and Piatti and M^e Dolby and M^e Lind Goldsmid, and I know not how many more of his contemporaries, and my elders, are alive. Only there was a sadness and delicacy about that pale diaphanous face, its hectic flush, its light hair, and slight fringe of moustache; I can remember it so well; and I must own, too, there was a little cough, which makes me fear that Devonport was not destined to live long. Some one remarked it at the time, but I thought nothing of it then.

I made a great stride under Devonport, and my next master, whom I disliked exceedingly, was a young Pole, Lapinski, who could not speak a word of English. Our lessons were very dull. He taught me little, but he taught me something—the *art of making my fingers ache*—the great art, according to Joachim.

My time with him was pure drudgery, unrelieved by a single glow of pleasure, or gleam of recreation; he was a dogged and hard task-master, knew exactly what he meant, and was utterly indifferent to the likes and dislikes of his pupil—the very opposite to Devonport, whom in six weeks I got positively to love.

In music, you learn more in a week from a sympathetic teacher, or at least from some one who is so to you, than from another, however excellent, in a month. You will make no progress if he can give you no impulse.

What a mystery lies in that word “teaching!” One will constrain you irresistibly, and another shall not be able to persuade you. One will kindle you with an ambition that aspires to what the day before seemed inaccessible heights, whilst another will labour in vain to stir your sluggish mood to cope with the smallest obstacle.

The reciprocal relation is too often forgotten. It is assumed that any good master or mistress will suit any willing pupil. Not at all—any more than A can mesmerise B, who goes into a trance immediately on the appearance of C. All personal relations and teaching relations are intensely personal, have to do with subtle conditions—unexplored—but inexorable and instantly perceived. The soul puts out, as it were, its invisible antennæ, knowing the soul that is kindred to itself.

I do *not* want to be told whether you can teach me anything. I *know* you cannot. I will not learn from you what I *must* learn from another ; what he will be bound to teach me. All you may have to say may be good and true, but it is a little impertinent and out of place. You spoil the truth. You mar the beauty. I will not hear these things from you ; you spoil nature ; you wither art ; you are not for me, and I am not for you—"Let us go hence, my songs—she will not hear."

My next master was Oury. I fell in with him at Brighton when I was about sixteen. He had travelled with Paganini and was a consummate violinist himself. He was a short, angry-looking, stoutly built little man. Genial with those who were sympathetic to him, and sharp, savage, and sarcastic with others—he made many enemies, and was unscrupulous in his language. I found he had been unlucky, and I hardly wonder at it, for a man more uncertain, unstable, and capricious in temper I never met—but he was an exquisite player ; his fingers were thick and plump, his hand was fat and short, not unlike that of poor Jaell, the late pianist.

How he could stop his intervals in tune and execute passages of exceeding delicacy with such hands was a mystery to me ; but Jaell did things even more amazing with his—stretching the most impossible intervals, and bowling his fat hands up and down the keyboard like a couple of galvanised balls.

I was at this time about sixteen and a member of the Brighton Symphony Society. We played the symphonies of the old masters to not very critical audiences in the Pavilion, and I have also played in the Brighton Town Hall.

I think it was at these meetings I first fell in with Oury.

I noticed a little group in the ante-room on one of the rehearsal nights ; they were chattering round a thickset crotchety-looking little man and trying to persuade him to do something. He held his fiddle, but would not easily yield to their entreaties. They were asking him to play. At last he raised his cremona to his chin and began to improvise. What fancy and delicacy and execution ! what refinement ! His peculiar gift lay not only in a full round tone, but in the musical "embroideries"—the long flourishes, the torrents of multitudinous notes ranging all over the instrument.

I can liken those astonishing violin passages to nothing but the elaborate embroidery of little notes which in Chopin's music are spangled in tiny type all round the subject, which is in large type.

When Oury was in a good humour he would gratify us in this

way, and then stop abruptly, and nothing after that would induce him to play another note. He had the fine large style of the De Beriot school, combined with a dash of the brilliant and romantic Paganini, and the most exquisite taste of his own.

In those days De Beriot's music reigned supreme in the concert-room until the appearance of Paganini. It had not yet gone out of fashion, and I remember hearing Oury play De Beriot's showy first concerto with a full orchestra, at the Pavilion, in a way which reminded me of some conqueror traversing a battle-field ; the enthusiasm he aroused was quite remarkable, in that languid and ignorant crowd of loitering triflers. He certainly brought the house down. He was a great player, though past his prime, and he knew how to score point after point without ever sacrificing his musical honour by stooping to clap-trap.

From Oury I received, between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, my last definite violin instruction. After that I studied for myself and heard assiduously the best players, but I was never taught anything. Oury had been trained himself in the fine old and new schools of Rode, Baillot, and De Beriot, and only grafted on the sensational discoveries, methods, and tricks of Paganini, Ernst, and Sivori.

But he was artist enough to absorb without corruption and appropriate without mimicry. He always treated me with a semi-humorous, though kindly, indulgence. He was extremely impatient, and got quite bitter and angry with my ways ; stormed at my self-will ; said I had such a terrible second finger that he believed the devil was in it. I had a habit of playing whole tunes with my second finger on the fourth string. It seemed more muscular than the rest, and from his point of view quite upset the equilibrium of the hand. He had a habit of sighing deeply over the lessons. "You should have been in the profession. What's the use of teaching you? Bah! you will never do anything. I shall teach you no more." Then he would listen, as I played some bravura passage in my own way, half amused, half surprised, half satirical ; my method was clearly wrong, but how had I got through the passage at all? Then taking the violin from me he would play it himself, without explanation, and then play on and say, "Listen to me ; that is your best lesson, you rascal ! I believe you never practise at all. Nature has given you too much facility. Your playing will never be worth anything. You do not deserve the gifts God has given you." At times poor Oury took quite a serious and desponding view of me. He would sit long over his hour, playing away and playing to me, telling me stories about Paganini's loosening the horsehair of his bow and passing the

whole violin between the stick and the horsehair, thus allowing the loosened horsehair to scrape all four strings together, and producing the effect of a quartet.

He described the great magician's playing of harmonic passages, and showed me how it was done, and told me how all the fiddlers when Paganini played sat open-mouthed, unable to make out how he got at all his consecutive harmonics.

In his lighter moods he taught me the farm-yard on the violin : how to make the donkey bray, the hen chuckle, the cuckoo sing, the cow moo. He taught me Paganini's "Carnaval de Venise" variations ; some of them—especially the canary variation—so absurdly easy to any fingers at home on the violin, yet apparently so miraculous to the uninitiated. But it remained his bitterest reflection that amateur I was, and amateur I was destined to be ; otherwise, I believe, I should have been a pupil after his heart, for he spent hour and hour with me, and never seemed to reckon his time or his toil by money.

If I did not acquire the right method, it was not Oury's fault. He taught me how to hold the violin ; to spread my fingers instead of crumpling up those I was not using ; to bow without sawing round my shoulders. "In position," he used often to say, "nothing is right unless all is right. Hold your wrist right, the bow must go right ; hold your fiddle well up, or you cannot get the tone." Above all, he taught me how to whip instead of scraping the sound out. This springing, elastic bowing he contrasted with the grinding of badly taught fiddlers, who checked the vibration. Some violinists of repute have been "grinders," but I could never bear to listen to them. Oury poisoned me early against the grinders, and all short of the men of perfect method.

He instilled into me principles rather than rules. I caught from him what I was to do, and how I was to do it. He did not lecture at me like some masters ; he took the violin out of my hands without speaking, or with merely an impatient expletive, of which, I regret to say, he was rather too free, and played the passage for me. His explanations I might have forgotten, this I could never forget, and I could tell at once whether what I did sounded like what he did.

Oury taught me the secret of *cantabile* playing on the violin—how to treat a simple melody with rare phrasing, until it was transfigured by the mood of the player. He taught me Rode's Air in G—that beautiful melody which has been, with its well-known variations, the *pièce de résistance* of so many generations of violinists and soprani. I was drilled in every note, the bowing was rigidly fixed for me, the

whole piece was marked, bar by bar, with *slur*, *p* and *f*, *rall* and *crescendo*. I was not allowed to depart a hair's breadth from rule. When I could do this easily and accurately, Oury surprised me one day by saying, "Now you can play it as you like, you need not attend to a single mark !"

"How so ?" I said.

"Don't you see," he said, "the marks don't signify : that is only one way of playing it. If you've got any music in you, you can play it in a dozen other ways. Now, I will make it equally good," and he took the violin and played it through, reversing as nearly as possible all the *p*'s and *f*'s, bowing the slur and slurring the bow, and it sounded just as well. I never forgot that lesson. At other times Oury was most punctilious about what he called "correct" bowing. He complained of my habit of beginning a *forte* "attaque" with an *up* bow—an unusual perversity, I admit—but I replied, in my conceit, I had observed Richard Blagrove do the same thing. Oury said, as sharply as wisely, "When you play like Blagrove, you may do it too ; until then, oblige me, sir, by minding your up and down bow, or I cease to be your violin tutor."

I had a good deal of orchestral practice at Brighton. The Symphony Society that met at the Pavilion, Brighton, was never very strong, but we blazed away at the principal overtures, "Der Freyschütz," "Masaniello," "Figaro," "Dame Blanche," "Cheval de Bronze" ; we shuffled through Haydn's symphonies, and scrambled over Mozart's "Jupiter" and Beethoven's 8th, very much to our own satisfaction. I remember the disgust of Oury when an enterprising amateur let off a pistol behind the platform to reinforce the sudden explosion on the drum in the surprise movement. I suppose Jullien's British Army Quadrilles had put it into his head.

Oury detested Jullien—why, I could never make out. I was fond of maintaining that Jullien had done much for music in England, introduced classical works, was a famous conductor, and good composer of light music himself. "He knows nothing, I tell you ; he is an ignorant, affected *charlatan*. He cannot write down his own compositions, he borrows his subjects, he steals his treatment, and he bribes a man to lick it into shape for him. Mellon, his leader, is a good musician ; but don't talk to me of Jullien. You admire the way his band plays the overture to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' but those men learnt it under Mendelssohn's *bâton* ! Mendelssohn took an infinity of trouble with those very men. They knew the music by heart before Jullien touched it, and they played away without even looking at him."

I used about this time to hear some very good quartet-playing at Captain Newberry's, Brunswick Square. The captain must have been nearly seventy about that time. He was excessively good-humoured, but belonged to the old school of Haydn and Mozart. Beethoven's earlier quartets were admitted, but the Razamousky's were declared to be outside the pale, and the captain annoyed me extremely by speaking in a very slighting way of Mendelssohn. "Rides his subjects to death," he used to say; "tears 'em all to pieces," "goes thin, very thin." Those were the days when I felt quite sure that no one ever had or ever would write such inspired music as Mendelssohn. I think M. Sainton's calm verdict, not long afterwards, irritated me still more. I said to him with ill-advised confidence, "I had sooner hear Mendelssohn's canzonet or the quintet than any of Beethoven's chamber music." "*Vous avez cependant tort,*" said the great artist, "there is no comparison to be made. You cannot speak of the two together. Mendelssohn, *c'était un jeune homme d'un énorme talent ; mais Beethoven—oh ! c'est autre chose !*"

The captain had some fine violins ; one I specially coveted ; he held it to be a genuine Stradivarius ; it was labelled 1712 ; quite in the finest period, and of the grand pattern—the back a magnificently ribbed piece of maple ; the front hardly so fine ; the head strong, though not so fine as I have seen—more like a Bergonzi—but the fiddle itself could hardly be mistaken for a Bergonzi. It had a tone like a trumpet on the fourth string ; the third was full, but the second puzzled me for years—it being weak by comparison—but the violin was petulant, and after having it in my possession for more than twenty years, I know what to do with it if I could ever again take the time and trouble to bring it into perfect order and keep it so, as it was once my pride to do.

On Captain Newberry's death that fiddle was sent me by his widow, who did not survive him long. She said she believed it was his wish.

This violin was my faithful companion for years. I now look at it under a glass case occasionally, where it lies unstrung from one end of the year to the other. It belonged to the captain's uncle ; he had set his heart on it, and having a very fine pair of carriage horses, for which he had given £180, he one day made them over to his uncle and obtained the Strad in exchange. This was the last price paid for my violin, some fifty years ago.

It came into the hands of Newberry's relative early in the present century—how, I know not.

Many years ago I took this fiddle down to Bath and played it a good deal there in a band conducted by the well-known Mr. Salmon. I found he recognised it immediately. I there made acquaintance with the score of Mendelssohn's "Athalie" by playing in the orchestra. I studied the Scotch and Italian symphonies in the same way.

No amateur should omit an opportunity of orchestral or chorus work. In this way you get a more living acquaintance with the internal structure of the great masterpieces than in any other. I first made acquaintance with the "Elijah" and "St. Paul" in this way. What writing for the violin there is in the chorus parts! what telling passages are those in "Be not afraid," where the first violins lift the phrases, rise after rise, until the shrill climax is reached and the aspiring passage is closed with a long-drawn-out *ff*!

When the violin pealed louder and louder, mounting upwards, it was always a delight to me to hear my own powerful first string shrilling through all the others. The conductor used to know this passage and the way in which it told on my Strad, and invariably gave me a knowing nod as he heard my violin at the first fiddle desk through all the others. I may add that, as a rule, when any particular violin in a band is heard above the rest, it usually belongs to a bungler, but there are passages where the leading violins have *carte blanche* to play up, and then, if you can, you may be allowed to sing through the rest, and if this be anywhere allowable, it is of course so at the first violin desk.

Most boys find it difficult to keep up their music at school; with me it was the reverse: my ill health was the making of my music.

I had been an invalid on and off up to the age of seventeen. I remember Sir Benjamin Brodie, the great doctor, a thin, wizened, little old man, coming and staring at me, about the year 1848, in Spanish Place, my grandfather's house in London. I was then suffering from hip disease. They asked him whether I should be taken to Brighton. He mumbled something to himself and turned away to speak with my father aside. I merely noticed an expression of great pain and anxiety on my father's face as he listened. Afterwards I knew the great doctor had said it did not matter where I went, and, anyhow, I could not live. He thought it was a question of weeks. He little knew how much it would take to kill me. People are born long-lived. It runs in families. It has little to do with health and disease. If you are long-lived you will weather disease, and if you are short-lived you will drop suddenly in full health, or be blown out like a candle, with a whiff of fever or bronchitis. My grandfather

died Rector of Aldwinkle, when past eighty ; my father having been given over at thirty-two by his doctors, as I was condemned by Sir Benjamin Brodie at eleven, became Rector of Slaugham, Sussex, at seventy-two, and was made a Canon and Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral when hard upon eighty. He picked up his general health after sixty. I was more fortunate, I picked up mine before thirty. Sir Benjamin pocketed his fee and departed. In great perplexity what to do, we cast lots ; I think it was at my suggestion. The lot came out in favour of Brighton. To Brighton I was taken, apparently in a dying state, but at my grandmother's house in Brunswick Square I began rapidly to amend.

My violin was my solace, when I got strong enough to hold it again. The time that should have been spent upon mathematics, Latin, and Greek was spent in my case upon French, German, and music—I may add novels, for between the ages of twelve and sixteen I read all Bulwer, Walter Scott, G. P. R. James, Fenimore Cooper, and, in certain visits to Bath and Bognor, I took care to exhaust the ancient stores of fiction which I found secreted in the antiquated lending libraries of those privileged resorts.

When I was sixteen it became evident that I was not going to die : my health was still feeble, and my general education defective. I was sent to an excellent tutor at the Isle of Wight, the Rev. John Bicknell, now incumbent of St. Saviour's, Highbury. That good man never overcame my dislike to mathematics, but he got me on in Latin, and he was kind enough to tolerate my violin.

I could no longer play cricket, or climb trees, the chief delights of my earlier days—nor could I take long walks with the boys. I was left entirely alone in play hours—*i.e.* almost every afternoon. I think I was perfectly happy by myself. Freshwater, Islè of Wight, in 1853, was very different from Freshwater in 1883. There were no forts built then, no tourists, hardly a lodging house, and only a few cottages. There was the Rector, a Rev. Mr. Isaacson, learned, dogmatic, and of the old high and dry school in the pulpit ; there were two or three families who owned between them most of that part of the island—the Hammonds, the Croziers, and the Cottons. There was a rotten steamer called the “Solent” which plied between the dirty little town of Yarmouth and the mainland—and when it crossed we got letters ; and when it did not cross we went without. And there was such utter solitude for me, in the silent lanes, the summer woodlands, and by the lovely sea-shore, that—well—I had plenty of time to think. I sat on stiles and thought ; I tasted almost every kind of berry and herb that grew in the hedges. I watched the butterflies and

the teeming insect life, and I would lie down in the woody recesses and leafy coverts like one dead, until the birds, the rabbits, and even the weasels and stoats came close enough for me to see their exquisitely clean soft fur, bright eyes, or radiant plumage. I have surprised a wild hawk on her nest in the gorse, and she has never moved.

About this time I wrote quantities of the most dismal poetry, which appeared at intervals in the columns of the Brighton papers. It was naturally a mixture of Bryant and Longfellow, later on it became a jumble of Tennyson and Browning—but such matters belong more to literature than to music.

Oury had already begun to direct my violin studies. I had ample time at school in the Isle of Wight for practising, and I practised well, nearly every day. I had a faculty for practising. I knew what to do, and I did it. I always remembered what Joachim had said about tiring out the hand, and with some abominable torture passages invented for me by that morose Pole, Lapinski, I took a vicious pleasure in making my fingers ache, and an intense delight in discovering the magical effects of the torture upon my execution.

I put my chief trust in Kreutzer's exercises—admirable in invention and most attractive as musical studies—the more difficult ones in chords being little violin solos in themselves.

I perfected myself in certain solos at this time. I had no one to play my accompaniments, and no one cared to hear me play at school, except some of the boys who liked to hear me imitate the donkey and give the farm-yard entertainment—including the groans of a chronic invalid and a great fight of cats on the roof—which never failed to be greeted with rapturous applause.

My great solos were Rode's air in E, De Beriot's "First Concerto," and several of his "Airs variés"; Ernst's "Carnaval de Venise," his Elégie, and some occasional "Morceaux" which I had heard him play shockingly out of tune at Brighton.

Then there was the Cuckoo solo—one of the pieces played by the little girl of six who so fascinated me at Norwood. Besides these, I had certain mixtures of my own—a mixture of Italian airs with some prodigious cadenzas and a *bravura* passage at the end in the worst possible taste, which always brought down the house. Then I invented a final variation to the Carnaval de Venise, more preposterous than any of the Paganini or Ernst series. This variation was so difficult that I could never really play it, but my attempts to scramble through it being always vociferously applauded, I habitually inflicted it upon indiscriminating audiences—alas! the com-

monest kind of musical audiences in this country—though I am thankful to say this is far less true now, and in London, than it was in the days of my boyhood.

I said no one cared to hear me play at Freshwater. Yes, some people did. One autumn whilst I was at Freshwater, an old house, Farringford, with a rambling garden at the back of the downs, was let to Baron A.—an eminent light of the Bench—and his charming family. I forget how they discovered my existence, but I have no doubt Lady A. and the young ladies found the place rather dull, and they were not the people to neglect their opportunities.

I received an invitation to dinner ; my violin was also asked. I did not reply like Sivori when similarly invited to bring his violin with him : “*Merci ! mon violon ne dîne pas !*” I saw to my strings and screws, put together my solos, and went.

Lady A., with her beautiful grey hair, her sweet and dignified smile and her graceful carriage, and a soul full of musical sensibility, received me with the most flattering cordiality. The eldest young lady, now the Marchioness of S——, I remember seeing her once or twice only at Farringford. Table-turning was all the fashion then. The Farringford circle was, like most others, divided on the question, but the old Baron was a sceptic.

We all sat round a heavy dining-table one night, and the thing certainly began to go round, and was only arrested in its course through a large bow window by the hurried breaking up of the circle. I didn't turn any more tables at Farringford, but Lady A. used to beg me to come as often as I could and play, and I think I went there on an average twice a week and enjoyed myself immensely. The Farringford music was not strong, as to pianoforte playing at least, but the youngest daughter, Miss M., little more than a child, had a sweet voice and seemed to me altogether an angelic being, and between them they managed to get through some of my easier accompaniments.

Oury had given me an air of Mayerseder's, to which he had added a pathetic little closing cadence of his own.

He had taught me to play it with due expression, and this air Lady A. could never hear often enough.

The little cadence in sliding chords at the end, she said, always made her feel inclined to scream. One night Miss M. induced her mother to sing “*Auld Robin Gray*.” “*You know, mamma,*” she said, “*every one used to cry when you sang ‘Auld Robin Gray.’*” “*Ah ! my dear,*” said the old lady—“*that was long ago. I can't sing now, I'm an old woman ;*” but she did sing, and with a pathetic simple

grace and feeling which I can remember vividly even now; and as I listened I easily perceived where Miss M. had got her sweet soprano voice from.

Soon after the A.'s left Farringford it was taken by the Poet Laureate. At that time I was rapidly outgrowing Longfellow, and my enthusiasm for Mr. Tennyson amounted to a mania: he was to me in poetry what Mendelssohn was in music.

I can now place him. I can now see how great he is. I can understand his relation to the poets. Then I could not. He confused and dazzled me. He took possession of my imagination. He taught me to see and to feel for the first time the heights and depths of life; to discern dimly what I could then have had little knowledge of—"The world with all its lights and shadows, all the wealth and all the woe." In fact, Tennyson was then doing for the rising generation of that age what Byron and Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge, had done for theirs, only he united in himself more representative qualities than any one of the poets who preceded him, and in this respect he seems to me still a greater poet, and certainly a greater thinker, than any one of them, Wordsworth and Coleridge not excepted.

All these are after thoughts. Then I did not analyse or compare. The Brighton papers received elaborate prose effusions from my pen upon the subject, at the time, of a frothy and rhetorical character. Sometimes I look at them in my old scrap books, and marvel at the bombast, inflation, and prodigious inanity of the matter and the effrontery of the style.

No doubt I was not quite right in my head about Tennyson, and this accounts for my wending my steps towards Farringford one autumn afternoon, soon after he had come there.

The poet never went to church, so the poet could never be seen. The man who, in the "In Memoriam," had recently re-formulated the religion of the nineteenth century, might, one would have thought, be excused the dismal routine that went on at the parish church, and the patristic theology doled out by the worthy rector. But no! Mr. Tennyson's soul was freely despaired of in the neighbourhood, and many of the people about would have been "very faithful" with him if they could only have got at him—but they could not get at him. Under these circumstances I got at him.

I suppose the continued play of one idea upon my brain was too much for me. To live so close to the man who filled the whole of my poetic and imaginative horizon without ever seeing him, was more than I could bear. I walked over the neglected grass-grown

gravel between the tall trees yellowing in the autumn, and up to the glass-panelled doors, as bold as fate.

"Mr. Tennyson," said the maid, "saw no one." I was aware of that. Was Mrs. Tennyson at home? Perhaps she would see me? The servant looked dubious. I was a shabby-looking student, sure enough, but there was something about me which could not be said nay! I evidently meant to get in, and in I got.

In another moment I found myself in the drawing-room lately tenanted by the Baron and Lady A.

There was the armchair where Lady A. had sat reclining, with her head resting on a little cushion, as she sang "Auld Robin Gray."

There was the piano beside which Miss M. stood and sang very shyly and under protest in her simple white muslin dress and a rose in her hair; there—but the door opened, and a quiet, gentle lady appeared, and bowed silently to me. I had to begin then.

I had no excuse to make, and so I offered no apology. I had called desiring to see Mr. Tennyson, that was all.

The lady looked surprised, and sat down by a little work-table with a little work-basket on it. She asked me very kindly to sit down too. So I sat down. What next? Now I got clumsy with a vengeance. All my wits forsook me. I looked out at the tangled garden—everything was allowed to grow wild. I had to say something. I looked at the kind lady, who had already taken up her work and begun plying her needle. I said that my admiration for Mr. Tennyson's poems was so great that, as I was living in the neighbourhood, I had called with an earnest desire to see him. I then began to repeat that I considered his poems so exquisite that—a smile was on the kind lady's face as she listened for the thousand and first time to such large and general praises of the Laureate's genius. But the smile somehow paralysed me. She evidently considered me a harmless lunatic, not an impertinent intruder.

This was fortunate, for had I been summarily shown the door I should not have been surprised. I should not have gone, for I was desperate and prepared to show fight, and be kicked out, if needful, by the Laureate alone, but the Fates were propitious.

Said Mrs. Tennyson, "My husband is always very busy, and I do not at all think it likely he can see you."

"Do you think he would if you ask him?" I stammered out.

Said Mrs. Tennyson, a little taken aback, "I don't know."

"Then," said I, pursuing my advantage with, if any calm at all, the calmness of a calm despair, "would you object to asking him to see me, if only for an instant?"

What passed in that indulgent lady's mind I shall never know ; the uppermost thought was probably not flattering to me, and her chief desire was, no doubt, to get rid of me. "He won't go till he has seen my husband—he ought never to have got in, but as he is here, I'll manage it and have done with him ;" or she might have reflected thus : "The poor fellow is not right in his head ; it would be a charity to meet him half-way, and not much trouble."

At any rate at this juncture Mrs. Tennyson rose and left the room. She was gone about four minutes by the clock. It seemed to me four hours. What I went through in those four minutes no words can utter. "Will he come? I almost hope he won't. *If* he won't come, I shall have done all I could to see him, without experiencing a shock to which my nervous system is quite unequal." At that moment, indeed, I was trembling with excitement from top to toe. I thought I would try and recollect some of his own sublime verse, it might steady me a little. I knew volumes of it by heart—couldn't recollect a line anywhere, except—

Wrinkled ostler grim and thin,
Here is custom come your way,
Take my brute and lead him in,
Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.

I believe I was muttering this mechanically when I heard a man's voice close outside the door. "Who is it? Is it an impostor?"

Ah, verily, the word smote me to the heart. What right had I to be there? Conscience said, "Thou art the man!" I would have willingly disappeared into my boots, like the genius in the fairy tale. "O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt ;" but I remained palpable and motionless—glued to the spot.

In another moment the door opened. The man whose voice I had heard—in other words, Mr. Tennyson—entered.

He was not in Court-dress ; he had not got a laurel wreath on his head, nor a lily in his hand—not even a harp.

It was in the days when he shaved. I had two portraits of him without a beard. I believe they are very rare now.

I thought it would be inappropriate to prostrate myself, so I remained standing and stupefied. He advanced towards me and shook hands without cordiality. Why should he be cordial? I began desperately to say that I had the greatest admiration for his poetry ; that I could not bear to leave the island without seeing him. He soon stopped me, and taking a card of Captain Crozier's which lay on the table, asked me if I knew him. I said I did, and described his house and grounds in the neighbourhood of Freshwater.

I have no recollection of anything else, but I believe some allusion was made to Baron A——, when the poet observed abruptly, “Now I must go ; good-bye !” and he went. And that was all I saw of Mr. Tennyson for nearly thirty years. The next time I set eyes on him was one Sunday morning, about twenty-eight years later. He came up the side aisle of my church, St. James, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, and, with his son Hallam, sat near the pulpit, almost in the very spot that had been pointed out to me when I was appointed incumbent as the pew occupied by Hallam the historian and his son Arthur—the Arthur of the “In Memoriam.”

But I have not quite done with the interview at Freshwater. As the poet retired, Mrs. Tennyson re-entered and sat down again at her work-table. To her surprise, no doubt, I also sat down. The fact is, I had crossed the Rubicon, and was now in a state of considerable elation and perfectly reckless. I thanked her effusively for the privilege I had had—I believe I made several tender and irrelevant inquiries after the poet's health, and wound up with earnestly requesting her to give me a bit of his handwriting.

This was perhaps going a little too far—but I had now nothing to lose—no character for sanity, or prudence, or propriety; so I went in steadily for some of the poet's handwriting.

The forbearing lady pointed out that she treasured it so much herself that she never gave it away. This would not do. I said I should treasure it to my dying day, any little scrap—by which I suppose I meant that I did not require the whole manuscript of “Maud,” which the poet was then writing, and which is full of Freshwater scenery. I might be induced to leave the house with something short of that.

With infinite charity and without a sign of irritation she at last drew from her work-basket an envelope in Mr. Tennyson's handwriting, directed to herself, and gave it to me.

It was not his signature, but it contained his name.

Then, and only then, I rose. I had *veni*, I had *vidi*, I had *vici*. I returned to my school, and at tea-time related to my tutor with some little pride and self-conceit the nature of my exploit that afternoon.

He administered to me a well-merited rebuke, which, as it came after my indiscretion, and in no way interfered with my long-coveted joy, I took patiently enough and with all meekness.

There is a strange link between these two old memories of Farringford, Isle of Wight. I may call it the link of a common oblivion.

Years afterwards I tried to recall to Lady A., who frequented my church in her later days, the, to me, delicious evenings I had spent with her and her daughters at Farringford.

She had not the slightest recollection of ever having received me there, or sung to me there, or heard me play. She reintroduced me to her eldest daughter, the Marchioness of S., then Viscountess C., one night at her house in Portland Place, who was probably not aware of ever having seen me before, although I remembered her well at Farringford.

Years afterwards I tried to recall to Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson that preposterous visit of mine, which I have detailed, but neither of them could recall it in the slightest degree.

So strange is it that events which upon some of the actors leave such an indelible impression pass entirely away from the memories of the others—and what a sermon might be preached on that text! The very same scene in which you and I are the only ones concerned—is nothing to you, everything to me.

O ye tidal years that roll over us all—Be kind! Wash out the memory of our pain and the dark blots of sin and grief, but leave, oh leave us bright, the burnished gold of joy, and the rainbow colours of our youth!

H. R. HAWEIS.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH ART TO-DAY.

THE English amateur who stays at home has two ways of learning something about French art, and neither is satisfactory. He visits, from time to time, in London, such exhibitions of French painting as the dealers think that he is likely to be curious about; and just as the *Salon* opens he reads in the English newspapers what is to be contributed by the most fashionable men. He reads the "advance notice," and, afterwards, there is a little of more weighty criticism. But of the nature and the tendency of the great mass of work which the *Salon* contains it is obviously difficult to get a notion unless the *Salon* itself is visited. The visit, if paid at all, is generally paid early. It would be more fruitful if it were paid late, when things have settled into their places, when merit hitherto unacknowledged has become evident from out of the vast show, and when notorious mediocrity has withdrawn to its proper place. The *Salon*, it must be borne in mind, represents French art even more completely than the Academy represents the art of England. In Paris there is nothing to recall the Grosvenor Gallery. *Les Aquarellistes Français*, again, do not yet for a moment rival our "Society" or our "Institute."

There have been times when English art has influenced the art of France, or, rather, there was one such time very notably—Constable's time—when French landscape took fresh inspiration from the Englishman's "Hay Wain," exhibited at the Louvre. But the French Painting of this generation is influenced by Constable (and by England at all) only indirectly. As regards landscape, it is very desirable that the French should study minutely more than one of our earlier and one at least of our living masters. There was not a single landscape in this year's *Salon* which for true artistic delicacy was so good as to be for even one moment suggestive of the marvellous art of Turner, and there were few that were for an instant comparable with the work of Mr. Hook. And yet a very salient quality in Hook's work—the quality of force—is sought much, and often sought successfully, by the best of the younger French painters of the land and sea. But then in Mr. Hook's case force is

allied with extreme refinement, and this the French, in land- and seascape, do not reach ; so that, aiming at the virtues of Hook, they reach those of Colin Hunter. But the "Pilote," by M. Renouf, is more impressive than anything that has been done as yet by our clever young Scotchman, and it owes its impressiveness to a union of qualities. It is vividly felt, powerfully drawn, strongly though not delicately coloured. It represents the difficult passage of a rowing boat with four rowers, riding on open sea in violent storm, and the boat just swung on the ridge of a gigantic wave. Of pure landscape there was hardly anything that it was possible to persuade oneself was of the first order, though in Madamé Demont-Breton's "La Plage"—not to speak of the accustomed work of Jules Breton, her father—we had an admirable mixture of landscape and figures, in which naked children, richly coloured, and with the vivacious eyes of the South, sported upon a sunny coast overgrown with pale blue weed. And, again, a marine picture only inferior to M. Renouf's was M. Montenard's "La Corrèze," a transport ship leaving the harbour at Toulon, and steering right at you, as it seemed, over a fresh blue sea. It had the vivacity of Mr. Wyllie.

Military pictures are few at present in France, and they are not very noteworthy ; the once much reputed "historical" art seems to be dead ; domestic anecdote has never been in fashion in France ; and there is but little attempt to paint the themes of religious story. There remain three classes of pictures in which a widely cultivated society is capable of taking interest—first, portraits ; then, the treatment of modern incident and the aspects of the streets ; then, the treatment of the figure for its beauty of colour and line, and quite independently of any story which its gestures may tell. In portraiture France is fairly strong, as England also to-day is fairly strong ; but in France, as in England, there is for the most part a failure to do justice to the faces and the carriage of refined and simple women. In England, for this matter—to name no other artists—we have at least Mr. Millais and Mr. Watts. Mr. Millais sees everything, and so he sees simplicity. Mr. Watts does not see everything, but he does see refinement. The most fashionable French painters of portrait are Carolus Duran and Bonnat. Bonnat is essentially a painter of men ; his transcript of masculine character is simple, direct, and accomplished. Carolus Duran is a brilliant executant, but he is more occupied with his performance than with his theme. He never causes the evidence of his own skilful artifice to retire behind the character it was its business to create. And he is, unfortunately, by the very circumstance of his vogue, too much

devoted to the portrayal of the least interesting of fashionable folk. He is called in to paint those who are over-rich, and middle-aged women who are either dressed too much or clothed too little. Sometimes his canvases are like the window of a shop on the Boulevard—a score of yards of ruby velvet, a crinolette, and, presumably, a lay figure. Dubois, the sculptor, has become a painter of portraits. He is hardly a colourist, but he perceives character, and the modelling of his faces betrays the science of the sculptor, who, occupied with form alone, cannot afford to evade its intricacy. His subjects, as it happens, are lacking in charm. The two most brilliant portraits of women that the late *Salon* contained were those by M. Léon Comerre and M. Gervex. Léon Comerre's was of Mlle. Achille Fould, a fair young face, delicately modelled, and a little overpowered, it may be, by the masses of brilliant drapery. She wears a Japanese gown, chiefly of pink and gold, but splashes of violent red striking the tender pink. The figure is beautifully draped; the drapery splendidly painted. As a picture the work is triumphant, but as a portrait the character is a little effaced; it is somewhat too distinctly subordinate. Gervex's portrait was that of the Baronne de Beyens, a tall and stately person, who goes to an excellent dressmaker. The face counts but for little, and the best art of the painter was bestowed on the feather fan in the Baronne's hand, and on the wreath of flowers at the back of her skirt. Here, as far as the actual touch is concerned, Velasquez was as clearly the model as in similar labour—or similar magic—by Millais or Whistler. And the touch was indeed one of absolute and assured and easy art.

Gervex, the painter of a portrait memorable only for the very slightest of its accessories, is an adept in its frank yet artistic presentation of modern life, and the presentation of modern life with candour and skill is the great characteristic of contemporary work in France. But Gervex's last effort in this direction, his "Bureau de Bienfaisance," with its applicants for relief, is certainly not a whit more accomplished in *technique* and is less rich in individual expression than Mr. Fildes's somewhat kindred picture of five or six years ago. Much fuller of movement and character, and a more brilliant part of the same manifestation of contemporary art, is Giron's "Two Sisters." We have here a scene that passes, not altogether naturally, in front of the Madeleine. The one sister, honourably poor, but, it may be, somewhat too obtrusively virtuous, stands to denounce a pretty painted person who leans back in a barouche—the second sister, dishonourably rich. A touch of melodrama—just a suggestion

of the noisy virtue of the Adelphi or the Ambigu—seems to mar what would otherwise be wholly a success. The work is thus not faultless, but it is in a high degree remarkable. With it we must place a very much smaller canvas, which is by M. Beraud, “*La Brasserie*.” The painter is a painter of gaslight and of the second-rate *café*. There was absolutely no occasion so far to exaggerate the types of dissipation, as has been done here in more than one figure. The man in the foreground is the worst. But the disposition of the visitors about the seats of the *café*, and the easy familiarity between the people who frequent and the people who live in it, are caught by an eye that observes, and are recorded with point. M. Victor Gilbert paints with greater force of colour the strong daylight of the fish market; the white slabs, the fish of all kinds—extended, flabby, and wet—and the everyday humanity that presides behind the counter. These four pictures are typical. A hundred young Frenchmen are chronicling the same daily life, but as yet with a less accomplished art.

The pieces devoted to the pure beauty of the figure—or sometimes to that which is hardly its beauty at all—are not less numerous. This summer there was much talk, and nearly all of it was laudatory talk, about the Venus of Mercié, a refined and vigorous sculptor, who, in his painting, forgot to be refined and remembered only to be vigorous. None but the degraded taste of Flanders could fairly be invited to discover a Venus in so unqualified and unrestrained a portrayal of a gross and vulgar model. No doubt the work was realistic, but such ugly prose is only more revolting when it claims to be poetry. M. Emanuel Benner and M. Foubert and M. Urbain Bourgeois were more fortunate in the sources of their inspiration; they likewise gave to the results of their study of the model a certain gracious and calculated vagueness not without value and charm. Of this vagueness, this artistic restraint in the treatment of the nude, another French artist, M. Henner, is the most complete master. The Luxembourg possesses characteristic instances of his various manners, or, to be just, of the full development of his manner; and the museum of Dijon holds a not less considerable masterpiece. But his “*Woman Reading*”—the last of his paintings—is not among the best of his works. The shadows are too opaque; the forms too scantily suggested; the flesh is blank white, its coldness only redeemed by the gold-red hair. If Henner was not at his highest level this season, Feytaud Perrin, in his group of “*The Dance*,” was more excellent than ever. Six figures spread themselves, or are met here and there together, upon a bit of sunny greensward, near the edge

of the sea. They are in full action, spontaneous and elegant; a certain rhythm of line is preserved from end to end of the canvas. The colours are greyish and pale; the detail of the forms is at times indistinct, and the figures are linked together and united less by touch of hand with hand than by the subtler touch of an artistic composition. The work, in its simplicity and unity, in its grace and its restraint, has little in common with those canvases by the younger artists which bestowed a character of their own upon the *Salon* of 1883. In such canvases, with their undaunted research of the actual, those fascinations of refinement and beauty which are so much M. Feyen Perrin's and M. Henner's, are too often absent. But the less mature work among French contemporary painting—the characteristic French painting of the present moment—is at least alive with the charm of unexhausted energy and the interest of artistic experiment.

Nor, as every one, I hope, now knows, is there less to be said for the sculpture. French sculpture of the day, more than French painting of the day, retains, along with the fascination of energy, the virtue of style. Chapu, Dubois, Falguière, Mercié—the chiefs, the elders, of the present school—have preserved a fair measure of the traditions which have belonged to sculpture in France more or less for a couple of hundred years. And in all that is said, and rightly said, in England, in praise of these men, one is anxious only for the avoidance of one error that does creep in. We have been told that there have been three great periods of sculpture; the great period of Greece, the period of the Renaissance, and, last, our own epoch in France. That, however, is saying not too much for the living, but too little for the dead. French sculpture has at all times been honourable and attractive. Clodion, with his amiable errors, if errors they were, was an artistic kinsman of Carpeaux.

Some of the greater and more mature masters of French modelling and carving have said nothing to us during the present year. At the *Salon*, Falguière, for instance, was practically unrepresented, but his group at the top of the Arc de Triomphe looks down upon us freshly. Half a mile distant almost, along the Champs Elysées, it asserts its energy of movement, its freedom of design. But at the *Salon*, Dalou and Barrias were the masters whose work attracted the crowd. Dalou was rewarded by the authorities on account of two productions in high relief—*La République* and *Les Etats Généraux*. French patriotism, or French political feeling, is answerable for some of the applause. Dalou's work, on this recent occasion, evidenced science and a picturesque impulse—it hardly betrayed

style. The high relief is apt to be dangerously near to the pictorial. Though it exacts qualities of draughtsmanship similar to those demanded by "the round," it suffers the presence of design less independent and less masterly. Barrias's group—a group in the round, with figures as numerous as work in the round can hope to afford—was styled *Les premières Funérailles*, and was concerned with our first parents, bearing Abel to the grave. To carry out the conception of its author, its author was beset with difficulties. He had courted these difficulties, and he has conquered them. But has he charmed, or even impressed? The art of the artist is certainly sufficient to have robbed the sorrow that he chose to depict of all that it contained of too bitter and too cruel. But has not the technical victory somehow left us indifferent to the disaster?

For some of us the sculpture of the year in France included much that was more delightful than the popular and the rewarded success. There was the *Ensommeillée* of Delaplanche—the famous artist of *L'Education maternelle*—there was the *Ondine de Spa* of M. Houssin, and, above all, there was this year in marble the *Biblis changée en Source* of M. Suchetet. Delaplanche's work is memorable, as his work indeed is wont to be, for the breadth of treatment bestowed on his draperies—a treatment thoroughly according with the large simplicity of his design. But the scale of his adoption is a scale that disconcerts us. It is not life size, yet is too suggestively near to it. The *Ondine de Spa* has grace. It is hardly in the first rank, but it is honourably in the second. The *Biblis* of Suchetet is deemed by some to have been slightly enfeebled by its transfer to the marble. It has still sufficient strength, however, along with its beauty; its individuality has not been suppressed; and its refinement of sentiment permits us to compare it with that treatment of the figure which we have admired already in the painting of Henner and of Feytaud. Different in many things, in their refinement these two masters are alike. And Suchetet, of a truth, is of their company, for in his vision of the figure he loses count, not of nature, nor of the finer characteristics of the individual, but only of the detail that is without significance, the accident we need not care to remember. Here, briefly named, then, or briefly characterised, are a few of the more memorable works of recent French sculpture. But even more memorable than any one particular excellence is the general level that is attained by the school. In France the art has never been discouraged. Will its exercise in England always be confined to the posthumous bust of the provincial worthy? Mr. Thornycroft, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Mullins, and Mr. Gilbert allow us a better hope.

NOTES OF TWO WINTRY CRUISES IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

II.

FROM the sandy shores of Penzance we turned to a very different coast—the stern rock-bound coast of the Land's End. On our way thither we stepped aside to see the old church of St. Buryan (a curious name for a saint, and said to be derived simply from an ancient burial-ground which existed here ere Athelstan founded the church in the tenth century). It stands on high ground, and its tall tower is an object of mark from all the country round.

To us its chief interest lay in the fact of its having been chosen by Augustus Smith (so well known by his sobriquet of “Emperor of the Scilly Isles”) as his place of burial—a resting-place on the mainland, yet within sight of his beloved island kingdom. We turned from his grave, whereon the kindly grass had not yet had time to grow, to another where, but a few days since, nine drowned sailors were laid side by side; they had perished on one of the countless unknown wrecks of these terrible days, and were cast up by the sea, to receive from Mother Earth a nameless grave.

We next halted at the far-famed Logan Rock, that strangely poised mass which quivers at a touch; and, as a matter of course, we scrambled up and made it tremble. I am not quite sure that in coming down again it might not have been our turn to tremble (just a little shiver), had there not been strong hands ready to help us down.

We voted it too far to walk all the way from here to the Land's End, a distance of about six miles, so we drove as far as the village of Ros-Kestlan, and thence scrambled along the top of the cliffs—in and out of every cove, and to the farthest point of every headland—a magnificent piece of coast scenery, reminding me forcibly of parts of the Isle of Skye and the west coast of Argyleshire, especially of the grand headlands on the Mull of Cantyre. The principal formation is granite, though of so very coarse a texture that it is hard to think of it as in any wise related to the beautiful close-

grained granites of the North, or, indeed, to that which is found near Falmouth, and extensively worked. Here, all the component parts are thrown together in lumps, each the size of your thumb.

I am bound to say, however, that this rock affords first-rate footing, so that a scramble along this line of coast is pleasant, and comparatively easy walking. Nowhere else have I seen rocks so weather-beaten and yet so thickly coated with soft grey lichen.

Soon after we had dismissed the carriage with our luggage, the weather set in for a regular wet afternoon, and though the pouring rain rather enhanced the beauty of the coast, by lending richer colour to the rocks, I cannot say it added much to our comfort, or lessened our aggravation when, on arriving at the "New Inn" (which stands on the very verge of the Land's End, and where we had set our hearts on living), we found it shut up for the season—the last guests having departed the previous week, and no more being expected till next year. So there was nothing for it but to trudge inland for a weary mile across soaking moorland, to the village of Sennen, whither our landlord had retreated, and where we found a kindly Cornish welcome in an exceedingly dilapidated house.

We were amused by the constant allusions in the names of places to our position in the land. Everything is called "First and Last." Penzance is the "first and last town"; Sennen the "first and last village." Its church, its inn, its refreshment-house, are each first and last of their kind—the first to cheer the coming, the last to speed England's parting guest.

The rain having cleared the atmosphere, there followed a day of vivid sunshine, of which we made the most, and explored every nook and cranny of that wonderful coast, with its mighty rock castles and strange fantastic figures, like weird Egyptian giants overlooking the broad expanse of ocean, while great green billows rolled in ceaselessly, with snow-white crest, to break with thunder-roar upon the dark hidden rocks, and surge around them in sheets of snowy foam. The waves here are of that glorious green so familiar to us all in the North country, but which, unfortunately, so rarely find their way to English shores without some discolouring influence.

Here, as everywhere else along the coast, we were greeted with a sad story of sorrow wrought by the beautiful, treacherous waves. Only an hour or so ere we arrived, a lad of sixteen, the mainstay of a widowed mother, had been washed from his post at the new lighthouse on the Long-ships while engaged in taking in stores. It was but two months since the Trinity House had promoted him to

this work, on purpose to enable him to help his mother, and now, in one bitter moment, the light of her life had gone down into darkness. No hope even that she might ever look upon his face in death, for the boiling current that plays round those cruel rocks gives back no dead, and though several men have been drowned about the same place, not one body has ever been cast ashore.

It was well for us that we had so thoroughly enjoyed our day of sunshine, for Sunday morning proved bleak and dreary, with wild gusts of wind, and we were right glad to take refuge in England's uttermost church ; still more glad when we found it to be in all respects a gem—the right thing in the right place. An old church lately restored in thoroughly good taste, and a simple hearty service. Do you know one of Jean Ingelow's poems called " Brothers—and a Sermon " ? That poem was irresistibly recalled to my mind by the little church at Sennen, with its isolated congregation of men and women who from infancy had been cradled with the song of the waves for their lullaby.

It was no lullaby, however, that winds and waves sang ere the afternoon, for an awful gale had arisen ; the mad winds chafed the billows till the whole ocean seemed churned into one sea of foam, which dashed up the face of the cliffs, and flew far inland. Such was the violence of the wind that no man could stand near the cliffs, and great was the havoc done to roofs and doors and windows. Banks of ominous storm-drift darkened the whole sky, while furious hailstorms battered against the windows, threatening at every moment to drive them in bodily. One puff of wind blew us into church ; but getting back, even the few steps we had to go, was quite another matter. While there, the storm kept on steadily increasing, till its violence was simply appalling.

You must remember that only the previous Sunday we and all our ship's company had incurred risk as imminent as ever human beings ran. We had stood face to face with death, and now fully realised the comment of a kindly old Cornish woman, " Sure it seems as if you had had new lives given you." Moreover, we had good reason to believe that a large number of our fellow-passengers had actually sailed on the previous day in the *Agra* (a comparatively small steamer), and there was small consolation to be derived from the comment of a weather-beaten man, who said to me, " Well ! if there *be* any ships off our coast to-night, they're bound to go down ! " No vessel, he judged, could resist the furious gale, that must blow them right on to the cruel, remorseless rocks, there to perish without hope.

Judge, then, how earnestly the hymn for those at sea was sung,¹ and how thoroughly the preacher enchained and rivetted his congregation when he chose a verse from the Gospel for the day, as the text of an Advent sermon, "The sea and the waves roaring," as one of the signs that will one day precede the return of the Master for whom we wait. "Then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds with power and great glory."

The waves were roaring in truth—raging with such deafening fury as at times almost to drown even the grave calm voice that spoke to us, yet unable to hinder it from carrying its message of strength and peace to those who heard. He spoke of that strange weariness of the ever-chafing Ægean Sea, which made St. John, when in his island prison of Patmos (longing for his home in Judea), crave for the time when there shall be no more sea—no more sea of separation, or of change, or of storm.

I cannot tell you what was said that night—would that I could!—for it was spoken with the grand eloquence of a man telling out his own heart to listeners whose every sympathy was intensely awakened by his subject, and to whom his local illustrations were vivid pictures of daily life—a man "who could not bear to enter Heaven alone."

Ere the sermon had ended, the brief twilight that represented day had given place to night, and the concluding hymn ("A few more years shall roll") was chiefly sung from memory, the only lights in the church being those at the harmonium. Then, through the darkness, the grave earnest voice was once more uplifted in touching, heartfelt pleadings for all our brethren in peril on the great deep, and more especially for any who might even then be in jeopardy off that rock-bound coast. In the hushed stillness that followed, it seemed as though an answer of peace had been vouchsafed, and the storm shorn of half its terror.

Yet all through the long night the angry winds raved and raged, and the mad roaring of the waters came to us from every side, awakening anxious thoughts for the many on the sea. Altogether our Sunday at the Land's End was one never to be forgotten.

We afterwards learnt that our friends in the *Agra* had indeed battled with that appalling gale, and had suffered severely, though mercifully the brave little ship was enabled to weather the storm, and returned on the following day to Plymouth for repairs. Several

¹ Eternal Father, strong to save, . . .
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

of her crew were, however, severely injured, one man having had his leg broken. It seems that though the passengers embarked on Friday, it was actually Sunday morning ere she sailed, and ran right into the tempest. Then, when too late, she would fain have returned to her harbour of refuge, but such a tremendous sea was running that she dared not turn, lest the waves, striking her broadside, should capsize her, and she should founder (like the *London*, whose fate we heard quoted at every turn). Consequently, there was nothing for it but to run before the wind. About mid-day, the terrific hurricane struck her with full violence. Every wave swept clean over her deck, carrying off passengers' chairs and similar trifles as mere playthings. Then a more mighty sea crashed over her, sweeping away two of her boats and much woodwork, including the deck-house, from which the steering is generally done.

The strong ironwork of the steering-gear was shivered, but happily the second wheel astern escaped uninjured, so that the rudder was still under control, so far at least as to enable the steersmen to keep the ship's head straight, they themselves being lashed to the wheel. Meanwhile the water was pouring into the cabins, which were all afloat, and the wretched passengers were fairly washed out of their berths, though few indeed attempted to lie down. Moreover, the cook's galley had been so effectually swept that no food could be obtained, and so, hungry and miserable, they watched through that awful night—more terrible by far than even the gale of the previous Saturday!—indeed, every seafaring man we spoke to all round the coast agreed in saying that in all their twenty or thirty years' experience they had never known anything approaching to it in violence, though, happily, it was of such short duration.

On Monday morning, then, the poor *Agra*, sorely battered from the fray, returned to Plymouth, and her passengers, more dead than alive, rejoined their friends in their comfortable quarters at "The Duke of Cornwall," there to recruit their energies and their courage ere starting once more on their outward journey. There, too, they received abundant sympathy from fellow-sufferers, for the house was filled to overflowing with passengers from other ships, all alike storm-stayed. One large vessel in particular—the *Atrato*—bound for Melbourne, had actually been driven back to Plymouth for the third time, having thus lost upwards of three months since the day when she first sailed.

She, too, was a splendid new vessel on her trial trip; but, first of all, her screw was so severely injured that she had to return; on the second occasion she had gone as far as Madeira, when her main

shaft gave way, and the engines broke down, necessitating a return to English dockyards—a weary journey of three weeks in retracing what they had done in five days !

Our anxiety on that terrible Sunday would have been sorely increased had we known that our own steamer, the *Hindoo*, had actually sailed for London on the previous day, as it was deemed advisable to take her there for repairs, with all the risks of the journey, rather than have her dry-docked at Keyham, thus incurring the extra ten per cent. for the use of Government docks. Had the vessel, in her leaky and altogether unsatisfactory condition, encountered the hurricane, there was scarcely room left for hope that she had not foundered, as we all fully realised when the news of her having left Plymouth reached us. Judge, then, how great was our thankfulness on receiving a telegram to announce that she had actually made the return journey in twenty-seven hours, and was safely anchored in the Thames ere the storm burst which proved the death-warrant of so many a gallant ship.

From every quarter came tidings of disaster and of wreck ; of bodies washed ashore, and of vessels that had foundered with all hands ; of large steamers, and small ships innumerable, reported missing, of which never a word more will be heard till that day when the sea shall give up her dead. We heard how, somewhere off the coast of Holland, two lightships had drifted away from their posts, and had sailed away into the darkness as wandering lights—false guides—increasing the perplexity of already bewildered mariners ; while the lighthousemen who should have extinguished these truant “ Will o’ the Wisps ” had themselves been washed away by the dark waters.

Even within the comparative safety of Plymouth Harbour, dire dismay had reigned, and such a scene of confusion as the oldest inhabitant could not remember the like of. Many vessels, including two of her Majesty’s ships—the *Narcissus* and the *Cambridge* (the latter a huge old three-decker, now used as a training-ship)—broke from their moorings and drifted helplessly before the gale, to the terror of smaller craft, who dreaded destruction from collision with such unwieldy monsters. Signals of distress—the firing of guns, and burning of blue lights—were marked with dismay by crowds assembled on the Hoe (that high ground overlooking the harbour), and ere the gale subsided seven vessels that had deemed themselves safe in harbour were helplessly stranded, while two of them actually filled and sank, and many sailors were rescued from the water, having narrowly escaped death. Nor were dangers and peril confined to the deep. On land, roofs were blown off and walls blown down,

and various accidents occurred, while the churches were crowded by multitudes, ready enough to acknowledge their own helplessness at a time so awful as this.

With great regret we turned away from the Land's End, and all the fascination of its rocks and waves, and drove back—through hedgerows and lanes, which, even in bleak December, were green with banks of ivy and of the glossiest hart's-tongue, and other ferns—to the quiet sandy shores of Penzance, returning to our former luxurious quarters at the Queen's Hotel, anent which we found an entry in the visitors' book to the effect that, if any one *could* contrive to be uncomfortable there, the fault must surely lie on his own conscience ! Here no raging tempest disturbed our repose ; only the wavelets murmured soothing lullabies as they crept gently over the white sands to our very feet, and pleasant voices in the fisher-town sang a Cornish edition of " Weel may the keel row, that earns the bairnies' bread."

Hence we drove on to Helston, once more skirting St. Michael's Mount—a most picturesque object, from wheresoever seen. Our route lay through part of the mining districts, where tall shafts and engine-towers for pumping the water from the mines, alone suggest a hint of the busy life that is toiling underground in the tin and copper mines.

In one of these mines—the Botallick mine, beyond the Land's End—the workings actually extend nearly a mile and a half below the sea, and we were told that when tempests rage, and the sea rolls great rocks to and fro in its fury, the noise in the mine is so terrific that the miners, notwithstanding the stern stuff they are made of, are occasionally compelled to leave off work until the storm subsides.

This mining country is all somewhat dreary, though often relieved by glimpses of the sea, and even in this bleak winter time brightened by patches of golden gorse, suggesting the wealth of colour and fragrance which, in warm summer days, it lends to the grey land.

We halted at the pretty little town of Helston, and found excellent quarters at the comfortable old-fashioned "Angel Inn," a house which had long been known to us by name as the starting-point of a very curious old May Day¹ ceremony ; namely, the Furry or Floral Dance, when all the townsfolk make holiday, and a multitude of old and young, bearing flowers, and headed by the Lord of the Manor and flower-bedecked flag-bearers, proceed to dance through all the principal streets, winding in and out of every house in turn—in at the front door and out at the back—the dance being a jiggy step, in

¹ Observed on May Day, old style, *i.e.* May 8th.

time to a quaint melody, peculiar to Cornwall, Wales, and Brittany—a fact which, in itself, marks the antiquity of the ceremony, and bids us trace it back to the common ancestors of these three Celtic tribes. The festival derives an extra charm from the abundance of flowers which greet the Cornish spring, the gardens being gay with lilacs and laburnums, and the hedgerows gleaming with sheets of primroses and other wild flowers. This is by no means the only peculiar custom of the sort that was here recalled to our memory.

Among the various lingering traces of the old fire-festival of Midsummer's Eve is a torchlight dance by the fisherfolk of the villages near Penzance, which, however, they have transferred from the orthodox eve of St. John to that of St. Peter—the fisher's patron saint. The townsfolk adhere to the true Midsummer's Eve, and celebrate the night with bonfires and fireworks.

And here, in Helston, we find another quaint old custom, connected with the Loe Pool, a fresh-water lake, three miles in length, lying in a valley extending from the foot of the town right down to the sea, from which it is only separated by a bar of shingle, constantly thrown up afresh by the waves. This bar acts as a dam to force back the lake, which has no other outlet, and which, consequently, in rainy weather overflows its banks and floods the valley and the lower houses.

Then the Mayor of Helston goes forth with his men, bearing a small leathern purse, containing the munificent sum of three-half-pence, which he formally presents to the Lord of the Manor of Penrose,¹ craving permission to cut the bar. This being granted, the men set to work to cut a channel through the shingle, which being accomplished, the waters finish the work for themselves, flowing leisurely at first with slow trickle, then, as if they had thought better of it, with gathering energy they dash onward, and, pouring madly through the breach in foam and fury, rush down to the ocean with such impetus, and carrying with them so much mud, that the sea is discoloured for miles. The uproar and wild confusion of the clashing waves when this mighty river invades old ocean's kingdom is indescribable.

The upper end of the lake is thus completely drained, and the lower end restored to its orthodox limits. So quickly, however, does the sea re-commence its work of casting up the bar, that within a day or two the fresh-water lake is again separated from the great salt sea by an embankment of pebbles and shifting sand, and the operation sometimes has to be repeated three times in a year. It happened that the bar had been cut only a day or two before our visit, so

¹ J. J. Rogers, Esq.

we missed this curious sight, but the carriage road along the lake bore ample trace of the recent inundation. We were shown a whole bundle of the curious little leather purses containing the three-half-penny tax, each marked with the initials of the various Mayors and the date when they were presented.

Here, as everywhere, tales of shipwreck greeted us. Only a few days previously a vessel in distress had espied the lights in the town of Helston on the brow of the hill, and, noting their reflection in the lake, had doubtless mistaken its calm water for a safe harbour, the bar being completely hidden by the angry sea outside and the overflowing lake within.

Deeming a refuge so near, all on board, numbering fourteen men and the captain's wife, came off in the boats and rowed straight for the bar, thus unwittingly courting their own certain destruction. Had they but stuck to the ship all might have been saved, for the coastguardsmen and the seafaring folk at Port Leven had espied the vessel, and had hurried on with ropes and rockets ready to receive her at the headland to which they calculated she would probably drift.

But others, following later, beheld with horror a large boat steering direct for the Loe Pool bar, the deadliest landing on all the coast, and knew at once that her fate was sealed. She breasted the waves gallantly, passing breaker after breaker, and the poor souls on board doubtless thought that they had but to clear one or two more such ere they reached the quiet harbour, whose still waters lay before them.

But the awe-struck spectators knew better. Just as the boat came within twenty yards of them, so that they could distinguish the features of every man on board, they saw one monster billow rolling in and knew that all hope was vain. At that instant the boat had passed what seemed the very last breaker, and in so doing fell into the truck, or hollow of the wave, and ere she could recover her balance this huge mass of water rose like a wall behind her, and, curling right over, engulfed her with all her precious cargo of human lives.

A moment later her shattered fragments were dashed up by the surf, and such of the men as were not stunned by the blow struggled gallantly for life, but all to no purpose. The moment they set their feet on that treacherous footing of small shifting pebbles, swirling backward beneath the rushing water, it gave way, and dragged them back into the surf, where one and all perished, while stretching out imploring hands to the pitying men on the shore, who stood utterly powerless to help, not having with them so much as a rope; and

though they strove to make a human chain that should be long enough to reach the water (by linking on every man to his neighbour), it was of no avail. They had to stand helplessly looking on at the dying struggles of those whom they would so fain have helped, and strong men were there, who sank down in agony upon the beach, unable to look upon the horrible fate which they could not avert. One brave fellow, who had stood within ten yards of the boat in his longing to save some of her crew, told me that in all the dangers and perils of a long life spent on the sea he had never experienced anything to compare with the appalling horror of that terrible dawn. Only two of the bodies were washed ashore, both utterly destitute of raiment—a common circumstance, owing to the frightful grinding of the waves and stones, which tear off every shred of clothing.

The luckless vessel (which was returning home from the Black Sea laden with grain) was called the *Flower of Loch Leven*, and there seemed bitter mockery in the fact of her being wrecked just off the fishing village of Port Leven, which proved anything but a port to her. The place where she actually ran aground was on the rocks just below the great precipitous cliffs of Halzephron, the very spot where, forty years previously, a transport was wrecked—a row of green mounds on the brow of the cliff marking to this day the spot where were buried the bodies of thirty men which were afterwards washed ashore.

In truth every creek and headland on this coast has its own tale of shipwreck and horror, either in bygone days or in more recent times. One wreck, so terrible as to be still spoken of with awe after the lapse of well-nigh a hundred years, was that of a transport carrying troops, 700 men besides the crew. The vessel was driven ashore and dashed to pieces, and, of all on board, only two men escaped to tell the tale. Two hundred dead bodies were washed ashore and buried in great pits, twenty or thirty men in each. The spot where the ill-fated vessel struck, close to the Lizards, still bears the name of Man-o'-War Rocks, while the grassy headland where the dead were buried is called Pistol Meadow, because of the abundance of fire-arms which were here collected.

But a very different interest attaches to the great fresh-water lake of which we spoke, the lake which is only separated from the sea by the ever-shifting bar of shingle. For this Loe Pool—with

The many-knotted water-flags
That whistle stiff and dry about the marge—

is said to be that very mere wherein King Arthur's wondrous sword

Excalibur was cast by his command, ere he himself was carried by Sir Bedivere to take his place with the three mysterious queens in their strange barge. Just beyond the dark hill which closes in the valley, lies the chapel of Gunwalloe, whither he was borne when sorely wounded in the fight :—

A chapel, nigh the field,
 A broken chancel, with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
 On one side lay the ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water. . . .
 A ruined shrine . . . the place of tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights ; and over them the sea wind sang
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam.

That little chapel is said to have been originally built, like many others all along the coast, as a votive offering by shipwrecked sailors. The broken cross, which formerly stood on the headland just above it, has disappeared, and is said to lie in the bed of the little stream which flows into the sea at this very spot.

The chapel itself is no longer a ruin, having been carefully restored on its original plan, with three aisles and a detached belfry ; and a very pretty little chapel it is (internally), and strangely romantic in its situation, with the wild waves washing the churchyard wall, and tossing their spray right over the grey stones, beneath which sleep so many forgotten generations.

Close to Gunwalloe are the lands of Carminowe, whose knight, you will remember, was one of King Arthur's trusty friends. The names of Caerleon, Tintagell, and divers other Cornish localities also recall many an idyl of the great pure King and the Knights of his Round Table.

It seemed like a strange unreal dream to find ourselves wandering in the dim twilight along the shores of that mystic mere. Never a sound was there to break the stillness of evening, save only

The ripple washing in the reeds
 And the wild water lapping on the crags.

Our path lay among rocks and russet bracken, along a pathway fringed with the weirdest of gnarled old oaks, such as would have rejoiced the heart of Gustave Doré in his most grotesque moods.

Suddenly rounding a corner, we halted, speechless with delight at the scene before us, for beyond the lake stretched the open sea (their division only marked by the dark line of shingle, with the gap through which the superfluous waters had escaped), and both alike

reflected the wondrous afterglow which lighted up the heavens, then slowly faded away, giving place to delicate grey clouds.

Slowly from the midst of these there shone out one star of surpassing brilliance, and, as the still lake faithfully mirrored this in a waving flame of light, it needed small imagination to deem that it was in truth the brand Excalibur, and that we could even discern the arm robed in white samite, and the hand which grasped the jewelled hilt. Then, as we once more looked back, the great full moon had risen, mellow as in time of harvest, and lighted the whole lake with quivering lines of glory ; and, as we wound our homeward way (on an evening balmy as if it had been early autumn), at every turn the weird old oaks framed fresh pictures of beauty on the moonlit waters.

To me those hanging woods of Penrose possessed a more personal interest, as having been the old home of my Cornish ancestors. Three generations have passed away since a vessel, bound, like our own, for the sunny East, was driven by stress of weather to seek refuge in Falmouth Harbour, where the officers, naval and military, were hospitably entertained by the kind people of Cornwall.

A large ball was given in the town, whereat the young heiress of Penrose was graciously pleased to intimate her willingness to dance with any officer present, "except that ugly Scotchman!" (as she described my great-grandfather). Nevertheless, ere the vessel returned to sea, that canny Scot had wooed and won the maiden, and found that a pleasant home at Penrose had more charms for him than soldiering in the East.

Among his quaint letters to friends in the north of Scotland are some describing the "Cornish blessings" whereby his revenues were increased, these being none other than the wrecks which brought him goodly stores of all sorts. Hogsheads of Madeira, brandy, and rum, and many another useful offering was brought as tribute by old ocean, to say nothing of the abundant firewood which was for ever drifting on the shore ; firewood which the people gather up thankfully, yet sadly, knowing what bitter tales of sorrow, and of dear lives lost, are attached to those battered planks, and not knowing but that some day, wives and mothers on other shores, may in like manner gather up the shattered fragments of the ships once manned by their own Cornish men.

From Helston a drive of ten or twelve miles brought us to the Lizards, passing over a tract of country which, in the summer time, must be quite delicious by reason of its profusion of many-coloured blossoms. Even in this mid-winter we still found a few heads of

the white Cornish heath (*Erica vagans*), which I believe is not indigenous to any other part of these isles, but which grows abundantly in this neighbourhood, and is found on every uncultivated corner for a space of about seven miles. Its presence is said to be due to the magnesia in the Serpentine rock. It grows luxuriantly in large tufts, in company with the three varieties of purple and pink heather common to our Scottish moors. Various other unfamiliar plants attracted our notice, chiefly the tamarisk shrub, now bearing its second edition of pink feathery blossoms. We also found sundry rare ferns, but none so beautiful as the fronds of the *Asplenium marinum* which we had brought from the Land's End, where its tufts of glossy green adorn many a crevice of the storm-riven rocks.

Not least among the attractions of Cornwall in our eyes are its hedgerows of lavish width, which no economical farmer has reduced from things of beauty to mere land boundaries, but where all manner of trailing plants are allowed to grow gracefully at nature's bidding. And here and there, beneath some overhanging tree, you come to a stile—those unique Cornish stiles, formed of long narrow blocks of granite set in detached steps, across which you may chance to see a picturesque group of lassies coming from the well, bearing red earthenware pitchers of almost Eastern form.

Having sent our dogcart and luggage across the moor, to give notice to the good folk in Kynance Cove of the unlooked-for advent of winter guests, we walked on to the headland known as the Lizards, where a tall double-lighthouse warns all mariners to steer clear of the dangerous coast. Two tall towers, standing on either side of a long dwelling-house—the whole kept so dazzlingly whitewashed as to afford a mark by day as well as by night; each tower burns nineteen Argand lamps with concave reflectors of copper lined with polished silver—a more troublesome light to manage, and less effective, than the newer lights with intensifying crystal lenses.

From this point to “the Cove” is not more than a couple of miles, but the beauty of the coast and of the balmy summer-like weather tempted us to linger on every headland and explore every corner, climbing as far as the tide would suffer us over the blue-black slaty rocks, while rushing waters swirled around; the great green waves carrying on their ceaseless warfare with the cliffs, for ever dashing onward as if bent on scaling their summit, and as often falling back foiled, to melt away in a sea of surging foam.

We lingered till eyes and ears and mind were alike imbued with waves—waves—waves—and we drank in a sense of exhilaration from

their life and energy, their perpetual sound and motion. Yet (lest familiarity should lessen the sense of awe, and tempt us to forget the treachery of the untamable beauty), in every crevice of the rocks lay fragments of wreck, dashed up as if in derision of man's puny power—masts, spars, planks, battered and bruised and frayed like bits of old cloth ; here and there splinters of wood coloured or gilt, telling of the care once expended on the poor vessel that had gone down like a nutshell before the angry water ; and here and there great bits of solid iron, portions of engines and boilers, all telling the same dread history.

As we near Kynance Cove, the character of the rock wholly changes, to the hardest, many-tinted Serpentine—a rock which not only takes a brilliant polish from the hand of the manufacturers of cups and vases, fonts and crosses, but even from the action of the waves ; and when the tide goes down, the rocks farthest out are so smooth as to be extremely unpleasant to walk upon, while the shingle is all formed of rounded pebbles of every size and colour, which, while still wet, gleam in the sunshine like brilliant jewels.

When we reached the Cove the tide was still high, washing close up to the two white cottages wherein two rival families signify their willingness to receive guests. More scrupulous cleanliness and a more cordial welcome could nowhere be found than in the quaint little rooms where we picnicked and slept like queens.

When the full moon rose, we once more followed the retreating tide, and sat on the far-out rocks, watching the gleaming of the white surf ; and again, ere day broke, we were on the alert, and clambered on to a great rock, which at high tide had seemed to us an island, and thence watched the sun rise in glowing splendour. Descending from this outpost, we explored cave after cave, each more curious and beautiful than the last, radiant with every conceivable colour, and paved with brilliant pebbles, white sands, or clear green water.

My companions being learned in such matters, tried to teach me the true names of those gem-like stones, but for me it was sufficient to look upon them, as on a ray of crystallised rainbow-light. Perhaps if I were addressing a sympathetic Scottish ear, I might whisper that there was one great rock in particular which suggested nothing so much as a Cumming-tartan plaid—being composed of chequers of scarlet and vivid green, crossed and recrossed with narrow lines of black and white. These white veins are generally Steatite or Soap-stone, but all the other colours are produced in the Serpentine itself by the presence of various ores. Thus copper produces the most exquisite green of every shade, from the clear yellowish tinge

of early spring to the deepest malachite, while iron sometimes produces pure black, sometimes scarlet or dark red. We found many pebbles no bigger than a shilling, distinctly showing each of these colours ; others, again, white with layers of lustrous metallic green—a mineral called diallage.

When the returning tide once more concealed this world of beauty, we wandered along the brow of the cliff to the headland of Rill, thence overlooking sea and shore for miles in every direction, all bathed in calm sunlight, and the air warm and balmy. We asked ourselves again and again, “Could this really be the middle of December?” while we sat on the cliffs, in all but summer raiment, watching the changing lights and shadows on the water, as soft grey clouds and mellow rays arranged themselves in fantastic cloud-pictures.

A multitude of vessels, tempted by the light favouring breeze, once more ventured out of their harbour of refuge at Falmouth ; and a great fleet of fishing-boats, each carrying two brown sails, also started in pursuit of pilchard and haik—the latter a silvery fish, something like an ugly salmon, with rather tasteless white flesh ; while the pilchard, which form so important an item in the Cornish fisheries, resemble small and very oily herring. They are chiefly exported for the Italian market. As we watched those little nutshells sailing away so cheerily in the sunshine, and bethought us of the awful dangers that might await them ere their return (with or without their silvery prize, as the case might be), the words of the poor fisherwives’ song rang hauntingly in our ears, telling how dearly bought the bonnie fish may be, and how often

Wives and mithers, maist despairing,
Ca’ them lives o’ men.

Later in the day we drove to Gunwalloe Church, to see the spot where King Arthur died ; little did we reck of envious traditions of Brittany, asserting that there, in Armorica, the great King breathed his last. For us the Cornish legend was sufficient, and in truth the very position of the little chapel invests it with a tone of romance as it nestles into the green headland, just where the rivulet flows westward into the ocean, reflecting the evening light, while beyond the strip of barren moorland lies the great water with all its tales of mystery.

We watched the sun set like liquid fire, behind towers and palaces of purple cloud ; then, passing on, we marked the spot where, many years ago, a Spanish galliote was wrecked, and her

heavier cargo, including two and a half tons of dollars, sank to rise no more. Only a few stray dollars have from time to time been washed ashore, as if to whet the appetite of adventurous spirits who fain would work that submarine mine and spoil the sea of its ill-gotten treasure. One or two such attempts had been made, and had hitherto signally failed. This year, however, the experiment had been renewed on a large and costly scale by one not wont to be readily foiled by difficulties, and, though no success had as yet crowned his labours, he still determined to persevere, hoping to construct a gallery beneath the sea whereby to reach the rock basin where, it is believed, the dollars rest beneath a great bank of sand.

The suggestion of trade with far countries raised by the Spanish dollars presents itself in another form in the quaint name of Pol-Jew, a neighbouring headland—a name which, like that of Market Jew (which occurs twice in and near Penzance), is said to be derived from olden days, when Jewish trading-ships found their way to Cornwall in search of tin.

The prefix Pol, like those of Tre and Pen, which belong so peculiarly to this part of the country, had by this time grown quite familiar to our ears, both in the names of places and people, as in Penlerick, Penrose, Penzance, Pendennis, or, again, Pol-peer, Pol-Jew; or sometimes we find it in the middle of a word, as in the headland rejoicing in the name of Tol-pedn-pen-with. As to the Tre-warthas, Trevenas, Trewellas, Trevanions, Trevoses, Tregonys, their names were legion; and in each village through which we passed we noted new varieties, just as a Sassenach coming North might take count of our endless *Macs*.

Evening found us once more in the comfortable “Angel Inn” at Helston, where we duly inspected the “Hell stone,” whence the pleasant little town derives its unfortunate name; a large boulder of black rock which the Devil, for reasons of his own, was once carrying in mid-air, when he was attacked by St. Michael, and, as a matter of course, worsted in the fight, during which he dropped the infernal stone, a precious legacy for the town, but one which some utilitarian builder has thought fit to break up and use as building material, so that it now figures in the outer wall of the Assembly Room. It is simply a large meteorolite.

The town stands on a steep hillside, with the main street running right up and down; so every shower of rain that falls washes and cleanses it. Moreover, on either side of the street a clear rivulet flows through the open gutter, thus keeping all fresh and sweet. Nevertheless we heard a lamentable account of the drainage of the

town and of the prevalence of smallpox in consequence. Many of the old houses are very picturesque, with quaint overhanging windows, and gable-ends to the street. But the most striking reminder of old-fashions is the frequent sound of the coachman's horn, blown to summon the passengers for divers so-called coaches (in reality omnibuses), which run thrice a day, to and from Falmouth and Penzance.

We took our places for the former, and drove through ugly mining country as far as Penryn Station, the way being enlivened by hideous statistics of mining accidents by way of variety on the usual tales of shipwreck. From Penryn we looked down on Falmouth and its harbour, and a few minutes later we were ensconced in a large bow window of the "Old Green Bank Hotel," commanding a magnificent view of the whole harbour, and so close to the shipping that we could have thrown a pebble on board of sundry large vessels.

The harbour at that moment represented a large shipping hospital, so great was the multitude of vessels of every sort and size and nation which had all crowded thither, in more or less disabled condition, after their conflict with the hurricane. Scarcely one was there which had not experienced some damage. Some had sprung leaks all but fatal, and the exhausted crews had been pumping for the dear life, and all but given up hope ere relief reached them. Others had had their decks swept, their boats and compasses carried off, their rudders or their engines destroyed, their deck-houses smashed. Others had lost bulwarks and masts, and were picked up at sea as helpless hulks, and towed into harbour by more fortunate vessels. The loss of sails, spars, and rigging sounded quite trifling amid the mass of more serious casualties; while the destruction of cargo, either thrown overboard to lighten the ship or spoilt by sea water, was spoken of as a very slight matter, as well it might be when compared with the precious lives imperilled.

It is said to be an ill wind that blows nobody good, and so it seemed in the present instance, for all the shipwrights' yards were crowded, and work enough and to spare for every willing hand that could take a turn either in repairing the cripples or in discharging and reshipping their cargoes.

All day long busy little tugs were hurrying to and fro, on the look-out for vessels that might have succeeded in nearing the harbour, and that needed their help ere they could enter that desired haven. The sight of these active little boats towing in the huge disabled ships or steamers always reminded us of the fable of the mouse which rescued the lion. Sometimes it needed the united efforts of two or

more to drag some great unwieldy steamer, whose engines refused their office.

But the vessels that contrived, in whatever condition, to reach the port, were fortunate indeed as compared with the terrible list of those reported as altogether missing—many of which had undoubtedly foundered with all hands, others had been cast on the cruel rocks and totally wrecked, with the loss of perhaps half their crew, while others again had been forsaken and their perishing mariners rescued by passing ships at the risk of their own lives.

One such terrible tale of suffering was in every mouth the morning we reached Falmouth, when a Swedish brig came in, bringing with her thirteen men, which at her own imminent peril she had rescued from the wreck of the *Louisa* of Shields. The vessel had been stricken early on Sunday afternoon with such appalling suddenness that the crew were literally paralysed. The first squall carried off the upper and lower maintopsail yards. The vessel trembled like a leaf before the terrific gale, which lashed the sea into raging fury. Wave after wave swept over the deck, the vessel rolling fearfully, while the crew for two hours struggled ineffectually to take in the sails. Meanwhile the waters poured into the hold, and all hands were called to the pumps. Again and again they were washed away, yet, returning to their work, they toiled on till seven o'clock in the evening, when, despite their efforts, the vessel was full of water. Further toil being useless, they gave up the attempt in despair.

Heavier and heavier grew the seas that washed over them. At last they saw through the darkness one mighty billow sweeping down upon them with resistless force. As it dashed over them it threw the vessel on her side, and as the water within prevented her righting she lay right over. Her wretched crew, seventeen in all, were plunged in the raging water. Two succeeded in scrambling into the rigging, the others struggled to reach the upper side of the ship, but every fresh wave that broke over her hurled them back into the howling waste of waters. Four were washed away never to rise again. The others, with superhuman effort, regained their post, and contrived to hold on till the vessel fell quite over on her broadside, again casting them all adrift in the breakers.

Once more they reached the ship, and finding that the copper along the keel was partially loose they contrived to grasp it, and thus with benumbed fingers, and in the freezing cold, they held on for three hours, while the violence of the hurricane increased every moment. At the end of this time the mainmast was carried away, and the ship partly righted. Then with the utmost difficulty the

crew climbed from the keel up the side of the ship and regained the deck. Here they remained from Sunday night till Tuesday at mid-day, with seas breaking over them continually ; with nothing to allay their burning thirst and hunger save a little biscuit thoroughly saturated with salt water, and all the time death staring them in the face.

While in this awful situation, no fewer than sixteen vessels passed so close by them as to be within hailing distance ; yet not one dared to put off a boat, knowing that by so doing they would only consign their own men to almost certain death. Two of these were steamers. One North Shields barque hovered near for some time, passing them three times within hail, but she too at length gave up the attempt that seemed so hopeless, and left them to their fate. Then indeed the sufferers gave way to despair.

On Monday night, however, this Swedish brig (the *Fide*, Captain Westerberg) hove in sight, and on nearing the wreck this good Samaritan cheered the men with words of comfort, and promised to stand by them all night, ready to lower a boat the moment the sea would suffer him to do so. All through that terrible night the anxious watch continued, and the kindly Swede sailed round and round the sufferers, till towards dawn a slight lull in the fury of the tempest enabled him to send off a boat, which brought them all in safety to his hospitable ship and cordial welcome. One poor fellow had a corner of sorer anguish than his fellows, for while rescuing his captain he had lost the opportunity of saving the life of his own brother, who was swept away at the same moment.

Every sailors' home in the town was crowded with such waifs as these, each with a terrible tale of suffering and disaster. As we wandered through the narrow old-fashioned streets, the multitude of foreign sailors who had here found refuge gave them all the character of a foreign seaport, while Italians, French, Dutch, and Germans discussed their affairs, every man in his own tongue, a perfect Babel thus resounding from every thronged corner.

Passing through the town we came to Pendennis Castle—a fortified headland, by no means as interesting as its name might suggest, but commanding a fine view of the calm sea on one side and the crowded harbour on the other. We noted with interest that the whole white strand is composed, not of sand or pebbles, but of finely broken coral, or something closely resembling it, intermixed with delicate shells ; and we were told that such enormous quantities of this had been dredged from the bottom of the harbour as to deepen it by ten or twelve fathoms.

And now my tale is told. This sketch of our wintry wanderings was penned ere we left Falmouth, while sitting in a quiet bow window of the old hotel, overlooking the harbour. The picture that then lay outstretched before me seems still present to my memory.

The full moon had risen in her glory, illuminating the calm water-street where small craft plied to and fro, while the larger vessels lay thankfully at rest. They, and their lights, and the coloured lights of the city, and the colder ray of the moonbeams, all lay faultlessly mirrored in the still water ; and one long ripple followed in the wake of the ferry-boat conveying belated passengers to the opposite shore, where lies the old town of Flushing. Thence, floating across the water, came the sound of church-bells, summoning the people to evening worship.

The following day we returned to Plymouth, to receive our sailing orders, again passing through the village of St. Austell, where great tanks of liquid white earth mark the presence of the white china clay which forms so large an item of the revenue of this district ; clay which not only supplies some of our own Midland factories, but also is largely exported to France and the Baltic, the vessels which carry it thither returning laden with timber.

Then, bidding a cordial farewell to Cornwall, to its kindly people, we once more started on our journey to Ceylon, leaving the Land of Cream for the Isle of Cocoa-nuts, and grey English skies and leafless bowers for the cloudless blue that canopies the tropical jungle. The *Agra* having already been despatched with a large number of our passengers, the remainder were sent in the *Othello*, and a pleasant large party of cordial friends we were, thenceforth to be recognised in the social life of Ceylon as the "Hindoo-Othellos."

At least four very happy couples in India and in Ceylon look back in gladness to the *Hindoo-Othello* voyage, which transformed so many strangers into life-long lovers.

As for the poor *Hindoo*, £10,000 had to be expended on repairs and a lawsuit with her builders ere she could again put to sea. Of her further adventures I only know that once off Halifax and once off Hull she was in imminent danger of foundering, and had to be towed into port in a disabled condition. Now her stormy and troublous life is over, and her owners can rejoice that her career has ended without a larger loss of precious human life.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

THE LOVES OF A ROYAL BIRD.

PERHAPS the peacock might not have been greatly to blame when he tried to abduct the wife of the guineafowl. He had not enjoyed the advantages of a careful education, and merely followed his own uncorrected instincts. Yet I am prepared to state that there is a code of morals in things matrimonial even among birds, and this the peacock undoubtedly violated.

We know that among the feathered tribes the male gains the affections of the female by various artifices and accomplishments. The bird of paradise which has the most beautiful plumage is able to choose the mate who is most to his fancy, while the one who is least conspicuous has to espouse her whom his more fortunate brethren have left. The scratching birds win their wives by strength and personal prowess, and the song birds enchant their mistresses with their music. How the stern and solitary birds of prey select their mates is a mystery which has not been solved. A pair of falcons will live in the same eyrie for years and not tolerate the intrusion of birds of their own species in the neighbourhood. The sportsman will constantly see the same couple in certain haunts and in vain try to discover others in the same locality, yet if one is killed the survivor has no difficulty in procuring a mate. We may therefore infer that the bachelors and spinsters of the falcon world live just beyond the boundaries of the hunting grounds which the married couples consider their own, in the distant hope of achieving connubial bliss. How the falcon proposes I do not know. He probably says in truly baronial fashion, "Madam, you shall be mine!" and the affair is settled. A refusal would result in blood, feathers, and brains.

If one could only get a glimpse of the courtship of the woodcock in the solitude of Norwegian forests, or of the pretty love-making of teal and widgeon among northern marshes where molluscs are plentiful and banks of sedges reflect themselves in the water, what an entertaining chapter could be written on the Art of Popping the Question.

Any way, it does not matter how the bride is won. Conjugal

fidelity and an objection to unions between different species is a marked characteristic of the birds. Have you not heard the swallow twittering idyls to his mate of several summers? Does not the thrush reserve his most luscious song for his sitting hen? Are not the magpie and the daw most entertainingly garrulous among the gooseberry bushes and chimneystacks where they build their nests?

Then when does the turkeycock, with all his faults, try to contract an alliance with the barndoor fowl, or the gander go a-wooing the heron or the moorhen? These mixed marriages are as repugnant to our feathered friends as matrimonial unfaithfulness.

There are some people who are always ready to reject reasonable explanations. They will say that creatures of kindred habits and family connection naturally are hostile to each other. They interfere with each other in the struggle for existence. They will assert that it was for this reason that the peacock attacked the guineafowl, and his attraction to the guineahen was an adventitious result of the dispute. They will give as examples the ostracism of the chough by the jackdaw, of the black rat by his grey congener, of the British partridge by his red-legged Continental cousin, of the martin by the swift. They will show that the Colchican killed off the Chinese pheasant, absorbed the foreign hens into its seraglios and stamped its own identity on the offspring; and that no pheasant is found in the area of geographical distribution of the peacock.

Well, if *Pavo* had such an objection to *Pintado*, why the dickens did he not have the row before?

For my part I believe the peacock coveted the guineahen, and it was this unrighteous passion which made him pursue her spouse with untiring hatred. If I thought his hostility was due to class feeling or clannishness, I could forgive him, for these sentiments are not far removed from patriotism. Alas that a creature so beautiful in form and colour should be morally a whited sepulchre, an apple of the Dead Sea!

Let us leave our narrative for a moment and look into the family history of our actors. We all know that *Argus* was *Juno's* private detective, and when he was collecting evidence in the delicate case of *Jupiter* and *Io*, *Mercury* sent the intelligent officer to sleep with music or whisky, and made short work of him. The queen of gods, instead of building a mausoleum to her faithful servant, took out his hundred eyes and used them to decorate the tail of her favourite bird. In later times the peacock figured in Christian art, the circular arrangement of these eyes in the outspread tail being

emblematical of eternity, and modern painters have not been insensible to the fine appearance of the bird. From the Spice Islands of the east Solomon obtained peacocks which adorned the courts of his cedar palace, and those which Alexander brought from India attracted people from great distances to come and see them. The mandarin probably adopted the eyed feather as a badge of his caste when the world was yet young, and the dusky beauties of the Malay archipelago have for ages enhanced their charms by collars and belts of the blue feathers from the peacock's neck. As food the peacock is not much esteemed nowadays. Wallace says the breast of the young hen is white and tender, but the ordinary run of birds are only fit for broth or stew. Whether the Romans had better teeth or better cooks than we have is an open question, but they certainly appreciated the peacock at their banquets. The taste, however, died out in the Middle Ages, for in the reign of Francis I. it only appeared at table embalmed with spices and dressed in its own skin, not to be eaten, but as an incentive to appetite. Thus preserved the same peacock was served again and again, and on special occasions, such as weddings, his beak and throat were stuffed with "cotton wool and camphire" and lighted for the divertisement of the guests.

The peafowl is associated in our minds with mediæval pageants and modern palaces. We picture him figuring at a baronial feast or sunning himself on the terrace of some great lord's mansion. In a state of nature too, his surroundings are luxurious. He is protected from the heat by tropical trees festooned with rattans and creepers. He wanders among groves of palms and plantains, and crushes under foot fragrant herbs. The jackfruit bursts with over-ripeness and offers him a delicious meal, while the papaw, the custard apple, and the guava drop before his feet to be consumed. In the native gardens the chillis and other pungent plants, young spinach, and succulent bringals are only protected from him by a slight hedge of hibiscus and allamanda. He drinks in pools where lilies grow and kingfishers and orioles light up the shadowy gloom. To him the morning air is scented with the pitchamal, and as evening comes the cicada and the bullfrog lull him to sleep.

He is a glutton, like most fowls, and a very ogre of a papa. He drives the sitting hen from the nest and breaks the eggs, and when the chicks are hatched he will swallow them before the distressed mother. His consorts are numerous, yet he has a constant passion for intrigues with peahen not his own. And as for his voice it is terrible. Well may the Italians say that the peacock has the dress of an angel and the voice of the devil.

The guineafowl came originally from Africa and Madagascar. It has been known for centuries in Europe, and esteemed for its flesh and the fine flavour of its eggs, as well as for its graceful shape and spotted plumage. Sir William Jardine, it is true, calls "simple Susan's guineahen" a clumsily formed bird, but Oliver Goldsmith, whose taste was as good as Sir William's, says that it has "a fine delicate shape." It has been known under the name of Meleagris, Numidian fowl, and Pintado. Pierre Belon de Mans says that the Meleagris was a turkey. But this is spiritedly refuted by Mr. Broderip, who maintains that turkeys were imported with tobacco and potatoes by the discoverers of America, and were therefore unknown to the ancients, neither were they introduced by the Jesuits from India to Europe. The wild guineafowl is said to have but one mate. He shares with the female the labour of incubation and the care of the young. He diligently seeks food for his family and will defend them from marauders with his life. During the heat of the day he enjoys a sand bath to rid himself of the parasites which infest him, and when the sun begins to sink he disports himself with his companions in innocent games. His voice, though metallic, is capable of modulation, and his calls are various, whereas the peacock is at all times brazen-tongued, and communicates to the hearer the sensation of sharpening slate-pencils. In climates warmer than our own, where large flocks of guineafowl are kept in a half-tame state, they may frequently be seen going through a form of amusement which I will try to describe. Some open place is chosen as a place of meeting, and the birds leisurely collect by twos and threes till a goodly party is formed. When all are ready one guineafowl leaves the flock and walks in front of them with an air which seems to say, "Now then, ladies and gentlemen, look this way if you please. The sports are about to begin. The great event is the ten-yards race, which we believe will be done in the shortest time on record. It will have to be run in heats; one competitor at a time." When he has secured attention he ruffles his feathers, separates his wings slightly from his sides, and off he starts at full speed, running in a semicircle. Having covered the required distance, he returns to his companions at a processional pace, as much as to say, After a performance like that you ought to be just thunderstruck. Bird after bird goes through the evolution till evening, when some retire to roost in the trees and others with chicks nestle among the sweet lemon grass and fragrant cuss-cuss.

Those who have studied guineafowl will notice that they have at least five very different modes of expression. The ordinary

“Come back, come back” is uttered partly to keep the flock together, and partly because it relieves the tedium of solitude when the birds separate in search of food. Just in the same manner the milkmaid and labourer sing to themselves, and the bullockdriver and the palanquin-bearers relieve the loneliness of their journey by grunts and cries and chaunts. The cluck of the hen is in a higher pitch than that of the barndoor fowl, and so is the call of the cock when he wishes to summon his family to some delicacy. Warning of danger is conveyed by an exclamation of “kitti-kitti-kitti-kitti,” which, when taken up by a whole flock, resembles a concert of kettle-drums. The fifth note is that of interrogation. Perhaps a hawk’s shadow skims across the ground, and the Gallinus take refuge in the cover. There is absolute silence till there is reason to suppose that the peril is over. Then one little wattled head after another is poked out of the foliage and a high-pitched note, uttered softly, leaves no doubt that they are asking each other if all is right.

The scene of the story lies near Dublin. A few miles from the Irish capital is a square substantial house standing among woods and pasture land. A tributary of the Dodder flows through the grounds and expands into an artificial pool, where perch and roach and pinkeens breed undisturbed and unfished for. Terraces and shaded walks and quaint stone-built arbours, tumble-down ranges of stables and decayed outhouses, cowsheds choked with grass, and lanes leading to nowhere, suggest the diversity of tastes and occupations of previous occupiers.

The place is said to have been built by a noble family in the time of the first Georges, and afterwards passed into the hands of a somewhat celebrated character, who had risen from a flunkey to be friend and boon companion of the Prince Regent. Royalty is said to have slept under this roof, and fashion under the table. Personages whom Huish had chronicled and Hogarth depicted and Gillray caricatured, the jovial monks of the Screw and the mad demons who belonged to the Hell Fire Club, had probably gambled, intrigued, and got drunk together in this house during two generations, but since the thirties it had been tenanted by people who had no ambition to be four-bottle men, or bucks, or mashers, and its present occupiers desired no greater excitement than to pick up a David Cox at a sale or get a prize for orchids at a flower-show.

A few years ago a pair of peafowl and a guinea cock and two hens might be seen wandering about the gardens and pleasure grounds of the old house. Judging from the beauty of his plumage, the peacock was in the prime of life, and had moulted for the third

time. His deportment was elegant and his manner easy, and he and his spouse made a very handsome couple. On sunny days, when the air was warm, he would spread out his tail covert and tread a stately measure, making each feather of his train shiver as if it had the ague whenever he approached his spouse. She, good soul, knew that these attentions were meant to please her, and flattered him with feminine blandishments. On these occasions the peacock discarded his character of courtier and became a handsome barbarian, whom you admired and yet felt sorry for because of his vulgar ostentation. The absurdity of his pompous bearing became more accentuated when the turkeycock, not to be outdone, would spread his tail also and strut and gobble after his distinguished relative.

The guineafowl frequented the same haunts as the peacocks, and except an occasional peck were fairly treated by the bigger birds. They deserved some consideration, for they were a highly respectable middle-class family, and much superior to the tagrag and bob-tail of the farmyard.

Things went on well enough till death removed the peahen and one of the female guineafowl. The guinea cock regarded his loss with indifference, but the peacock was inclined to quarrel with fate. He stalked about in majestic sorrow, pondering on his departed consoler and companion. No longer did he spread his tail in the sunlight to court the admiration of all beholders. He sought the solitude of the kitchen garden, or of the top of the house, and abandoned himself to sadness, when the Evil One whispered to him, "You are lonely. The guineafowl has a wife. If he were to die, perhaps she might suit you."

Having made the suggestion, the demon let the peacock work out the idea for himself. The ferment had been introduced, and the bird's mind became a vat of black wickedness, generating vile plots and loathsome bubbles of intrigue. No serpent has licked my ears, but it did not want the supernatural gifts of Melampus to interpret what happened.

One dewy morning, when the sun was shining slantwise through the elms on to the petunia beds, we saw the peacock make advances to the guineahen. With dignified steps he walked beside her and pecked about, as if unconscious of her presence. After a while he found dainty morsels—a seed, a worm, a choice piece of gravel wherewith to triturate the food in the gizzard—and he dropped them in her way. The lady at first seemed suspicious of these advances. She thought her noble friend only put these delicacies in her way to get a good peck at her topknot, but she soon found that his highness

had no hostile intentions, and her manner changed towards him. She walked by his side with a sort of smug satisfaction at having made so great a conquest.

Cinderella's little foot had won the heart of the beautiful prince, but the boy who cleaned the boots (Cinderella's companion, who is not mentioned in history) felt a lump in his throat after the visit of the royal chamberlain, and resolved to throw half a brick at the royal noddle on the first opportunity. So with the guineacock. He was not going to see this metallic-tinted aristocrat of the farmyard rob him of the affections of his spouse without striking a blow.

"With your permission, sir," said the guineafowl, "*I* will pick worms and seeds and gravel for my wife. You need not be solicitous about her welfare."

And he elbowed himself between the bird of Juno and the fickle fair. The manner was offensive, intentionally objectionable.

"Confound you!" cried the peacock, angrily, "how dare you jostle me! If you do not wish to suffer you had better not interfere in my affairs."

"Zounds, sir! Your affairs! Do you think I am going to allow you to whisper soft nothings in my wife's ear and offer no objection? No, by Jove, you are mistaken if you suppose that your lofty manner and superior size will make me complaisant."

And the little guineafowl ruffled his feathers and looked ferocious.

"Take that!" said the peacock, making a dig at his opponent's cranium.

"Bad shot!" cried the guineafowl as he evaded the blow, and with half-ouspread wings wheeled round the peacock in a graceful curve.

Rage seized the peacock, and, forgetting all his dignity, he straddled after his enemy like an ostrich. The guineafowl was too quick. He flew before the wind like a clipper, and hid himself behind a rhododendron bush.

"Won't I give it him!" thought the peacock as he strided on.

The Philistines be upon thee, Samson! Rushing from his ambush the smart little bird twice plumped his opponent on the head like a fighting cock. A few feathers flew in the air, and off he was again to another bush of refuge.

The battle continued in a desultory manner all the morning. Each bird tried to gain an advantage by fraud. Each innocently pecked about till he got an opportunity of dashing on his rival when he was unprepared. Several times they were driven away from each other, but they managed to meet pretty often.

I do not know whether the two guineafowls talked it over when they went home, and the male discovered that his wife had an admiration for the peacock's beautiful tail, but his tactics were changed the next morning. Instead of leading his enemy into ambush and blinding him with a few smart strokes from his pinions, the guineafowl harassed the peacock by running rapidly round him and picking out his tail feathers. Vainly did the larger bird try to protect his rear. Like a Bedouin, his tormentor swooped down on his tail and was off like a shot with a feather in his beak. This method of attack served admirably to irritate the peacock to madness, and so pleased the guineafowl.

Thus the war continued. The peacock became haggard and careworn. His tail-feathers were of all lengths and hung at various angles, and he looked as seedy as the jackdaw of Ingoldsby. His gorgeous airs forsook him. He looked a determined ruffian, a desperate cut-throat. With outstretched neck and angry eye he drove off the poultry when the girl scattered the barley in the yard. The ducks waddled away from him in gabbling terror, and the fowls eyed him with fear. When he took a walk in the kitchen garden the blackbirds flew into the apple trees, and the sparrows and finches cowered in the gooseberry bushes and uttered small chirping notes of anxiety. Friendless and draggle-tailed, with his heart full of revenge, the peacock remained for weeks the victim of the guineafowl by day and of harrowing thoughts by night. The female Gallina no longer coquetted with her former admirer. She either appreciated the courage or feared the wrath of her husband. Any way, she was apparently faithful.

One morning on coming to breakfast we noticed that the guineacock was lame. He stood on one leg, and when his enemy approached him he hobbled off precipitately. He was caught and examined, and it was found that his leg was broken, and shortly afterwards he died.

No one witnessed that last combat. No doubt the little guineafowl fought valiantly till a stroke of his adversary's wing fractured his bone, and ultimately caused his death. The memory of the brave bird was ill cherished by his wife. She became the companion of the peacock. But the fates were just : she was killed by a dog.

“And the peacock?”

Oh, he still lives in solitude, and in rainy weather shrieks till he is husky in the valley of Rathkeale.

STRAY THOUGHTS ABOUT IRELAND.

A SUMMER visit to the Sister Island may be sufficient to dispel many English misconceptions, but it is hardly long enough for an average inquirer to grasp even one division of the Irish question. There is some gain, however, in securing disillusion from Saxon prejudices under any conditions ; and, as a preliminary measure towards an accurate knowledge of the Celt, disillusion of national or personal prejudice, to an extent, if not entirely, is essential. But Ireland is no exception to the general law that there is no royal road to a quick mastery of involved and unique positions. It is, perhaps, truer of Ireland than of many other countries, that the more you take over with you—may I say from the land of the oppressor?—of every kind of travellers' lore, the more you will bring back, whether it be legendary in character, or historic or social or commercial ; or whether it be in the nature of truths and first principles in the tangled knotty skein of modern, and pre-eminently of modern Irish, politics. Definite and antecedent information about the country visited, of course, enables the traveller to trade with advantage on his own intellectual capital. Such capital enables him to know instinctively what facts to look for and collect ; what questions to ask and, with their answers, to place on record ; what items and details gathered from incompetent or interested witnesses to doubt, or ultimately to reject as untrustworthy. In short, knowledge, like wealth, is self-attractive. But, although a traveller may be unable either to claim special acquaintance with, or to apply scientific investigation to, Irish affairs, yet a field of inquiry is not for these reasons denied him. In Ireland, in common with other countries in a transition, not to say an abnormal, state, a candid but discriminating reception of facts as they exist, of ideas as they may strike others, of truths which have depth and capacity for general application, and of results which only indirectly affect ourselves, is important. And these latter, and other qualifications for securing an unbiassed judg-

ment on political and social topics in a new country, are within the reach of every intelligent person.

A tour in Ireland for personal investigation suggested itself to me, in 1881, on various grounds. I had a keen sense of my own want of real acquaintance with Irish matters. I had a strong desire to see and hear upon the spot what I was powerless to learn at home. I had a profound mistrust of much that others and myself were taught on this question at this side of St. George's Channel. To lessen my own ignorance, and to be able to afford to others testimony acquired at first hand, I was urged also by wider and less selfish considerations. In the first place, the unjust and ungenerous treatment of Ireland and the Irish race at the present day, by the daily and weekly newspaper press—chiefly of Conservative politics—with but few noble exceptions, was a potent inducement to travel in Ireland. I do not forget the provocation, both inside and outside of Parliament, and on either side of the Irish Sea and of the Atlantic Ocean, to the prejudice of a calm estimate of Hibernian topics. But, our public teachers and prophets have proved themselves incapable to rise above petty, not less than above serious, provocations, which at the most disturb the accidents of solid argument, and leave its substance untouched. They have allowed themselves to distort and exaggerate facts; to suppress or colour opinion; to write scornfully and superciliously of a sensitive people, and unfeelingly and even brutally of a nation which knows itself to be conquered and believes itself to be downtrodden. Next, the selfish and bigoted Philistinism of much upper-class society, which almost prides itself on and actually cultivates dislike to and aversion from all that bear the Irish name, was a further inducement to ascertain experimentally if the *demon* of Hibernia were really as black as he was painted. This Philistinism was not always exhibited by those who best knew the country, practically or by study; nor by those who differ on principle from its world-wide faith. Perhaps converse propositions to these might be the more exact. But, in any case, English country gentlemen innocent of definite information respecting Ireland; Irish landowners, by no means ignorant, but not living on their property, and degenerate from life-long contact with the Saxon oppressor; half-pay army officers, or retired Indian civil servants imbued with professional ideas of an imperial governing race, and its superiority to "natives"; idle men of all kinds, loungers at the clubs, or overworked clerks in the public offices, fresh from reading the *Times* or the *Saturday Review*—these, their rash thoughts and their rasher words, were still further exciting causes of a wish to verify statements and to weigh

opinions which otherwise were critically inadmissible. Nor were other circumstances without their aggravating influence ; such as outbursts of temper and extravagance of language, out of all proportion to the occasion, which ruffled the face of a society, as a rule, largely composed of Gallios ; which made conversation, except about money prices or changes in the weather, spasmodic and difficult ; and which often ended in the social “boycotting” of the open and outspoken friends of Ireland. Indeed, Saxon antipathy and Saxon contempt for the Celt, during the period of Irish legislation at St. Stephen’s for at least two years past, have been unparalleled—at least, since most of the disputants were infants. This intemperance, heat, and want of self-command, from men and women alike, was simply suicidal. It naturally and irresistibly produced wide and strong and even bitter reaction. And this reaction is still (two years after) on the increase, with minds sufficiently ingenuous not to be fast closed to conviction. I landed in Ireland, conscious indeed of my own lack of specific knowledge, but prepared to receive personal impressions, local information, and national theories, with such impartiality as I could command. For, on my part, I was inspired with a prejudice in favour of Ireland and the Irish, rather than against them. And as my ignorance of Irish facts was lessened, and as my acquaintance with the people of Ireland increased, that feeling of prepossession, I feel bound to avow, was confirmed and intensified on behalf of the sister kingdom.

It may not be amiss to make this latter avowal with candour at the outset, if only because the truth cannot be concealed in the future. The reader ought not, if it can be avoided, to meet with disappointment by hopes being unrealised that the popular anti-Hibernian view of the case will be here offered to him. There is no wish on my part to write under false pretences. At the same time, it is convenient to state that I possessed opportunities, perhaps exceptionally good, for feeling the pulse of many typical Irishmen. How these opportunities were utilised is a further question ; but, as a fact, I was furnished with letters of introduction, or was otherwise made known, to persons in every class of life, and in various social or political positions. In spite of the season of the year, when many besides myself were making holiday, I spoke with men and women of all conditions, from fierce Land Leaguers to dignified Government officials ; from patient starving cottiers, unhappy victims of a notoriously cruel landlord, to the owners of Irish soil, whom their friends justly call the kindest of men ; from a commercial traveller to one of the merchant-princes ; from graziers, fishermen,

and women gathering sea-weed, to journalists, correspondents, and men of letters ; from the beneficent agent of estates, whose rents were paid and whose life was not only safe but dear to his people, to one of another sort, of whom I will only say that his rents were not paid, and that he walked at midday with a revolver in his pocket. With these and others, fairly representative of their class, most of whom were far sharper and more intelligent than my own countrymen under like conditions, I conversed at length and without restraint. Indeed, the amount of political knowledge of undoubted wants or theoretic needs, and the power of expressing their convictions, displayed by persons who seemed otherwise but little educated, was noteworthy. After centuries of struggle with the oppressor, Irishmen are born politicians ; and politics form a portion of their being to an extent to which those in the enjoyment of hereditary and assured liberty afford no counterpart. Hence, recent legislation—what led to it, what it would lead to, how it would be received and in what spirit, whether, and to what extent, it would meet the wrongs which it sought to right—and other kindred topics were earnestly and often warmly discussed.

As an instance of the intense interest felt by peasantry of the lowest type in the Land Bill of two years ago, even when presumably powerless to understand all its intricate provisions for their own benefit, I will mention an incident which I witnessed. I was talking in the fields to the father of a family occupying a mud hovel in one of a nest of villages scattered over the west coast of county Cork, on the shores of one of the many bays and creeks of that deeply indentated sea-board. Than these hovels, I was assured by trustworthy persons, none can be found worse, or more atrocious, as human abodes, the whole of Ireland through—Galway or Mayo not excepted. One who has visited many parts of the world, including the Cannibal Islands, affirmed that he had never seen the equals of these cabins in any country of God's earth, civilised or savage. Surrounding an irregular plot of ground on the bare mountain-side, but facing the sea and setting sun, had been built some ten or a dozen cabins of all sizes and in every position in regard [so to say] to their neighbours' heaps of honest manure. Even in summer time stagnant black pools divided or joined the several cottage doors. Window-less, chimney-less, floored only by rough mother earth, without furniture for the comforts or even the decencies of life, saving a stool, a bed, or a bit of crockery—the hovel I chanced to enter contained the cow, the chickens, the cat ; husband, wife, and children, and a poor idiot woman ; the dog was in the field, and the

family pig was probably wallowing in the mire. Such dwellings, on the property of well-known landlords, are a shame and a scandal, not to the owners of them, who are past feeling, but to a nominally Christian Government which tolerates their existence, and to both the reader and writer of these words who, after their measure, sanction such toleration. The Land Bill had just escaped shipwreck in the House of Lords on the occasion of my visit, and I happened to be the bearer of the good news to these poor people. Their interests were keenly excited. "Has it passed?" said the man to me. "It has passed," I replied. "It has passed! it has passed!" he shouted to other labourers, working in adjoining holdings of land reclaimed from bog or swamp by their own toil; and the cry was repeated from mouth to mouth, to all within earshot, without so much as a hint of what it was of which the news fast spread that *it* had passed.

At the cost of digression, I will mention two other points in connection with this village, which bore the wild-sounding name of Esnawhelna. After leaving this man in the fields, I entered his cabin, to which I was directed by one of his sons, and spoke to his wife, the good woman of the hovel above described. None could have welcomed myself and one who went with me with greater courtesy and truer breeding, whilst dusting for us the two rickety stools of which the habitation boasted, and pressing us to accept the humble hospitality it afforded in the shape of a cup of milk. It was only after an entrance of some minutes that I discovered myself sitting close to a small domesticated Kerry cow, who was chewing the cud undisturbed by the entrance of the stranger; and that crouching over the fire I perceived the inmate of the cabin which I mentioned last, the aged and infirm mother-in-law of the master of the house, who was—unhappily or happily, who shall decide?—idiotic. The smoke was too dense for sight, at the first. From the wife I received the same account and the like details of her life and belongings that I had heard from her husband when at work in the fields; thus in a typical case giving the lie to the slander so freely uttered in England, that one should believe nothing he hears in Ireland, unless, indeed, both husband and wife had previously combined to deceive any unexpected and rarely seen traveller. No doubt the good wife furnished me with more *minutiae* of her manner of existence. Of course, the rent was higher than Griffith's valuation, and had been raised and raised by the landlord upon the tenant's own improvements. Of course, the rights of grazing and otherwise had been withdrawn; and it was worse than useless, then, to enclose

or redeem new land afresh. Of course, debts at the "shop" at the nearest country town, for meal and what not, were heavy, and were increasing yearly. Of course, the dues to landlord and tradesman had not been paid, could not be paid; and eviction, more than once threatened, was hanging over the household, and would fall, as it did fall, on some of their neighbours, at last and shortly after. After leaving the village, the condition of which, to English ideas, was more degrading and degraded than words can describe, I met, coming from the school, situate on the high road about a mile off, a troop of little girls and boys, dancing over the stones, or jumping from rock to rock, by the only rough track which led to their homes—for no two-wheeled horse vehicle had ever entered the village. Of course, again, the children were bare-legged and bare-footed and scantily clothed. But they were bright, healthy, joyous, cheery-looking little beings, a picture of neat patching and tattered cleanliness. How such comely and tidily dressed children—and the country schoolhouses were full of them—could possibly be sent forth of a morning from the very hovels of smoke, dirt, poverty, and wretchedness which we had just visited, was a puzzle that could not be unravelled. Why these young lives—which grow old all too soon in Ireland—should be sacrificed in the future to the insatiable greed of the landlord, or to the even less excusable indifference of the State, was a harder problem to solve. I confess to thinking that it will not be solved. The hopes of Ireland are rightly centred in the youth which is now being sedulously educated by England. When the rosy-cheeked children of Easnawhelna become adult men and women, and parents in their turn, I believe they will not allow themselves and their children to be sacrificed after the fashion of their tyrannised forefathers.

To return from this digression. In addition to some persons above indicated, I was the bearer of credentials to certain of the Catholic clergy; to those—members at once of a class and order—who of all others best know the actual state of the Irish nation, forming as they do an integral part of it. As a rule, it is needless to say, the Irish clergy are sprung from the body of the people. Without exception, it is well to remind the English reader, they are conscious of the feelings, wishes, prejudices, fears, and hopes of their people. They are—and never were they more thoroughly than now—at one with the people, and share their inmost aspirations. Consequently, they are influential with, and trusted by, the people, perhaps to a greater extent than ever, and certainly to an extent not dreamt of by Protestant clergymen. This is true, in spite of certain

symptoms, and some evidence to the contrary : for the same political end, the real and permanent good of the people, is sometimes advocated by different and even by opposite political means by different bishops and priests. With the Irish Catholic clergy, then, I made acquaintance ; and within the limits of time and space at my disposal I conferred with units of the caste of varied office and rank. The quiet country curate returning from his holiday on ship-board ; a president of a local branch of the Land League in a railway carriage ; the energetic active town priest in the midst of his works of mercy ; the administrator, or dean, in the church of the parish through which I had cause to pass ; and their ecclesiastical superiors, bishops in country houses, or in the cathedral of the archdiocese to which I made pilgrimage—the patience and courtesy of all and each of these I taxed by inordinate questioning. Of the information obtained from this many-sided source I shall avail myself freely. But I shall betray no confidences, and shall disclose the opinion—as the opinion—of no one Irish divine.

These remarks, and most of those which may follow, are restricted to the date of my visit, and to the area of my own observation. The scene of inquiry was a limited one, lying as it did in the southern and western districts of Ireland. It extended only to parts of the counties Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Clare, and Galway, with a glance at Tipperary and Queen's County, and a hasty visit to Dublin. The period, however, at which I was enabled to make this short tour of inquiry was stirring and momentous. It began at a date preceding the final passing of the Land Bill. It ended before the actual opening of the Court created by the Land Act of Ireland 1881. It was made, therefore, during a time of suspense, at an interesting epoch of Irish contemporary history ; and it included the holding of two public meetings in Dublin, both of which have left their mark for good or ill on the future of the country. These were the Dublin Mansion House meeting for the encouragement and development of Irish industries, and the great National Convention of the Land League in the Rotunda, at both of which I was present.

I now propose to inscribe, with little attempt at orderly arrangement, some miscellaneous thoughts about Ireland. In the main they will be commonplace enough, or such only as are forced on all who take more than a mere tourist estimate of sights to be seen and voices to be heard there. Such thoughts may be pronounced true, but not new ; or new, but not true ; or neither the one nor the other. But, in regard to certain burning questions to which they will be directly or indirectly devoted, it may be hazarded that some

points deserve to be stated, or stated afresh ; and that some, when realised or recalled, ought to be acted upon. On the present occasion I shall confine myself to the discussion of two topics. And these two topics naturally suggest themselves to every one visiting Ireland who goes thither with his eyes open and does not shut his ears to travel talk. One of these points concerns the stranger who visits the Sister Island. The other is a developed feature in the temperament of the nation whose coasts are visited. Both are needful to be borne in mind when any estimate of Hibernian life or character is formed by an Anglo-Saxon observer ; and both are, as a rule, either carelessly forgotten or deliberately ignored by the Protestant and the Englishman in Catholic Ireland.

I. The Englishman who visits Ireland must be prepared, in the first place, to recognise that he is a guest in a foreign country. It is no question of a trip to his native shire, to the Welsh hills, to the Westmoreland lakes, to the moors of Scotland. When the traveller, after experiencing some final undulations of an Atlantic swell, sails up the unsurpassed harbour at Cork—and Catholic Cork is the fittest port for an inquirer to enter Ireland—and treads Irish soil on the quays of that city, he lands upon a foreign country. The country is foreign by race, always, to the Saxon ; it is foreign by creed, of late centuries, to the Protestant ; it is foreign by sympathy on either side of political questions, and for various reasons ; it is foreign by manners and customs, to a wider extent than at first sight appears ; it is foreign by tradition and history in the past, and by expectation and hope now. He lands upon a country very savagely conquered, and even more barbarously held in subjection after conquest, by his ancestors ; upon a country ruled by their descendants as no other European nationality, so far as public records teach, has ever been ruled for an equal number of generations and under a yoke professedly Christian ; upon a country governed at the present moment, and in part by himself as one of the taxpayers and electors of the imperial power, in a way which, with the humanest intentions, is the very way which is the most distasteful to the idiosyncrasies of the people who are governed. He lands upon shores the history of which is unknown to eight out of every ten of his fellow-countrymen, whilst the remaining two out of ten are bewildered by well-meant but ill-written manuals, or mis-taught by brilliant but untrustworthy monographs. He enters a land towards which few travellers are attracted, except an intermittent stream of American citizens on their *grand tour*, before they touch English ground. And he explores a portion of the United Kingdom practically self-closed by all Englishmen who are not forced to cross

over to Dublin by the boundless hospitality of an Irish country house, by the call of duty to a garrison town, or by the requirements of professional or mercantile life.

But, having conquered national or personal prejudice, and having entered the forbidden land, what evidence appears to the Englishman that he is sojourning in a foreign country, a country unassimilated to England after the possession and rule of centuries? It may be an Hibernicism, but it is almost demonstrable to say, that everything is the same as at home, but with differences ; and that nothing is different in Ireland saving general exceptions. Nor does it require a keen eye or an acute ear to distinguish the variations, innate or acquired. It must be admitted that, at the centres of life and industry, in the large towns, the differences are minimised and the sameness is supreme. Commerce, manufacture, trade, business, all that side of money-making which succeeds by the mutual contact and reaction of human sharpness and activity, man against man, tends towards reducing to the dead level of dull uniformity all who come under such influence. But when you pass to industries of which it is almost true to say that a man rather lives to work than works to live—though the Irish peasant is somewhat of an exception here—differences are found largely in excess of uniformity.

For instance : You travel through agricultural or pastoral districts of Ireland—not to speak of bog-land, bare mountain-side, or untilled wastes as wild and bleak and rocky as any Alpine pass—which you could not mistake for outlying portions of any English county, even if you tried to mistake them. Of course, the diversity of speech, of costume, of building, of scenery in nature, or of countenance, feature, or expression in man, are not so marked as if you steamed from London to Rotterdam, or from Southampton to St. Malo. But you could not enter an Irish cabin, talk to a quick-witted and intelligent Irish herd, walk over an untidy Irish homestead, drive through the wide empty street of a gaunt and mean-looking Irish village, witness that indescribable gathering of units, man and beast, which constitutes an Irish cattle fair, or spend Sunday morning in an Irish Catholic town, and see the crowds of adult men stolidly going to early mass, without realising in every organ of sensation and every power of the mind that you were not travelling in England, and that you were a traveller in a foreign land. Hence, the Saxon who invades the abode of the Celt must leave on the wrong side of the separating channel English ideas, English habits of thought, and English prepossessions. Unless he effect this mental transformation, which more or less he is prepared to do when visiting

countries esteemed more foreign than Ireland, he will fail to see Ireland as she really is. He will succeed only in seeing the people as they are described but too often by compatriots who have deserted her, or by co-religionists whose faith in the race has failed. He will only witness their weaknesses, faults, and vices depicted by the same ungenerous and impolitic lines in which they are hideously caricatured—in spite of all explanations to the contrary—in the pages of *Punch*. But, by the aid of this intellectual preparation, he may aspire to take of the Sister Island, as he might be competent to take of any Continental country, enlightened, if not profound, views of three great national questions which absorb the attention of all true Irishmen, and of many a sympathiser with Ireland—namely : 1. Of the tenure of land as held in the past and as on the point of being held in the future, when tilled and owned by a native population ; 2. Of the development of the industrial resources of the kingdom, and the encouragement of its home manufactures ; 3. Of the government of the country by an alien and for long cruel centuries by a hostile race, and the prospects of the system which is known, though undescribed, by the title of Home Rule. If to these three topics be added a fourth—of supreme importance, indeed, to all Roman Catholics, but of less interest to the majority of Englishmen—the chief subjects of inquiry to the average visitor in Ireland will be exhausted. I mean the working and growth of the Church of the people, since Catholic Emancipation and since Protestant Disestablishment, in a country which, in spite of the crimes of a few and the sympathy of more, is still one of the most Catholic nations of Europe—educationally, morally and religiously, in the building of churches, convents, and schools, and in the foundation of endless works of mercy.

II. In the next place, the traveller must be neither surprised nor annoyed at the sentiments felt, nor at the expressions used, by Irishmen against England. It is impossible to speak to any one who is conscious of the story of his country, or who is inspired with the spirit of patriotism, without eliciting evidence both of feeling and language which is unanswerable. Against England's misrule for ages, to which Continental countries are far more keenly alive than our own ; against her abnormal cruelty and legalised tyranny in the past, which are written in letters and pages of blood ; against her self-satisfied indifference, if not positive antagonism, as the majority of the nation conceives, at the present time towards Ireland—the quick temper of the hot Celt instinctively rebels. Here, however, a wide and deep distinction must be drawn. Between England in the abstract, and its centuries of sad failure in well governing Ireland—

or between England and the savage and cynical tone of its public writers, at a time when a cool head and a considerate heart are needed—between these and the English visitor in the concrete, who places an Irishman in the superior position of host, an impassable gulf is fixed. No nation could treat its temporary guests with greater kindness, or with more thoughtful consideration, than the Sister Island. In this respect the Celt, so far as I can form an opinion of the characteristics of European nationalities, is comparable only to the Italian peasant. Both Ireland and Italy, in regard to the courtesy and intelligence and tenderness of heart of their people, are nations of born gentlemen;¹ and not unnaturally so, if certain of Mr. Darwin's theories are in any degree true. For both are the descendants of those who were far advanced in religion, civilisation, science, and arts, when our British ancestors were akin to painted savages. But, in spite of consideration for the individual, the antipathy of the people of Ireland against England, as a nation, and still more as a conquering nation, amounts to a passion. Perhaps they think that the more hospitable they are on their own ground to the personal representative of all they abhor, the more hearty may be their hatred for the nationality which he represents. In any case, hatred is the only term that adequately expresses the feeling of the Celt for the Saxon supremacy—intense, bitter, vengeful, overpowering hatred.

Take some examples of Celtic hate. They hate that same supremacy of the Saxon, and his rule over them, and the laws he makes for them at Westminster, and the traditional explanation of those laws by the Dublin Castle permanent official, and the execution of those laws by a Protestant magistracy, resident or unpaid, throughout the country. They hate the Saxon appropriation of the broad lands of the Celt, whether it be in the long past by military confiscation and legislative "plunder," or in the recent past by Act of Parliament, and the legal purchase of tenants' rights and privileges which were morally incapable of being bought and sold by landlords. They hate the legitimate results of these measures and of this history

¹ Since these lines were written the Protestant Bishop of Exeter is reported to have used the following words, which, from a totally different standpoint, afford a like testimony to the character of the Celt: "Some years ago," said Dr. Temple, "during a tour in Ireland with my sister, I was struck with the *gentlemanly* character of the Irish peasants. . . . Crossing the lakes of Killarney, the Irish-speaking boatmen, on being asked why they did not speak Irish, replied that they could talk Irish better than English, but they did not speak Irish in the boat because the lady did not understand Irish. These were the true gentlemen." These words were spoken at an inaugural meeting of a society founded in Exeter for the promotion of good manners.

—results which are vividly present to every single cultivator of the soil, although they may appear in comparatively rare cases, but in cases scattered far and wide over the country. For instance : They hate the system which produces one of the curses of Ireland, absentee landlordism, or landlords who, though not absentee, are known to be immoral and unjust ; and another curse, land agents from whom there is no appeal, who hold in their hand, by the power of capital and ready money, both lord and serf alike ; who make profit out of the necessities of the one as well as from the defencelessness of the other ; whose life is unsafe, not only because they are hard, grasping, and unscrupulous, but because they too (sometimes, as I know, if not often) offend against the moral instincts of a people who are purer and chaster than they. They hate, again, a foreign land-system, not in itself inspired and not in harmony with the common law of Europe, which I do not say sanctions, but so much as renders it possible for a proprietor to do in Ireland what he would be scouted and socially boycotted for attempting to do in England. For example : To adopt office rules, fines, and otherwise, which dare not face the light of day, but are ruthlessly exacted. To enforce agreements of tenure, leases on increased rents and otherwise, or surrender of tenure, and other conditions which though legally signed are annulled by courts of equity. To withdraw customary or hereditary rights—of bog, pasture, lime, sand, or seaweed—or to make money charges for what was formerly taken and used freely. To exact ruinous percentages from tenants for money lent at low interest by Government, or to take almost cent. by cent. profit on manures which are essential for scientific farming. To make ignorant or weak or timid tenants contract themselves out of benefits which the national sense of justice in Parliament has wrung from the present possessors of the soil. To double and treble and quadruple their rents, by reason of the tenant's own improvements ; and thus, in the course of years, to extort from the poor tenant not the mere rental of the land, but the actual money value of the fee-simple many times over ; and then, to evict the tenant because, from the visitation of God, his potatoes failing he is unable to meet the demands for what is still ironically called “rent.” Or, yet worse and more cruel, to evict on the roadside aged men, children, and women in childbirth, and both sexes in fever, in order to cart away, anywhere, a superabundant population ; and then, to create vast pasture farms in the place of small agricultural holdings. They hate, once more, the unsought and undesired interference of the Saxon ; his attempts to force the social code of a material people on the acceptance of a

highly spiritual-minded race ; his efforts at political amelioration—by legislation, by education, by emigration—well intended, no doubt, but, in general, singularly inefficacious ; his very charity, saving that which is required to counteract past maladministration and is sufficient to keep together body and soul in times of famine. And this hatred makes the Irishman desire, beyond words to express the wish, to be freed so far as possible from England ; to be independent of the supremacy, tyranny, patronage of the oppressor ; and to be allowed to live knowing nothing more of England, seeing nothing more, hearing nothing more, caring nothing more. It makes him indifferent to everything English which does not intimately affect himself ; and, even in secondary matters in which the Irishman might be benefited, he prefers being helped by England not at all, he prefers being simply let alone.

Two points, in conclusion, may be observed. In the first place, I have purposely omitted from the just causes of Hibernian hatred of England's rule what may be called historical causes, whether they be political or religious. These causes practically kept the Celt in the position of slavery ; they killed or exiled millions of the people ; they created the national character of the residue which the Saxon affects to deplore, and many of its evils which he actually despises ; they suppressed liberty and freedom by legislation more odious and shameful than disgraced any other known code of laws ; they attempted, but fruitlessly, to suppress, corrupt, or exterminate the old national faith. These causes and their results are present realities to the Irish mind, not the past shadows of an ugly, half-forgotten dream, as they appear to the English memory. Their image is stamped on the sentiments of the people, on the condition of the land, on the present state of religion, on their political temperaments, on the very ruins of their country. The Irishman cannot forget the past : he will not forgive it. I am not sure that, as a Catholic and as a patriot, he ought to do either. God was insulted by the one : the Irish nation was outraged by the other. We are not bound by claims of personal charity to forget, or to forgive, the insults and wrongs which are done not to ourselves. It would be wanting in reverence to Another, and mean-spirited to our forefathers, to accept in payment of a national and religious debt any amount short of the uttermost farthing. England, at the last, it may be allowed, is honestly striving to pay her dues to Ireland. When she has thoroughly completed the twofold reparation, the respective countries may become united in the bonds of sisterly affection by something less impotent than an Act of Parliament.

Secondly, I do not defend this feeling of hatred of England in the Irish breast. One is not bound to defend every human feeling for which there is a sufficient reason. My business is not to lecture the Irishman, but, if possible, to teach the Englishman, by lessening his prejudice and by increasing his knowledge. That this hatred exists rooted in the heart of every typical Irishman I am as convinced as I am sure of the reason of the hatred and the justice of the reason. It does not lie on the surface of every Celtic heart—at least, it is not obvious to every beholder. But touch the right chord, and the true note will respond. Gain the man's confidence, assure him of your sympathy, and his heart will open, and you will be surprised, and perhaps shocked, to hear the bitterness of his hatred, and the extent of it. It enters into every conceivable relation of life, and tinges every possible connecting link. In half an hour's talk with a thorough-going patriot, hatred of English rule will exhibit itself in all the several turns the conversation may take, each one less expected and more intense than the last. Even in pious people—that is, in Catholics, who are pious in spite of this fault, if it be one—the feeling haunts and distracts their devoutest moments. A fine, manly fellow, physically a magnificent specimen of the Celt, an able man with his pen, and withal a good Catholic, said to me : “ Nothing disturbs my devotion in church so much as to hear the priest in a mission tell us to say ‘an *Ave* for the conversion of England.’ We don't care about England's conversion. We want nothing in common with you ”—of course, he added, by-and-by, “ you, as a Saxon, not as a Catholic.” Neither, on the other hand, is a personal sense of the national guilt of England towards Ireland, in almost every condition of national life, religious and political, in which she could sin against her, far from the hearts of the cold, dispassionate Saxon who for the first time learns the truth. I have known undemonstrative, matter-of-fact English persons, with by no means the gift of tears, visibly moved over Father Burke's touching and faithful account of Irish wrongs at English hands—not to speak of the pathetic and powerful description of recent Irish history in the pages of Mr. A. M. Sullivan's more widely known and most attractive work on “ New Ireland ”—and strong prayers go upwards, that England might, even at the eleventh hour, become both willing and able to act rightly, and to do justly towards her step-sister Ireland.¹

¹ It may be well to mention the name of the great Dominican's work, and to urge all who are unacquainted with it to read the book. This is the title : “ Lectures on Faith and Fatherland: and Refutation of Froude.” Since the above was written Mr. Sullivan's book has been issued in a new edition of one volume, with additional chapters, bringing down his graphic story almost to the present day. Both works are published by Cameron & Ferguson, Glasgow and London.

Perhaps one of the worst results to Ireland of the prevalent hatred towards England is the not unnatural belief that, if the sentiment of hate be not cordially reciprocated on this side the Channel, at least that Great Britain views the other part of the United Kingdom in the light of a foreign country. The Celt conceives that the Saxon either detests him, or is as cold-bloodedly indifferent to his welfare as he might be to a denizen of some other, airless or waterless, planet. We need not speak now of the Philistinism and anti-Catholicism of the upper-ten-thousand ; nor of the intolerance of the million for any foreigner and non-Protestant, an Irishman included, probably, with emphasis. But it may be proposed, as a defensible opinion, that the prevailing sentiment in England for the island and its people to whom we are so nearly allied is somewhat less than one of positive hatred. Of course, there is a natural tendency in mankind, whether as a national aggregate or as an individual unit, to hate those whom we have most deliberately and irremediably injured. But, short of this extreme point, the Saxon feeling for the Celt is one, not unmixed with contempt, of weariness, of distrust, of suspicion, of misinterpretation—in short, of national pettishness and incompatibility of temper. The Celt, however, interprets the Saxon sentiment towards himself somewhat otherwise. And he is not incapable of affording reasons, which seem to him sufficient, to support his erroneous judgment.

To one of these reasons, as it reached me from all quarters, from the cottier upwards, and from the landed gentleman downwards, I feel specially induced to draw attention, even at the risk of presumption. It is one for which, whatever may be said at the present moment—and it only can be said at the moment—nothing has ever been reasonably urged in the past. There is no doubt, excuse it as you may, justify it if you can, that English royalty in our day has of set purpose neglected Ireland and the Irish people. There is equally no doubt that both the people and the country bitterly resent this neglect. High and low, wealth and poverty, farmer and man of business, though differing on many points relating to the Protestant supremacy, agree on this point. It would be as impertinent as unjust to make any individual of exalted position responsible for this patent neglect. We live under the benign rule of a limited monarchy ; and the monarch, until he commits the unpardonable sin—which formerly was condoned only by his “removal”—can do no wrong. But no such pleasing fiction has been invented for his constitutional advisers, who indeed, if we may trust public estimates, can seldom do right. Placing, therefore, the conduct of the gracious Lady who,

unhappily, has personally to bear the reproach in Ireland, out of the question, as above and beyond comment, we may fairly criticise her advisers. The advisers, therefore, of the Crown, who for upwards of a generation have thus failed in their duty towards an integral portion of the kingdom, are, in my judgment, seriously to be condemned. I hold it to be one of the greatest of the secondary causes in reality, and the first cause in sentiment with an impressionable race, why England is so unpopular in Ireland, namely, that the Crown has so long and so determinedly neglected that dependency. Such neglect also is, more than indirectly, one great cause of the ignorance, dislike, and suspicion with which England views the Sister Island. There are none more sensitive, generously minded, and affectionately disposed than the Irish people. In the past, a lady, young and attractive, with husband at her side and royal children around her knees, beloved as she is wherever she appears, would have been simply worshipped in Ireland. She would have received a welcome, as was once said, of which she "need not to have been ashamed." The enthusiasm which is generated in Ireland for any one, peer or peasant born, Protestant or Catholic, who is known or is thought to have at heart the welfare of Ireland, is genuine and intense. To have seen, year by year, even for a week at a time, the youthful Queen and her little ones, would have been enough. She would have appealed to the social and family instincts of a most domestic and gregarious people with irresistible force. They would have loved her and she would have made them loyal. "How can we be loyal to one we never have seen?" was said again, as a rough expression of a delicate principle. But it was not so to be. During a long reign—and may it be still longer!—her Majesty has been pleased to spend but a few bright days on Irish soil, many a weary year ago. The sovereign's successive advisers, from that time to this, including the present Prime Minister, have failed to place before the Crown reasons sufficient to induce the Crown to deal with Ireland personally as England and Scotland are lavishly dealt with. I believe such failure in duty on the part of the advisers of the sovereign, and under the existing circumstances, to be inexcusably mischievous and even criminally wrong. Those who know Ireland better than I do are of decided opinion, that a large amount of preventable discontent has been created by this failure in duty on the part of the Queen's responsible Ministers.

It is outside the scope of this paper to suggest any remedial action in the future for this unfortunate mistake in policy. I am told that it is by no means too late to revive the latent love and the innate

loyalty of Irishmen and Irishwomen for all that commands their esteem, appeals to their sentiments, or excites their affections. But it is abundantly clear that no immediate change in policy is intended to be made in this direction. For, in the very recent past, the meeting of the Social Science Association, held in the autumn of 1881, in Dublin, was no unfit occasion, it might be thought, for the presence of even a junior prince of the blood to grace the second capital of the empire. The Prince was courteously invited by the chief magistrate of the country. But he declined, on the ground, if I remember rightly, that he had received the royal commands to present himself at court in the north. Not long afterwards, according to the newspapers, the same Prince received the royal permission to absent himself from court, on the receipt of another and a similar invitation: but it was not an invitation to any city in, much less to the capital of, Ireland.

SCIENCE NOTES.

RETROSPECTIVE.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL error in one of my last month's notes may have led those readers who have not detected it to erroneous conclusions. On page 97, line 2, 1890 is printed for 1980, the latter date—*i.e.* a century after the census of 1880—being about the time when the negro population will have doubled that of the whites in the Southern States at the present relative rate of increase.

A misunderstanding of a part of the previous note has occurred to a very friendly reader who complains that he cannot see the joke in the paragraph on page 96 which discusses the possible proceedings of the monkeys during the Handel Festival.

Neither can I, as the question is serious and purely philosophical. It has been asserted that man is the only mammal endowed with a love of music ; others maintain that a germ of this faculty is displayed by certain performing monkeys. If a dozen or two of our poor relations were *free* within the limits of the Crystal Palace, their movements during musical performances would probably settle this question.

IRISH FISHERIES.

THE Fisheries Exhibition has brought out a marvellous display of unanimity. As regards the necessity for reform of our fish supplies, the whole of the English nation has become one united body of uncompromising Radicals. Beyond the bumarees and fishmongers, there are no Conservatives to block this movement. Physical and biological science have joined their forces with political economy in furthering the great object.

A small experience of my own bearing upon the economic question of distribution is, I think, practically suggestive.

I was stopping for a day or two at the Leenane Hotel, on the banks of that beautiful Irish fjord the Killary. The other visitors were sportsmen chiefly, bent on salmon fishing in the Erriff, the terminal river of the estuary. But rain was deficient, the river low, and the fishers were grumbling loudly.

My Norwegian experience convinced me that there must be plenty of the cod and whiting tribe in the fjord itself, and I therefore suggested that the despondent sportsmen should condescend to try sea-fishing. Two of them assented to this, and we joined in the hire of a boat and two rowers, my object being the exploration of the Little Killary, best reached by water.

We found that the boatmen were well supplied with sea lines, and that they knew the business of collecting mussels, and using them as bait. I was accordingly rowed to my landing place, and, while crossing the hills, the other two devoted themselves to the fish hooks. When I returned to the boat two hours afterwards, I found them exulting in their splendid sport, in which I then joined. We returned, and on the way back strung together four dozen of fine large whittings and a few gurnets, leaving a considerable number of small fish in the boat. This with two lines for two hours, and three lines for an hour more!

The fish were cooked and eaten by the hotel guests, who were unanimous in denouncing the idleness and stupidity of the boatmen, who, with all these fish at hand, had failed to supply the hotel, which had been fishless for more than a week before. Having heard so many of these flippant verdicts against poor Paddy, which, on further evidence, proved to be unjust, I determined to investigate this, and accordingly asked the boatmen why they did not fish on their own account instead of waiting to be hired. I demonstrated by simple arithmetic that 100 whittings, easily to be taken in a short day and sold at only three-halfpence each, would give the two men 6s. 3d. each; that during the season, while the hotel was full of guests clamouring for fish, there was a demand on the spot. The men smiled but would not discuss the subject. I saw that they were afraid to do so.

The car boy who drove me to Cong the next day was more communicative. He said that if the men caught the fish and brought them to the hotel for sale they would have an offer of one shilling for the lot instead of 12s. 6d., and if they refused they might eat the fish themselves or leave them to stink; that the boatmen did not tell me this, lest I should charge the hotelkeeper with unfairness and get them into trouble.

This little incident fairly represents the crucial point of the Irish fisheries question. Boats, nets, and tackle have been provided, and this being done the penniless peasant, ignorant of commercial transactions, is supposed to do the rest—*i.e.* to find a market, find means of rapid transport for a most perishable commodity, and sell it at remunerative prices. He fails to do this, and hence the whole of

England rings with the same abuse of the lazy, shiftless, hopeless "race," which I heard so freely applied to the two boatmen who refused to work for sixpence a day for an employer who would resell their fish at above a thousand per cent. profit. (According to my hotel bill, whittings were evidently estimated as worth at least sixpence each.)

These men worked for us most cheerfully and thankfully at 2s. 6d. per day, and what I have seen of other Irish boatmen and the would-be fisher class proves that they would all do the same for anybody else; but to catch fish and then have them cheapened down to manure value by grasping middle-men is worse than cultivating a rack-rent farm where the bacon the butter, the eggs, the veal, and the poultry are the landlord's share of the produce, while the residual—potatoes and cabbages—are divided between the farmer, his wife, children, and pigs.

The censures so freely applied to the Irish fishery fiasco should rather fall upon those who supplied the fishing plant on a mountain-girt coast where the means of communication with a sufficient market were such that the fish would become unfit for human food before reaching it. Fishermen do not employ commercial travellers to carry samples and sell their goods on commission.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGES.

THE "Red Indians" or the "American Aborigines" are often referred to as though they were one people like French or English, and merely divided into tribes or clans like the old Highlanders. This, however, is very far from the truth. According to the best authorities there are, in North America alone, seventy-five aboriginal nationalities, or "ethnical groups" as they are called, speaking seventy-five distinct languages with more than five hundred well-defined dialects.

That such a continuous country should be thus ethnologically broken up is a curious fact and suggests many speculations.

Are all these languages derived from one original tongue that has been modified by tribal isolation, or were there originally seventy-five primitive languages which have only been modified to the extent of the five hundred dialects?

These questions suggest others, the first of course being an application of the same inquiry to the men who speak or have spoken the languages. Are they all derived from one original stock that has spread itself around, or were there many distinct centres of origin of the human race in North America?

When the conditions of evolution (or creation, if the expression be preferred) of the human race were fulfilled, their fulfilment may have extended over a wide area, especially in such a continent as that of America, and therefore not merely a man and a woman, but many men and women, may have been produced at about the same time, by the simultaneous operation of these conditions of evolution or agencies of creation, whatever they were, in many favourable localities.

There is still another view of the question which is quite independent of these. Supposing that the human race in America or any other part of the world began either from a single pair or from many such pairs, it is not probable that they came into existence with a ready-made language of any kind, but that articulate speech was an art very gradually acquired; that the "missing link" or primitive Caliban was merely a gesticulating, jabbering creature, and that he had multiplied largely and wandered widely before his expletive chatterings had crystallised into definite word-granules capable of uniting to form coherent speech, or a language properly so called.

When thus dispersed, each community would grow its own tongue, but every tongue would be based on the original natural language of growls, screeches, chuckles, &c., for the expression of emotion, and upon imitative sounds for the description of sounding objects, and thus would supply the modern philologist with plenty of material for exercising his favourite ingenuity in tracing existing languages back to a theoretical original root-language, from which they were all supposed to be derived.

As all human action occurs in accordance with the organic laws of the human constitution, the growth of a hundred independent languages would take place in harmony with these laws, and therefore many fundamental resemblances would be displayed between languages otherwise utterly unconnected; as unconnected as they would be had some grown up from their beginnings in Australia, and others in North America, with no communication between the speakers of the resembling languages, from the epoch of inarticulate jabbering to that of definite speech.

THE CHEMICAL ENERGIES OF WATER.

WATER is a wonderful compound. But for its anomalous behaviour just before freezing, when, instead of contracting as it cools, it expands, at first slowly and then with a sudden outburst, all this part of the world would be uninhabitable; the winter ice would sink to the bottom of our rivers and block up their mouths,

forming lakes, behind which in like manner it would solidify from bottom upwards, and as water is almost an absolute non-conductor of heat and effects no convection downwards, a mere film on the surface would protect these ice rocks from the summer heat, and thus they would accumulate year after year until all the valleys were filled with ice up to the level of their boundary ridges.

The exceptionally great specific heat of water and its unparalleled demand for latent heat of fusion or evaporation, make it the great equaliser of temperature, and, as Tyndall has shown, it wraps the world in a mantle of vapour which holds back its own heat that would otherwise radiate away at night and moderates the otherwise intolerable heat of solar radiation during the day.

But this is not all. In its chemical relations it is similarly exceptional and anomalous. It is the most bland, neutral, and passive of all chemical substances, and also the most active and vigorous. We are all familiar with its chemical gentleness, its tastelessness as a beverage, and its neutrality as a solvent, and yet the most powerful and acrid of all chemical agents owe their energy to water ; they are chemically impotent without it.

When oxygen was first discovered it was supposed to be the acidifying principle, and was named accordingly. Now this great chemical function is ascribed to water. The compound of sulphur and oxygen which *with* water becomes sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol, is neither acid nor vitriolic when anhydrous. It is then curiously inert. So also with that oxide of nitrogen which *plus* water is nitric acid ; without water it is not an acid and but a poor, feeble compound. The old and abandoned name of *aqua fortis* is really justifiable, and only objectionable on account of its limited application. If revived in accordance with modern chemical theory every acid would be an *aqua fortis*, or water made chemically powerful by combination with something else.

The chemical energy of chlorine supplies the chemical lecturer with some charming experiments. One of my pets was that of making a little firegrate of copper wire and charging it with incandescent charcoal fuel. In oxygen the charcoal burned most brilliantly, while the copper remained passive. Then I heated another charge of charcoal to redness as before and immersed the grate and its contents in a jar of chlorine ; there the charcoal fire died out, and the copper bars of the grate became red hot and melted with green blazing incandescence. Other metals do the like, burn furiously when dropped even cold into this gas ; therefore, if we exchanged gases in our atmosphere, chlorine for oxygen, we should make our

fireplaces and furnace bars of coal or wood, and use lumps of iron or copper or other metal as fuel.

These reflections are suggested by a paper read at the Chemical Society by Mr. Richard Cowper, who finds that the display of this metallic outblazing in chlorine demands the presence of water ; that when chlorine is thoroughly dried it becomes curiously inert. Thus Dutch-leaf (beaten copper used as a substitute for gold-leaf), which blazes away instantly when immersed in ordinary chlorine, remained untarnished for three months in chlorine which had been very carefully freed from aqueous vapour by means of fused chloride of calcium. If when the copper leaf was immersed in the dried chlorine a drop of water came in contact with it, a flash of flame and instantaneous disappearance of the metal occurred.

Other metals behaved similarly, but tin, antimony, arsenic, and mercury were attacked by chlorine in the uttermost attainable state of dryness.

Chlorine, as everybody knows, is a powerful bleaching and disinfecting agent, but it only acts when in the presence of water. A red rose, if dry, retains its colour in chlorine, but, if moistened, it speedily becomes white. This agency of water in bleaching has been well known since the time of Sir Humphry Davy, who made a special study of the properties of this gas.

SULPHUR AS A DISINFECTANT.

IN my notes of last January I advocated a revival of the use of sulphurous acid as a disinfectant. I have since met with an account of a striking illustration of its value. In a German ultramarine manufactory, the director has observed that during the last forty-four years none of his workmen have suffered from consumption, and he attributes their immunity to the fumes of sulphurous acid, which are given off from the sulphur which is largely burned in the factory.

If at our vitriol works and other manufactories where sulphur is burned and the fumes freely inhaled by workmen similar observations were made, the results might prove very interesting and practically valuable, especially as it now appears that consumption, like the recognised zymotic diseases, may be propagated, or is even originally caused, by bacteria or bacilli. These appear to be killable by an amount of sulphurous acid which even a consumptive patient may inhale without serious inconvenience.

As "every little is a help," the use of matches tipped with sulphur

is advantageous in a household. Servant-galism, which displays itself most distinctly in an affectation of super-delicate susceptibility, has loudly objected to the "heffluvia" of these things, and thus led to the introduction of paraffin as a substitute for the brimstone.

Something is necessary between the phosphorus or chlorate tip and the wood, and nothing has yet been invented equal in efficiency and safety to the old-fashioned brimstone in which the wood match was dipped to a depth of about half-an-inch before the phosphorus compound, or the mixture of sugar and chlorate of potash, was added to the end. A substitute for this is now obtained by dipping the match in fused paraffin, which saturates the wood and causes it to burn with a large bright flame, far more easily communicated to surrounding combustibles than that of the sulphur. Besides this, the sulphur, being very easily lighted, demands but a mere film of the phosphorus composition on the top of the match, instead of the lump that is necessary on the paraffin matches. This lump is dangerous, as it often flies off explosively while blazing, while the thin film burns silently and safely.

The education of the human nose has hitherto been sadly neglected. It should be trained to distinguish intelligently between evil and beneficent odours. As it always acts in more or less intimate alliance with the imagination, an odour which is disgusting, when known to be emitted by disgusting materials, assumes quite a different character when understood to be otherwise produced. To the student of practical chemistry who uses sulphuretted hydrogen gas so freely in his first lessons on the analysis of bases, its odour as produced in the laboratory merely acts as a stimulant to appetite, but the same emanating from a sewer is avoided with loathing. In this case the nose acts intelligently under the guidance of science, and if it did so always, all harmless odours would cease to be repugnant, and those of disinfectants would be welcomed as perfumes.

HERBAL DISINFECTANTS.

IN one of Dickens's vivid pictures of a Criminal Court House (in "A Tale of Two Cities"), he describes the aromatic herbs spread between the victims and their judges in order to prevent the contamination of gaol fever. Was the use of these a mere delusion, or was it based on experience?

All we know on the subject points to the conclusion that they were to some extent effectual. The aroma of plants is due to the

vapour of volatile essential oils, and these oils generally are disinfectants of varying degrees of potency.

Whence came the popular name "feverfeu"? and why was it applied to the pyrethrum? Bite the leaf or root of this plant if you are sceptical concerning its active properties. I say "bite," not "masticate," lest my advice should bring curses on my head. Its botanical name is derived from the Greek root for fire, on account of the fiery flavour of its root. An old writer says, "When the root of pyrethrum is chewed it makes a sensible impression on the lips, which continues like the flame of a coal betwixt in and out for nine or ten minutes."

The aroma of its flowers is repulsive to bees and other smaller creatures. I am told that certain "insect powders" in present use are made from its flowers. If destructive to these it may act similarly on the microbia to which contagious diseases are now generally ascribed. It was once a popular remedy for ague, and is still administered by Indian doctors in typhus fever.

I name this herb because it is now so common. A yellow-leaved variety is much used in flower borders, and was absolutely fashionable a few years ago. It grows wherever any sort of vegetation is possible, becomes, in fact, a rather troublesome weed when fairly established in a garden. It may be cultivated in the most dreary backyards of town houses, will propagate itself there when once planted and allowed to mature its pretty white and yellow flowers.

If, then, it really is a febrifuge, as its popular name indicates, why not cultivate it in our city slums, in boxes and otherwise? House-to-house presentation of plants worth twopence per hundred, in pots costing twopence per dozen, would presently bring forth luxuriant increase that would charge the stagnant atmosphere with ever-rising beneficent emanations.

I say "*if*" it has these properties, and this of course is the primary question well worthy of careful investigation. Not being a botanist I am unable to catalogue the multitude of other aromatic plants that might be similarly used.

The enterprise of disseminating such natural and beautiful disinfectants has no dividends in it, or a joint-stock syndicate would at once be organised to take it up; but as a philanthropic object something might be done. There are many "home missions" afloat that are less useful than this might be if intelligently carried out.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

SOCIETY AND THE ACTOR.

NOTHING could be more brilliant or more successful than the complimentary banquet to Mr. Irving on the occasion of his forthcoming trip to America. The day chosen for the fête—the anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence—and the presence of the American Minister, Mr. J. R. Lowell, gave the event a species of international character. Around the Lord Chief Justice meanwhile, who occupied the chair, were grouped a number of men representative of what is best in literature, law, science, and art. Mr. Gladstone was only prevented by medical orders from being among the guests. Nothing, in short, was wanting to the homage that was rendered, nor has any similar occasion, whatever the object of the demonstration, been more honouring to the recipient. To this I will add that no one has ever been better entitled to the compliment awarded. I am, indeed, in common with most observers of the stage, prepared to see the dignity of knighthood, modestly deprecated by Mr. Irving in his speech, come as a crown of recognition to his career. While, however, I do not grudge the honours paid to Mr. Irving, I see with regret the kind of personal homage it is now the custom to award to actors in general. To no other class of workers does the recognition of merit take ordinarily so flattering a form, and in none accordingly is the temptation to vainglory so dangerous. When, at the present moment, as in the days satirised by Juvenal, and in those described by Colley Cibber, the actor is seen established in the boudoir and exhibited in society, we may expect both art and society to suffer. Signs are not wanting even now that the kind of left-handed recognition extended by society to the actor is to the detriment of art. That it will be still more prejudicial to society is doubted only by those who hold that the future of a country is independent of that of its aristocracy.

THE DISPERSAL OF PRIVATE LIBRARIES.

ONE huge library follows another to the hammer with such rapidity, it seems probable that the great private libraries of

England will soon be things of the past. In one sense this is a gain. Scholarship, as I have pointed out, reaps nothing while the rarest works are in the hands of great families by whom they are allowed to rot in their bindings, or to become a nest for worms. With some circulation, however temporary, of a book, there is a chance that something more than previously was known will be learned about it. Still, the very nature of book-collecting requires that the volumes when assembled shall be regarded as heir-looms, and this is not easily possible except in the cases in which a certain amount of state is regarded as the natural and proper accompaniment of wealth. An average collection of books is dispersed as soon as the collector is dead. The desire to possess it is not seldom what is called a mania. Those who regard books as graceful luxuries, and calculate what proportion of them forms a part of well-ordered purchases of all kinds, are the exceptions among book-buyers. To the true bibliophile the opportunity to acquire an exceptionally rare volume, or to make up a collection, is simply irresistible. When accordingly the book-lover dies, his library represents a large portion of his effects. No other means then of distributing his wealth among his descendants or heirs than selling his books can generally be found. Auctioneers such as Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson could supply some curious statistics as to the average number of years that elapse before the rarities they sell reappear upon their shelves. Most large collections of books that have lasted more than one lifetime have been found in the houses of the territorial nobility, in monasteries, or in public or quasi-public institutions. “*Clastrum sine armaria quasi castrum sine armentario*,” says a mediæval proverb—a monastery without a place for books is like a camp without a place for arms. I am disposed to adapt this proverb to modern requirements, and, altering slightly its import, say a house without books is like a face without expression.

ORIGIN OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

IT is not generally known to what extent our great public libraries sprang out of private collections, nor how late they are in the date of their origin. The library of the British Museum dates practically from 1753, when the library of Sir Hans Sloane was united to the Cottonian and the Harleian MSS. The Bodleian, which in the reign of Edward IV. had been entirely despoiled of the treasures left it by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, was restored by Sir Thomas Bodley in 1597. The Lambeth Archiepiscopal library, after its dispersal,

was re-established in the period of the Restoration. The Cambridge University library dates back to the close of the fifteenth century. The National Library of Paris was opened to the public in 1737. Ninety-four years previously, however, the splendid collection of Cardinal Mazarin, which forms a chief glory of the library, had been rendered accessible to scholars by the great Cardinal. A similar privilege was accorded to students in 1652 in the library of the Abbaye de Saint-Victor, immortalised by Rabelais. After its dispersal at the sacking of Rome by the Duc de Bourbon in 1527, the library of the Vatican was re-formed in 1588. The Laurentinian Library at Florence, founded by the Medici, underwent many vicissitudes, and was not permanently established until the sixteenth century. Enriched with the collection of Petrarch, the public library of St. Mark in Venice can claim an origin more ancient than that of any collection of equal importance, its date being 1360. What is the origin of the Library of the Escorial I cannot say. One speciality about it deserves mention. The books are all placed on the shelves the reverse way, and the titles are printed on the front of the leaves. Copenhagen has a library which was of small importance until 1712, but took its rise in the sixteenth century. The Imperial Library in Vienna dates from 1498. There are few large libraries at home or abroad that have not suffered grievously from ravage or persecution of some kind from barbarian love of destruction or priestly indignation against heterodoxy. The monks, however, let it be said in mitigation of the condemnation they have justly incurred, did their best in many cases to preserve and propagate books, and the famous sneer is unjust—

A second deluge learning then o'erran,
And the monks finished what the Goths began.

GONDOLAS ON THE THAMES.

I HAVE always regarded Henley Regatta as, in its class, the prettiest and most captivating spectacle that England can show to a foreigner. Granted a fine day, the beauty of the environings of the pretty Oxford town, with its magnificent reach of river alive with every species of craft, from the steam-launch to the canoe, is indescribable. Perfectly good-humoured is, moreover, the brilliant crowd that is attracted, and there is an entire absence of the rough element by which suburban festivities are marred. Of late gondolas, built on the Venetian model, and furnished, in one instance at least, with veritable gondoliers, have formed a feature on the river, and I see no reason why, in time, a race between gondolas should not

become a portion of the entertainment. I have, however, one suggestion to make. There can be no reason why in this country we should adhere to the dingy black which is *de rigueur* in Venice. In consequence of the extravagance of the Venetian nobility, vying with each other in the decoration of their gondolas, a sumptuary edict, confining the colour to black, was passed. This state of affairs does not exist in England. The gondola, the shape of which is of almost ideal beauty, might well be brightly and artistically decorated. We need in our rather dingy climate, and with our preference for subfusc hues in masculine attire, all the colour we can get into our life. A few brightly coloured gondolas on the river would constitute a very pleasing addition to its picturesque attractions. In saying this I am, of course, dealing with the Thames as a stream that is and must be, during the summer months, more or less cockneyfied. Those who seek a true Arcadia, with no intrusion of pleasure-hunting crowds, must go elsewhere than to the Thames.

HUMAN SACRIFICES STILL ATTEMPTED.

THAT the notion of human sacrifices which is found in the early teaching of most religions dies hard is proved by a statement which obtained publicity in America. According to information supplied in a Roman Catholic periodical, John Smith, of Los Angeles, persuaded himself from the perusal of the Bible that it was his duty to offer up his son in sacrifice. What was most curious in the case was that he brought over the son himself, aged thirteen, the selected victim, and the mother of the child to share his views. After preparatory fasts, which approached starvation, he called the boy out and told him he had to die. The little fellow acquiesced, and knelt upon the ground. The mother knelt beside him. The self-appointed priest then raised the knife and, looking steadily into the face of the lad, drove it into his breast. These details were derived from the mother, while in gaol as accessory to the murder. What is to be done in such cases is difficult to say. That the father is mad is the easy but unsatisfactory explanation. Will any one cast light upon the difference, however, between this active murder and the passive murder committed by those who, for motives of conscience, refuse their sick all aid of medicine?

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1883.

MY MUSICAL LIFE.

IV.

I HAVE been a martyr to bad accompanists. All young ladies think they can accompany themselves—so why not you or any other man? The truth is that very few ladies can accompany at all. If they sing they will probably try, in the absence of any musical friend, to make shift with a few chords in order that the assembly may not be deprived of a song. But also if they sing they will probably have forgotten the little they once knew about pianoforte playing. To accompany yourself properly you must do it with ease and accuracy: nothing is so charming and nothing is so rare.

Singing ladies, especially amateurs, are pitiably unscrupulous, and moderately unconscious of the wild effect produced by that fitful and inaccurate dabbling with the keyboard which they palm off upon their listeners as an accompaniment. Now and then a Scotch ballad may survive such treatment—a Scotch ballad seems always grateful for any accompaniment at all—but to attempt Gounod or Schubert in this style is conduct indicative of a weak intellect and a feeble conscience.

To accompany well you must not only be a good musician but you must be mesmeric, sympathetic, intuitive. You must know what I want before I tell you, you must feel which way my spirit sets, for the motions of the soul are swift as an angel's flight. I cannot pause in those quick and subtle transitions of emotion, fancy, passion, to tell you a secret; if it is not yours already, you are unworthy of it. What! when I had played three bars thus, you could not guess that I should hurry the fourth and droop with a melodious sigh upon the fifth! You dared to strike in at the end of a note which my intention would have stretched out into at least another semibreve! You

are untrue to the rhythm of my soul. Get up from the piano, my conceited, self-satisfied young lady. Your finishing lessons in music can do nothing for you. Your case is hopeless. You have not enough music in you to know that you are a failure.

But you may be even a good musician and yet not be able to accompany. If you cannot, be passive for a while. You are of no use to me. You want to take the initiative—you must always be creating, you think you know best, you impose your “reading” upon me. What ! you will dare to do this when I am the soloist or the singer ! You are professional—’tis the vice of professionals—and I am but an amateur. No matter ; if I know not best, that is my affair ; for better for worse you have to follow me, or you will mar me. The art of true accompanying lies in a willing self-immolation. An excess of sensibility, but a passive excess. Yet must your collaboration be strong. You must not desert me or fail me in the moment of my need or expectancy. You must cover me with thunder, you must buoy me up as a barque is buoyed up on the bosom of a great flood. You must be still anon and wait, dream with my spirit, as the winds that droop fitfully when the sea grows calm and the white sails flap idly, sighing for the breeze. I sleep, but my heart waketh ! Every mood of mine must be thine as soon as it is mine, and when all is finished my soul shall bless thee, and thou, too, shalt feel a deep content.

In my vacations at Brighton I suffered musically many things at the hands of many accompanists, chiefly young ladies. I was fortunate in playing habitually with my elder sister, and later on with my younger sister, both of whom were thoroughly familiar with my style ; but I sometimes fell among the Philistine women at evening parties and musical circles.

In those days musical taste at Brighton was not high. No one thought of listening to mere pianoforte playing. There were a few good singers to whom people did attend. I remember Mrs. Weldon, then a mere girl, Miss Treherne, and possessed of considerable personal attractions. She was a charming drawing-room singer, and was always listened to with respect in those days.

A delicious little song, “Birds in the Branches,” of German origin, made a great impression on me when sung by a Miss Chapman—a very handsome, pale, refined-looking girl—daughter of Mr. Chapman, of the Overend and Gurney Bank. They lived in Brunswick Square, and I met this young lady on an average twice a week at musical parties, and late and early she sang very deliciously and dreamingly, “Birds in the Branches.” The poor girl married a

fashionable baronet in the neighbourhood, and died nine months afterwards.

Miss Harriett Young, the author of several popular songs, was a brilliant amateur pianiste. Her singing—she had a light high soprano—was even more esteemed; people were not musical enough to understand the merit of her playing. I remember hearing her in the Mendelssohn D minor trio at Professor D'Alquen's one night, and being much overcome by my feelings at the wild and magnificent close, I turned to a musician who was standing close to me and exclaimed, "'Tis like going up to heaven by a whirlwind!" He merely stared.

D'Alquen used to play at Captain Newberry's. He got one of his violins when the Captain died. He did a great deal for music in Brighton. He was an admirable musician, an excellent teacher, and a German artist of the solid old type. I was one night at his house when a telegram arrived to say that Sebastopol had at last fallen, and D'Alquen sat down to the piano and executed a rather disjointed but murderous improvisation inspired by the siege and ultimate surrender of that redoubtable fortress; the great guns in the bass were continuous and the firing was most heavy. Before midnight another telegram arrived to say that it was all a mistake, and Sebastopol had not fallen. Of course we took no notice, and indeed were rather anxious to conceal the awkward and malaprop intelligence from the worthy Professor. We all felt it was high time Sebastopol did fall, and some time afterwards it fell, and D'Alquen's piano, which had suffered considerably from the cannonade by anticipation, had at last something to show for it.

In those days the musical culture of Brighton was chiefly managed by Herr Kühe, still an ornament of the Brighton season, Mons. de Paris, and Signor Li Calsi, sometime conductor of the Italian Opera, and, let me say, an admirable musician, pianist, and, above all, accompanist. He accompanied me occasionally on the piano, and also in another capacity, for we travelled together as far as Genoa. I was on my way to Naples. Li Calsi had started with rifle and sword to join Garibaldi, like all other Italian patriots. He got to Sicily, and got no farther. He was a Sicilian by birth. He revisited his friends, and parted with his rifle.

After Garibaldi's capture of Naples there was really little more to do. I went on and assisted at the siege of Capua, but it was mere dabbling in war, and Li Calsi probably felt that the work was over, and well over, without him, and he might as well rest and be thankful at Palermo, most delightful of southern cities.

But I am not writing my life abroad, or the story of my Garibaldian campaign at Naples, and I make haste to return to Brighton.

The musical parties at Brighton were a source of very mixed satisfaction to me. I believe I always had the instinct of a *virtuoso*, and I certainly had the irritability and impatience of one. It was not *de rigueur* at Brighton to listen to anyone, but I never could bear playing to people who did not listen. In mixed companies I resorted to every conceivable trick and device to ensnare attention; and I am quite aware—as Sterndale Bennett, who accompanied the first solo I ever played in a public concert-room, told me some years afterwards—that I injured my style by a partiality for crude and sensational effect, which my better judgment even then revolted from.

I had the deepest contempt for mixed audiences. On more than one occasion, when I had been unable with my utmost efforts to silence the roar of conversation, I have simply laid down my violin in the middle of a bar and received the thanks of my hostess—who thought it was all right and quite “too-too”—with a smile and a bow far more satirical than polite. But I am bound to say that the violin, being in those days somewhat of a novelty in private society, and I having won a sort of reputation, I usually got the ear of the room, and I may perhaps, without undue vanity, say I usually kept it.

Being naturally short of stature, I have suffered much from having often to play behind a crowd, a few only of whom could either hear or see me. The soloist or singer ought always to be raised, if possible. He has to magnetise his audience as well as play to them. He cannot do this unless he can see and be seen. When I got more knowing, I always chose a vantage-ground and cleared a space in front of me. The next best thing to being *raised* for a speaker or a player is to be *isolated*. Public performers often neglect this. I have seen a singer in a dark dress against a dark background, and half-way down the room she has been undistinguishable from the chorus behind her. I have seen a lecturer in a black coat, with a black board for his background, and a little way off it has been “*Vox et præterea nihil.*”

As from the age of seven I have always played the violin more or less publicly, I entered upon my amateur career at Brighton without the smallest nervousness. My facility was always very great, but my execution, although showy (and I blush to add, tricky), was never as finished as I could have desired. My tone, however, was considered by Oury remarkable, and except when drilling me with a purpose he would never interfere with my reading of a solo. It was

the only point in which he gave in to me. "I never taught you that," he would say sharply. "Shall I alter it?" I would ask. "No, no, let it alone; follow your own inspiration; you must do as you will, the effect is good." Indeed, no one ever taught me the art of drawing tears from the eyes of my listeners. Moments came to me when I was playing—I seemed far away from the world. I was not scheming for effect—there was no trick about it. I could give no reason for the *rall*, the *p*, the *pp*, the *f*. Something in my soul ordered it so, and my fingers followed, communicating every inner vibration through their tips to the vibrating string until the mighty heart of the Cremona pealed out like a clarion, or whispered tremblingly in response.

But those moments did not come to me in mixed, buzzing audiences; then I merely waged impatient war with a mob.

They came in still rooms where a few were met, and the lights were low, and the windows open toward the sea.

They came in brilliantly lighted halls, when I had full command from some platform of an attentive crowd gathered to listen, not to chatter.

They came when some one or other sat and played with me, whose spirit's pulses rose and fell with mine—in a world of sound where the morning stars seem always singing together.

I was such a thorn in the side of my accompanists that at last they got to have a wholesome dread of me. In this way I often got off playing at houses where people asked me to bring my violin *impromptu*, because I happened to be the fashion.

I remember one such house—the young lady who was to accompany me had just come home from school with all the accomplishments. Her music was so superfine that she had even learned to play Mendelssohn's "Song without Words," No. I., Book I., vilely, as I am afraid I told her in language more true than polite. I was just seventeen. She was very good-looking, with a considerable opinion of my musical faculties, and apparently not unwilling to be taught, so I went through No. I. Book I. I was sanguine enough to hope that I might impart to her a right feeling for it. All in vain. She played it like a bit of wood—mechanically correct and mechanically stupid. I gave it up, and took out my violin—it was the morning, and we had met to rehearse quietly for the evening Rode's air in G. Of course, the accompaniment to this was simple, very simple, but all depended upon the sympathetic following—a hair's-breadth out, and the whole would be marred. I felt blank enough at the prospect after No. I. Book I.

She glanced at the music—"It's not very difficult, is it?" "Oh dear, no," I cried, "the notes *you* have to play are easy enough; you must follow me. It's not in strict time, you know. I play it varying the time according to expression, and you must watch and wait for me." So we began. I stopped her at the second bar. We began again. I stopped her at the fourth bar. I was very patient but very determined. She was very good and patient too, but alas! hopelessly incompetent. I stopped her at the sixth bar—I was losing my temper a little. I did not notice her growing distress. I went on saying rather hardly, "You came in too soon," "You don't wait for me," "Begin again," and so on. Not until I turned round to rebuke the unfortunate girl for a new blunder, and saw a great tear roll on to the ivory keys, accompanied by a little suppressed sob, was I fully alive to the situation. My angry complaint died upon my lips. I muttered some clumsy apology, but she rose from the piano scarlet with humiliation and rushed out of the room. I felt like a brute, but I was profoundly thankful to think that I had escaped the ordeal of having to go through Rode's air in G with a young lady who had just given me such a taste of her quality.

I am glad to say that, although her mother thought it silly, this was the first and last time she ever played in my presence, or proposed to accompany me. This is only a specimen of the trials I had to go through when I was a violin-playing youth about Brighton and elsewhere.

Some of the best rooms for music which I have played in at Brighton are the drawing-rooms in Adelaide Crescent, and among the worst are to be found in Lansdowne Place.

I suppose I had my unknown admirers, as one day I received an invitation to a ball given by the officers then quartered at Brighton, whom I used to meet in society, but only knew by sight. This, on account of my youth, I was very properly advised to decline, as well as many other invitations to *play* at the houses of strangers who got introductions to me through those occasionally doubtful blessings called "mutual friends."

From what I have said it will appear that musical taste in Brighton about 1856 was not high. I can hardly recollect a salient point to relieve the dull dead level of amateur dabbling. Here and there a pianist of promise, a strange cornet or private flute, with considerable taste and execution, and invariably out of tune with the piano, the usual number of girls singing the ditties of "Claribel" or "Virginia Gabriel," &c., who have at last been crowded out, I am thankful to say, by Arthur Sullivan, F. Clay, and Tosti.

I was always very open to new musical impressions, and very ready to hail the least symptoms of musical ability. Amateurs suppose that persons who have studied music, especially professionals, are hard to please. This is a mistake. A real musician gives you the utmost credit for what you do, and even for what you *try* to do. He can put up with almost anything but stupid insensibility and conceit. He discerns quickly the least spark of talent, and makes little account of deficiencies which time and industry will correct.

When I hear anyone, I instinctively gauge their first-rate musical organisation, second-rate ditto, third-rate ditto, fourth organic incompetence. Of course there is every degree, and anything below second-rate quality is in my opinion not worth cultivating. The curse of English professional music is the plethora of second-rate quality. The glory of English amateur music is that sprinkling of first-rate quality which towers above the dead level of amateur incompetence. The dullest thing I know is to listen to highly cultivated second-class quality, amateur or professional. It is not bad enough to condemn, nor good enough to praise, nor interesting enough to listen to. 'Tis the pretentious curse of drawing-rooms, the bane of concert-rooms, and the despair of helpless creatures who struggle about in the whirlpool of London music and subside into nursery governesses, milliners, or marriage.

There are some people whose musical organisation is so fine, and whose instinct by method is so true, that without that stern discipline usually essential to the production of the voice, they have managed to teach themselves how to sing modestly but faultlessly, as far as they go, without sometimes knowing even their notes. Those people will sing you a national ballad with true pathos, and even a certain technical finish, which many a skilled professional might envy.

I remember delighting in Lord Headley's singing, which was of this kind. He lived close to me, in Brunswick Square, and I often heard him after dinner sing his Irish ballads—not invariably Moore, but some wilder still, and some quite unfamiliar to me. He used to throw back his rather large head, and display a very broad white waistcoat; and standing with his two thumbs thrust into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and his fingers spread out and twitching nervously with emotion, he would pour out his ditty with the truest instinct and often finest pathos. In this, without knowing a note of music, he evidently took exceeding delight himself, and so did we. He who loves the sound of his own voice is not always so fortunate. Lord Headley's voice was small, flexible, and exquisitely sympathetic, and made me always think of Tom Moore's graceful musical

declamation of the Irish melodies, which of course I had only read about.

I do not think, on the whole, the sea-coast street music, especially at Brighton, has improved during the last thirty years—the German bands, niggers, and itinerant troubadours. I can recollect fine part-singing out of doors in the old days, and I know of no small band—violin, tenor, flute, and harp—at all comparable to that of Signor Beneventano, who used to play on the beach at Brighton, with a power of expression that drew crowds, and half-crowns too.

I was so much fascinated by this Italian, that I took him home with me and bade him try my violin. Well, it was simply horrible. He scraped, and rasped, and powdered the rosin all over the finger-board, till I was glad to get the instrument out of his hands. The fact is, the coarse playing, so effective on the Parade, was intolerable indoors. He was essentially a street player—a genius—but his music was, like coarse and effective scene painting, better a little way off.

Once after that I gave him a lunch at “Mutton’s;” but I found him dull, servile, uneducated, and stupid to a degree, even about music. I discovered that he could not write down his own arrangements, which were so effective; the modest harper, content to efface himself, did it all, and Beneventano only provided the general idea, and stamped the performance with his strongly-flavoured and dramatic genius, which drew the half-crowns.

Ah, Signor Beneventano! your qualities are too rare. There are plenty who can play the violin better than you, but would never arrest the passer-by. You were a child of Nature more than of Art, but you had just that one touch which makes the whole world kin; and the hundreds that nightly listened to you with rapt and breathless attention, did not know and did not care what school you belonged to, for you held the golden key of passion that unlocks all hearts.

H. R. HAWEIS.

(To be continued.)

THE INNER LIFE OF PLANTS.

THERE can exist no doubt that the popular idea of a plant in respect of its living powers is that of an organism which merely hovers, so to speak, on the verge of existence. The notions that plants may possess sympathies and feelings—or, to speak more physiologically, “sensations”—and that they are by no means the inert beings which everyday-philosophy supposes, have not yet dawned upon the popular intelligence. Yet the last decade of science has certainly tended to raise the plant as a living, and moreover as a sympathetic and active being, in the botanist’s estimation. The Linnæan maxim that “stones grow,” that “plants grow and live,” and that “animals grow, and live, and feel,” no longer expresses the gist of botanical ideas concerning plant-life and its varied interests. For one thing, we certainly know of many plants that not only “feel” as accurately and as sensitively as many animals, but exhibit a far higher range of sensation than animals of by no means the lowest grade. And, as the sequel may show, we are acquainted with many instances among plants of the selection and pursuit of a particular way of life, as intelligent indeed as the corresponding choice and pursuit of habit amongst many of their animal neighbours. It is true that we can hardly criticise the popular idea of the inertness of plant-life too severely, when we consider that to the uninitiated eye the world of plants does not present any signs or symptoms of ordinary, not to say marked, activity. Although Wordsworth long ago declared his belief that the flower was not insensible to the enjoyment of the air it breathed, the idea thus mooted of the active personality of plants was far too vague and poetic to influence the popular mind in its estimate of the physiological ways of the vegetable kingdom. Furthermore, it might be asked, does not the evidence of the senses—constituting, as everyone knows, the sole but inefficient criterion of what is and of what is not—convince us that the plant-world is simply a huge repository of unfeeling organisms, whose right and title to the idea of life is best expressed by the secondary meaning which has come to be attached to the word “vegetate”? Does the flower feel the

massacre of its petals as it is slowly vivisected beneath the hand of its fair and unthinking possessor? Or does the tree heed the axe or saw which despoils it of its branches, or which may fell it in all its glory to the ground? So apparently negative are the replies to these questions, that, in so far as the evidence of the senses is concerned, the opinion that plants merely grow and nothing more seems at first sight of most justifiable kind.

But the evidence of the senses does not terminate in scientific investigation where it ends for the popular mind. The knowledge that the best part of our universe is hidden from the "unassisted sight," and that the "music of the spheres" is altogether unheard by the ordinary ear, warns the botanist of possible and serious error in the common estimate of the plant. Locked up within the tissues of the living plant wherever found, and of whatever rank the plant may be, the microscope, for example, discloses the curious "protoplasm," through the substance of which never-ending currents and tides are seen to pass. The busy streams that course up and down the microscopic stinging hair of the nettle-leaf, and the tides that throng the tissues of the lordly oak or giant *Sequoia* itself, show clearly enough that, whatever plant-life may appear to the ordinary observer, the stillness of the forest is after all more apparent than real. Each plant is thus, at the very outset of the botanist's studies in the minute, discovered to be the seat of vital activities of highly complex order. It is through these protoplasmic currents that the life of the plant is maintained, and it is by means of these hidden activities that the various known aspects of plant-life are manifested. The production of the embryo-plant, its gradual formation into the likeness of the young organism, the production of the leaf and flower, the mysterious fertilisation of the ovule, and the appearance of fruit and seed as the final terms in the "ages" of the plant, are each and all wrought out by means of the activities of its protoplasm. Erasmus Darwin, writing in his day of the life of plants, says :—

Thus, while the vegetable tribes inhale
The limpid water from the parent vale,
Their vegetating organs decompose
The salutary compound as it flows ;
And by affinities unknown dispart
The subtle hydrogen with chemic art,
To blend it with the carbon of the air,
And form the rose, the pink, the lily fair.

Had that eminent philosopher been acquainted with the physiology of plants as that topic is understood by us to-day, he would have been enabled to refer his "affinities unknown" to the powers

of the living matter which, as we have seen, makes each plant, apparently inert and stable, the repository of ceaseless action. On the very threshold of botanical science, then, we discover that it is necessary to prepare ourselves for a sweeping change of ideas regarding the inner life of plants. It may, in fact, be laid down as a rule, destitute of the proverbial exceptions, that every phase of recent research in botany has but served to show us that the world of plant-life is not merely a universe of activity, but that it has even its own analogies, in the way of likes and dislikes and of mental phenomena, to the phases we see in the animal world, and, indeed, in ourselves.

One of the most interesting of those aspects of plants, in which they may be regarded as approaching the animal world in their constitution, relates to the marked influence of what may legitimately be named *habit*. That the animal frame should present itself as the seat of definite actions which become perpetuated and repeated in the individual history, until they become part and parcel of the constitution of the race, is, of course, tacitly admitted to be a common and familiar feature of the animal constitution. It may in the same way be shown that in plants the influence of "habit" is as powerfully exhibited as in the neighbour-kingdom. For instance, in the earliest phases of plant-growth, the influence of habit as affecting that growth and development may be plainly observed. When the structure of an ordinary seed, such as that of a pea or bean, is investigated, it is found to consist of certain coverings, of two bodies called *cotyledons* or "seed-leaves," of a young root or *radicle*, and of a youthful stem, the *plumule* of the botanist. The two latter parts, in fact, form the young plant. Through their development, the plant will ultimately appear in all the fulness of growth and perfection. Now, when such a seed germinates, the radicle, or young root, is the first structure to break through the coverings of the seed, being followed in due course by the youthful stem. It constitutes a remarkable and at the same time interesting feature of plant-habit, to discover that whatever the position of the seed, the young root invariably seeks the ground, whilst the stem as invariably avoids the ground and seeks the light. If, for example, the root on emerging from the seed should point upwards, it will gradually curve as it grows, so as to enter the ground; whilst the young stem in such a case, placed at first in the position of the root, will, in its turn, adjust itself to the exigency of its position and curve itself so as to grow upwards. Associated with the tendency or habit on the part of the young root and stem of growing each in its proper direction, we discover certain peculiar structural conditions. That the growing parts of the plant are in-

fluenced by gravitation is, of course, unquestionable. It has been ascertained that if a growing stem and root are laid horizontally, the stem will bend so as to render its upper side concave and its under surface convex. Thus its extremity comes to grow upwards; but in the root the reverse action takes place, and the under side becoming concave whilst the upper surface is convex, causes the root-tip to seek the ground. The influence thus exerted by gravity on the growing parts of plants is termed "Geotropism;" and it may readily be understood how rigidly plant-habits must mould the life of the vegetable world, with the stable force of gravitation serving as an all-important condition in the formation and continuance of these habits. We shall presently observe that the influence of light on the growing plant is to be regarded as a second factor of importance in the formation of the habits of the plant-universe.

But it might be urged that the fixation and rigidity of the habits in question should preclude the plant from participating in those modifying circumstances to which the worlds of life are now universally regarded as subject. If variation and change, as factors in producing new species, are to be regarded as operating influentially within the plant-domain, it must be shown that the instincts of the plant should be capable of being affected by alterations of its environment and surroundings. Such an expectation is amply fulfilled by the result of botanical research. We know that it is the habit of the plant-root to grow downwards in obedience to gravity, as, contrariwise, by the greater growth of the under side of the, at first, horizontal stem, its point is forced upwards and from the earth towards the light. But these natural habits may be interfered with and altered, as already remarked. If seeds be placed amongst damp sawdust in a perforated and suspended zinc frame, they at first obey the law of habit which compels them to grow downwards into the air, as if seeking their native earth. But the dry air presents less attraction for the young roots than the moist sawdust. Starvation awaits them below, whilst they have just grown through a land of plenty, as represented by the moist sawdust of the frame. Hence, an instinct which may appropriately enough be termed that of self-preservation influences the rootlets; and instead of continuing their profitless downward increase, they return to the moist sawdust above. The mere structural explanation of these movements, as connected with greater growth above or below on root and stem, does not in the least degree affect the question of the habit and instinct involved in plant-life. The habit is merely manifested through such growth; behind and above the structural modification and growth, are the forces or con-

ditions of which that growth is the result. Through similar habits, plants are enabled to overcome the difficulties and disadvantages of their lives, just as the animal may adapt itself to the exigencies of any unwonted condition. Thus, when the field of wheat or corn is laid by the storm, the habits of the plants may aid in recovering their lost position. Resting horizontally on the ground, the under side of the wheat-stalk grows more quickly than the upper side, and in this fashion, adjusting itself to its difficulty, the recumbent stalk is forced upwards to its erect posture.

More subtle, because the conditions are more difficult of investigation, are the relations between plants and light. That light plays an all-important part in the economy of plants every school-boy knows. The bleached, or, as it is technically named, "etiolated," appearance of the potato-leaves which have grown in a damp and darkened cellar, is familiar to all. Instead of presenting their normally green appearance, the potato-leaves are yellow ; and instances of the blanching of esculent plants by the gardener, through the influence of darkness, are too familiar to require mention. It is not too much to say that light is absolutely necessary under ordinary circumstances for the growth of plants. Only in the presence of light can the green-colouring matter, or "chlorophyll," of plants be developed ; and, as this substance plays an important part in the nutrition of plants, the absence of light simply means starvation or death to all normally green plants. Curiously enough, however, light is known to retard plant-growth, even whilst it is essential for the performance of the chemical actions through which ordinary plant-life is maintained. Potato-stems grown in a dark cellar, for instance, are much longer than the ordinary stems grown in the light. When a plant is subjected to light from a window, the side of the stem farthest from the light grows longer than the opposite side, and as a result the plant curves towards the light. Such a feature is paralleled in the animal world by the habit of sea-anemones, which, when confined in a clear glass-vessel, shift their position towards the light when they have been deprived of the light-rays by changing the situation of the vessel ; and the little hydræ of the pools and ditches similarly congregate invariably on the side of their glass which is next the light. Most parts of plants, in their natural growth, possess this habit of curving towards the light ; and such a habit has been appropriately named "positive heliotropism" by the scientific botanist. The well-known legend of the sunflower (*Helianthus*), that Mad Clytie, whose head is turned by the sun,

will naturally be brought to remembrance by the recital of the sober

facts of physiological botany. Churchill's description of the sun-flower as—

The proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name,

forms, after all, by no means an inapt commentary on this curious plant-habit, which is paralleled by the observation of the equally curious habit of the corn, the ripe ears of which incline to the south, and rarely, if ever, turn northwards. So also the curious "compass-plant" of America (*Silphium*) may be said to illustrate a similar or analogous habit. It is this plant which Longfellow speaks of as—

The compass flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

The plant is alleged to set the edges of its leaves directly north and south, and Sir Joseph Hooker adds that, from his observations, he believes that the leaves present their faces parallel to the meridian line.



FIG. 1.—LEAVES OF SENSITIVE PLANT
(expanded above and closed below).

The effect of varying light-rays on plant-life presents several interesting features for remark. The varied light-rays of which daylight is composed do not, as might be expected, possess the same effects on plant life and growth. Plant-habit, in a word, again shows itself very markedly in its varying susceptibility to different light-rays. Thus, a green plant largely subsists on the carbonic acid gas which it decomposes, in the presence of light, into its carbon and oxygen, retaining the former for food, and setting free the latter. Now, it has

been experimentally proved that, in respect of the influence of the light-rays on this chemical process, the red and orange rays are most powerful ; next succeed the yellow rays ; the green rays come

next in order ; whilst the blue and violet rays rank as the least powerful in the scale. But if the yellow rays are the most powerful in aiding the plant to obtain its carbon-food from the air, these rays are least effective in producing mechanical alterations in plant-structure. For it is the refrangible violet rays which in the formation of plant-habit have operated most powerfully in the production of plant-movements, whilst the red rays have no effect. When stems and branches are influenced by and drawn towards the light, the blue and violet light-rays are paramount. On sensitive plants, these rays also exert a stimulating action, but the red and orange rays cause such plants to assume the position and attitude customary to them in darkness.

When a plant, such as the Mimosa (Fig. 1), or sensitive plant, whose leaves droop when they are touched, is placed for some time



FIG. 2.—OXALIS, OR WOOD SORREL, WITH CLOSED LEAVES.

in darkness, the movements disappear completely ; and when such a plant is placed in the light, the power of movement is not restored for some hours, or it may be days. A sensitive plant, which is very

liable to be affected by alternations of light and darkness, may be rendered motionless by being simply placed in a feeble light. In such a case, or when placed in the dark, the plant becomes rigid. In the Wood Sorrel, or *Oxalis* (Fig. 2), the leaves of which open and



FIG. 3.—DESMODIUM, THE MOVING PLANT OF INDIA.

close under stimulation, light causes the leaves to expand. In the still more curious *Desmodium gyrans* (Fig. 3), or Moving Plant of India, whose small lateral leaflets exhibit continual movements, both vertically and in a circular direction, the motion continues even in the dark, provided a proper temperature be maintained. This plant, often named the "Telegraph Plant," ceases its

movements when the temperature is below 22° Cent. *Desmodium* appears, therefore, to have overcome that dependence on light to which other plants are subject, and exhibits a tendency to regard temperature as the ruling condition of its life.

There exists a striking analogy between the health and growth of man or other animal and that of a plant, in respect of the influence exerted upon either by light and darkness. As the child grows stunted, pale, and weak when bred in the close, dark city court or alley, and appears in striking contrast to the healthy, ruddy-complexioned country urchin, so the plant, grown in the darkness, contrasts unfavourably with the normal organism grown in the daylight. Habit and instinct in the ordinary plant have apparently moulded its normal constitution in accordance with the same laws which regulate the well-being of the animal. Experimentally treated, the topic of the influence of light on plant-growth is best illustrated by an experiment in which twelve seeds of Indian cress were placed in three pots—four seeds in each pot. The first pot was placed in complete darkness, with the result that the seeds germinated only to an extent compatible with the usage of the nourishing matter originally inherent in their substance. Like a man living on capital, and deriving no income from active work, these first seeds perished as soon as that capital came to an end. In the absence of light, the chemistry

of the plants could not be exercised. Surrounded by soil and food, they were unable in the absence of light to avail themselves of the nutriment at hand. The second pot was, however, daily placed for seven hours in daylight. At the end of three months, the plants had gained in weight by five grammes. The third pot had continual exposure to light, with an afternoon share of sunlight, and, in the same space of time as that accorded to pot number two, the plants had gained twenty grammes of dry weight.

All parts of a plant, however, do not appear to require light as a vital necessity, and this declaration may be extended to include those plants each of which as a whole does not contain green-colouring matter. A seed itself germinates in the dark; and the work of bulbs and tubers in producing their characteristic plants takes place, as everyone knows, independently of light. Even the annual layers of new wood that increase the growth of a tree, are produced beneath the bark, and necessarily in darkness. Again, the habits of plants, like the habits of the highest life, may exhibit strange contradictions in the matter of the necessity or demand for light. Thus, the seed-leaves of many members of the pine order become green notwithstanding the darkness, and the same remark holds good of the fronds of ferns. But a far wider generalisation may still be made regarding the question of light and no light in the habits of plants. Any plant which in its natural state does not develop green colour is, of course, practically independent of light as a condition of successful vitality. A mushroom, toadstool, or other fungus, for example, does not require light for the performance of its vital functions. Many fungi grow in the dark. The familiar "truffles" are underground livers, and "moulds" certainly love the darkness rather than the light. These plants, curiously enough, and low as they are regarded in the botanical scale, exhibit a nearer relationship with the animal world than do their green and higher plant-neighbours. For instance, a non-green fungus inhales oxygen gas and exhales carbonic acid like an animal; whereas, as we have seen, its green neighbour absorbs the latter gas for food, and exhales oxygen under the combined influence of light and its green-colouring matter, and only at night, or in darkness, imitates the animal respiration. And, whilst the green plant lives on water, minerals, ammonia, and other lifeless material, the fungus, or non-green plant, demands "organic" matter—that is, matter which has been elaborated by a living being—for its support. As a matter of familiar observation, fungi and their neighbours possess the habit of locating themselves near decaying organic material, and in this respect prove

themselves possessed of a "selective" power to which more particular reference will be made later on.

The hidden currents of plant-life have, however, developed certain remarkable instincts in the choice not merely of food, but also of habitat, which clearly prove that the plant-world is the seat of actions and habits that form a striking parallel to those of the animal world. It might, for instance, form an interesting inquiry to determine how and why certain fungi have come to select the human skin and that of lower animals as a habitation. A very large number of skin diseases are known to be the products of the growth and development, within the skin-tissues, of special forms of fungi. Even the silkworm and the fly appear to be infested by specific "guests" in the form of lower plants, which firstly disease, and finally exterminate, these insect races. The parasitic habit is one which is thus by no means confined to the animal kingdom, and it is further illustrated in certain plants of by no means the lowliest grade. The mistletoe, for instance, is a true parasite, since, sending its sucker-like roots into the substance of the oak or apple to which it has attached itself, it absorbs thereby the nutrient juices of its "host." By aid of its own green leaves, however, the mistletoe can elaborate a little food for itself, but its parasitic habits evidently supply it with the largest share of its nutritive material. Even more typical as a parasite is the *Cuscuta*, or dodder, which literally strangles flax, clover, the hop, and many other plants. The dodder begins its existence in a perfectly regular and normal fashion by germinating in the ground. But sooner or later the parasitic habit comes to the front. Above ground, the sucking roots are developed wherever the dodder comes in contact with its victim; and finally leaving the ground, this malignant growth fastens itself entirely upon the "host," and ultimately kills it by the strength and intricacy of its growth. There appears to be developed in the case of these parasites, as distinctive a series of habits as the animal world can show. In respect of the so-called "instincts" which the parasitic animal is believed to possess, it seems legitimate to claim for the plant at least an equal, if not more elaborate, development of a guiding and directing impulse towards a peculiar way of life. This latter contention becomes the more reasonable when we reflect that the assumption of the parasitic life has been attended in the case of the plant with a far more sweeping alteration of original habit and dietary than is usually the case with the animal which becomes a lodger or boarder on a neighbour form.

In respect of the *choice* of food, the inner life of plants discloses

many curious examples of the "selective" habit already alluded to ; whereby the plant appears to exhibit veritable "tastes," as capricious and apparently as undeterminable as those of higher life. The "bill of fare" of the ordinary plant naturally includes those elements which constitute, and which therefore go to make, the living protoplasm, on the presence of which the vitality of the animal and plant alike depends. Thus it may be said that all plants absorb carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and sulphur, and to these essential elements must be added a further instalment of "chemical food," in which iron plays an important part. Now, in this statement of plant-dietary, there is nothing more remarkable than is included in the nutrition of the animal. But the animal is usually credited with its likes and dislikes, and is believed frequently to exhibit a preference for a special diet, or for one article of diet over another. Such a feature constitutes a perfectly normal phase of the highest existences, but it may prove somewhat remarkable if we discover that certain plants have likewise developed tastes and predilections for special kinds of food. For example, it is interesting to find that some plants will not flourish unless zinc is included in the list of substances constituting their dietary. This metal is ordinarily unknown in the list of food-stuffs demanded by plants ; yet *Viola calaminaria* and *Thlapsi calaminaris* present us with examples of plants for which zinc is a necessity in so far as healthy growth is concerned. Whilst a minute quantity of iron is necessary, as already noted, for plant-growth at large, certain plants appear to demand much larger quantities of this metal than are ordinarily supplied by the soil. Maize is an example of those plants, for the healthy growth of which iron appears to be an absolute necessity ; and buckwheat will not grow unless the elements potassium and chlorine are supplied. The list of special proclivities in the way of choice of unusual food-ingredients by plants might be well-nigh indefinitely prolonged. Enough has been said, however, to show that there operate in the world of plant-life habits and conditions determining food-supply strikingly analogous to those which cause the animal to prefer one food-material, and to reject another. That this selective power in plants depends on what may be familiarly named "constitutional peculiarities" appears tolerably evident from the results of experiments upon the absorptive power of different plants when tested by the offer of a varied range of material. Certain plants (e.g. *Mercurialis annua*) have been known to exhibit a striking preference for nitre when that substance was mingled with common salt ; whilst, on the other hand, a species of *Satureia* absorbed salt, but rejected the nitre.

Arsenic, as a rule, is fatal to vegetable life ; yet some fungi have been known to grow in solutions of this substance, exhibiting thus an adaptation to circumstances as typical as that afforded by any living form. This selective power, which forms such a marked feature in the inner life of plants, possesses naturally an economic and practical interest for the agriculturist. The "rotation of crops" practised by the farmer, is the result of a knowledge of the fact that one species of plants prefers what another species rejects ; and it is the absence of the knowledge or the lack of attention to its teachings which has made the once fertile fields of Sicily and Spain utterly unproductive in the present epoch.

Far exceeding in interest the foregoing details respecting the development in plants of a predilection for special kinds of food, are facts (which the patient industry of Mr. Darwin was mainly incidental in bringing to light) respecting the extraordinary habits of certain species of higher plants which feed upon organic matter, and which appear to prefer such material when drawn and captured from the world of animal life. No more typical instances of the development of a special "habit" in plants could well be cited than the case of these carnivorous plants. There can exist no doubt in the mind of the scientist that the habit in question has been developed ; that, in short, it is acquired, and not original in its nature. Varied circumstances favour such an opinion, which is in perfect harmony, it need hardly be added, with the general doctrine of evolution, maintaining the production of new forms of life through the modification of the old. The carnivorous plants are thus discovered to unite singularities of structure to peculiarities in the way of diet. The modifications of habit which have made them animal-feeders have been accomplished *pari passu*, and through the development of structural changes in the leaf and in other features of their material organisation. The deviation from the usual and ordinary course of plant-life, here as elsewhere, betokens the beginnings of new and altered phases of existence. The variation from the old species, in a word, is but the prelude to the establishment of new species and of new ways of life.

One of the most powerfully convincing facts connected with the altered "habits" of the carnivorous plants and their allies, and demonstrative of the gradual modification through which their existent condition has been attained, consists in the observation that between their animal-like habits and the ordinary life of common and normal-living plants there are to be found many connecting links and stages. The assumption of a parasitic life by the mistletoe and other

plants serves to show how an ordinary plant may acquire an abnormal or unusual habit without sacrifice of the essential characters of its plant-nature. It will be remembered that the mystic parasite of the oak and apple has green leaves of its own, and that it elaborates certain food-materials by aid of these organs. Although the mistletoe is by no means the first term in the series of links whereby the unusual is connected with the normal in plant-life, yet it serves physiologically as an interesting half-way house between its common neighbours and its carnivorous fellows. Mistletoe has developed the parasitic habit of dependence upon another living being, and that a plant, for the largest part of its dietary ; but its relations do not extend outside the bounds of its own kingdom after all. Before, however, the mistletoe stage can be reached, certain preliminary conditions must have been represented and effaced in the development of the altered phases of life we now behold. Probably the first step in the development of a parasitic life in the higher plant began with mere attachment to a neighbour-plant. A weakly stem to-day climbs upon, or twines around, a support. The ivy, hop, French bean, honeysuckle and the like, illustrate not merely the stage of attachment by way of mere support—each plant having its own root in the ground—but we may also discover that in their ways and methods of climbing or twining, as the case may be, there are represented fixed and defined habits which prove how closely the modification of their lives has affected their race and species. If we select the case of the ivy, for example, we note a weak-stemmed plant, developing on that stem clusters of small root-like processes, which, like the “hold-fasts” of the gardener, serve to attach it to the wall over which it may extend its growth, or to the tree on which it climbs. But the nourishment of the ivy, like that of ordinary plants, is a matter of ordinary root and leaf function. With leaves of its own, it can inhale and decompose its aerial food, and by means of its root it can absorb from the ground the food-materials which the soil supplies.

Let us now imagine the case of a plant in the ivy shape, with its false “roots” adhering to another plant, and which becomes accustomed to utilise these “roots” for nourishment. It is not difficult to conceive of such roots, at first used for fixation alone, becoming adapted for nutrition also. If we suppose that these “roots,” penetrating the tissues of a tree, acquired a habit of absorbing nourishment in the shape of the tree’s sap, we should thus outline the preliminary stage in the development of a more typical parasitic habit. As time progressed, that habit would assert itself with greater force. The absorption of ready-made sap on the part

of any plant, is an easier and more satisfying process of nutrition than the work of elaborating sap on its own account. A clear advantage in the "struggle for existence" would thus be gained; and the effects of a rich and satisfying dietary would be sufficient to induce a further perpetuation and a yet higher development of the parasitic life. From the ivy stage, then, the plant might pass to the mistletoe stage, in which the connection between root and ground has been dissolved, and wherein the plant, whilst retaining its leaves, has become wholly dependent for fixation and lodgment on its neighbour-tree. How powerfully the case of the mistletoe has struck Mr. Darwin as dependent upon a multiplicity of causes, which originate and reside within the inner currents and constitutions of plant-life, may be gathered from his own words. "In the case of the mistletoe," says Mr. Darwin, "which draws its nourishment from certain trees, which has seeds that must be transported by certain birds, and which has flowers with separate sexes absolutely requiring the agency of certain insects to bring pollen from one flower to another, it is equally preposterous to account for the structure of this parasite, with its relations to several distinct organic beings, by the effects of external conditions, or of habit, or of the volition of the plant itself."

The case of the carnivorous plants and of their allies, which have just been mentioned as illustrative of the peculiar conditions that rule the inner life of plants, may be shown to exhibit an analogous course of development to that which has given us the mistletoe and its neighbours. Developing in another direction, it is true, and eschewing the parasitic habit, the insect-eating plants have, nevertheless, certainly attained their present phases of existence through graduated stages, and through modifications of habit, of which clues and traces yet remain in the variations they exhibit before our eyes to-day. Thus there are several plants which probably represent the beginnings of the habit of feeding on other beings—animals or plants—and which live upon the matter arising from the decay of other plants. A peculiar orchid, the *Neottia*, or "bird's-nest" orchid, illustrates this peculiarity, the origin of which is traceable on the face of the habit itself. Mere growth amidst vegetable decay would suffice to account for its beginnings; and the absorption of such decaying matter might readily be conceived to become fixed as a habit of the species from the mere prevalence of the surroundings in question, and from the adaptability of the plant to avail itself of such food.

A step in advance brings us to the case of higher plants which feed on animal matter in a state of decay—a habit widely prevalent, as already noted, amongst the fungi at large. No better

example of this condition can be found than the *Utricularias*, or bladderworts, which, as a rule, inhabit foul ditches, amidst the decay and putrefaction of which these plants flourish and grow. Here the acquirement of such a habit is again easy of determination. It is no unusual occurrence for insects and other varieties of animal life to come to grief in the neighbourhood of water, nor is it an unlikely circumstance that aquatic plants should present a convenient mortuary for such victims. The bladderworts of to-day, it is true, capture their insects or waterfleas, on which they subsist, by means of the "bladders" borne on the plants, and from which they derive their familiar name. A peculiar valve closes the entrance to the bladder and opens inwards. Hence, on the principle of the eel-trap, or rat-trap, entrance to the bladder is easy, but escape impossible. The victims which enter the fatal cavern are confined therein; but it is only when death has ensued, and when their bodies have undergone the putrefactive process, that the absorptive powers of the plant come into play. It is necessary to insist on the recognition of this latter fact—namely, that the bladderwort lives upon the fruits of decay, and not upon fresh meat, so to speak; because this feature reveals the development and existence of a special habit in these plants, and one which goes to support the idea that the ways of plant-life are as remarkable for the adoption of favourable conditions as is the animal constitution. Mr. Darwin, speaking of his expectation that the bladders of *Utricularia* digested their prey, remarks that "to test their power of digestion, minute fragments of roast meat, three small cubes of albumen, and three of cartilage, were pushed through the orifice into the bladders of vigorous plants. They were left from one day to three days and a half within, and the bladders were then cut open; but none of the above substances exhibited the least signs of digestion or dissolution, the angles of the cubes being as sharp as ever." As the result of this experiment, Mr. Darwin adds: "We may therefore conclude that *Utricularia* cannot digest the animals which it habitually captures." It was further noted that in most of the bladders examined, the imprisoned victims existed in the form of a pulpy, decayed mass, although whether the process of decay is simply a natural one, or whether, as some botanists suspect, it is hastened by the influence of a special secretion from the bladder itself, appears as yet to be undetermined.

Beyond the stage of the bladderworts, however, the inner life of the plant-world discloses a still more wonderful modification of plant-habit. There exists a goodly collection of plants which not merely capture living insect-prey, and that in a manner far more elaborate

than is witnessed in the bladderworts, but which also literally digest and absorb their insect-food as perfectly as does the spider or other of its animal and insect-eating neighbours. The list of true carnivorous plants is long and varied. It includes the Venus' fly-trap or *Dionæa* (Figs. 6 and 7) ; the sundews (*Drosera*) ; the butterworts (*Pinguicula*), and other species of plants ; and it further contains within its limits the most varied contrivances for effecting the capture of the prey. Perhaps the most convenient starting-point for the brief examination of the effects of plant-habit on the life of the organisms may be found in the case of the butterwort itself. Here we discover a plant, found as a rule in mountainous and marshy districts, and possessing short-stalked leaves of oblong shape. The edges of the leaves are curved inwards, and on their upper surfaces they bear numerous hairs, which are named "glandular hairs," for the reason that "glands," or bodies, adapted to secrete a fluid are associated with and included within their structure. These hairs, it should be noted, are mere modifications of the hairs so familiar on the leaves of most plants. The edges of the leaves are destitute of these hairs. Upon these leaves captured insects are commonly discovered ; but, as Mr. Darwin aptly remarks, the mere fact of a leaf being capable in one fashion or another of arresting insects, is itself no proof of the carnivorous nature of a plant. At the same time, on the principle that it is *le premier pas qui coûte* in the modification of plant-life as in the course of human affairs themselves, it may be well to note that the beginning of the insect-eating habit may have lain in the mere accidental capture of the prey. We shall note that the simplest insect-eating plants lead us towards the more complex forms ; and it is probable that in their turn such simple insect-eaters as *Pinguicula* represent mere developments of extremely common conditions in plants. Thus in a plant (*Mirabilis*) sticky hairs occur both on the leaves and stem. Furthermore, this plant continually captures insects by means of these viscid hairs, but it exerts not the slightest power of digestion or absorption of the rich food thus captured—in a word, it can make no use whatever of the insect-prey, any more than the horse-chestnut can utilise the flies which adhere to the gummy surface of the scales which protect its leaf-buds.

But there are other plants, not ranked amongst the insect-eaters, and which nevertheless appear to possess potential qualifications for such a life. There are some species of the familiar Saxifrages, for instance, the glands of whose leaves possess powers of absorbing certain matters brought into contact with them ; and a species of *Primula* has been experimentally proved by Mr. Darwin to be capable

of exercising a like action. So that, as Mr. Darwin remarks, it is "probable that the glands of some of the above-named plants obtain animal matter from the insects which are occasionally entangled by the viscid secretion." Thus we are presented with a tolerably close series of links leading us from ordinary plants towards their insect-eating neighbours. Beginning with the plant which, like *Mirabilis*, preserves merely the power of capturing insects, but which makes no use of the food thus laid at its door, we pass to the saxifrage-stage, in which the insect-material adhering to the leaves is probably absorbed by the glands thereof, and this without any special modification of the plant-structure. Thence we arrive at the butterwort itself, a true insect-eater, but one of simple type, and such as may be held to represent merely a slight advance upon the saxifrage form. Progressive modification, then, cannot be doubted to have occurred in the development of these curious habits of plant-life ; and although the exact lines and pathways of the modification are still hidden or obscure, the possibilities seen in the life and structure of the common plants around us testify plainly enough to the evolution of new structure and habit through the variation of familiar types.

The butterwort's method of insect-capture is in itself simple, and readily understood. When any object is placed near the incurved edge of the leaf, the leaf margin curls inwards, and then after a varying interval expands. This movement may be excited by various causes. Thus, pieces of glass, insects, drops of beef-infusion, and of carbonate of ammonia solution, produced the incurvation of the leaves ; but drops of water, as well as drops of sugar or gum solution, had no such effect. The leaf will not incurve upon pieces of glass to the same extent as upon nutritive matters ; nor does scratching the leaf produce any movement ; such an observation appearing to indicate the existence of some amount of co-ordinated habit. But an important observation regarding this plant is found in the fact, that the period during which the leaf is incurved is remarkably short, as compared with that during which the leaves of other carnivorous plants remain closed. Thus twenty-four hours may be taken as the average period of closure ; but Mr. Darwin points out that very small objects which may presumably be quickly absorbed, can thus be utilised in a short space of time, whilst insects are liable to be frequently washed under the incurved edges by rain, and are thus utilised more frequently for food on account of the comparatively short period of closure. Again, in the butterwort, if a large object excites the movement of the edge of the leaf, that object is pushed by the movement towards the middle of the leaf. It is

thus brought in contact "with a far larger number of glands, inducing much more secretion and absorption than would otherwise have been the case." Lastly, it has been noted that fragments of plant-tissues and pollen-grains are also found on the leaves of the butterwort, and that, cannibal-like, the *Pinguicula* may therefore devour parts of its neighbour-plants. Relatively simple as are the expedients of the butterwort, it nevertheless appears to exemplify thoroughly the animal-habit of feeding on organic matter. Its roots are proportionately small, and it must therefore benefit largely from the nourishing dietary captured by its leaves, and absorbed by the glands borne on their surface. And as a further proof of the development of special habits in the race, we may bear in mind that its glands do not secrete



FIG. 4.—LEAVES OF THE SARRACENIA, OR SIDE-SADDLE PLANT, ONE OF THE PITCHER PLANTS.

by mere contact with matters affording no soluble nourishment ; whilst, when substances containing nourishing principles are applied to the leaf, the process of secretion from its glands is at once and profusely excited. Such an action, discriminating, so to speak, even in a blind fashion betwixt what is nutritive and what is innutritious, bears its own testimony to the singular likeness between the acts of animal-life and those of the specialised plant.

A word or two regarding the well-known Pitcher plants and Side-saddle plants is permissible here. The latter, *Sarracenias* (Fig. 4), are well known in the New World as fly-catchers. An attractive surface on the leaf leads the fly to its fate ; a lower and glassy surface prevents its

exit, once it has entered the leaf ; and still lower down, is a surface studded with recurved hairs, which detains the captured animals. The pitcher-like leaves of the "side-saddle" plants contain fluid, but it seems pretty certain that the liquid in question does not exercise any digestive functions. A sugary secretion attracts the insect at the upper part of the pitcher, whilst below the true fluid of the leaf

is found, and this latter possesses undoubtedly an intoxicating effect on insects. Experiment, indeed, has shown that this fluid intoxicates and finally kills insects ; hence it is highly probable that the “side-saddles” feed on the putrescent and decayed organic matter, into which the bodies of the captured insects are finally resolved. The *Nepenthes*, or true “pitcher plants” (Fig. 5), inhabit the Old World. In these latter plants it would seem that true digestion of the insect-food occurs. The “pitchers” are certainly contrived and adapted for the capture

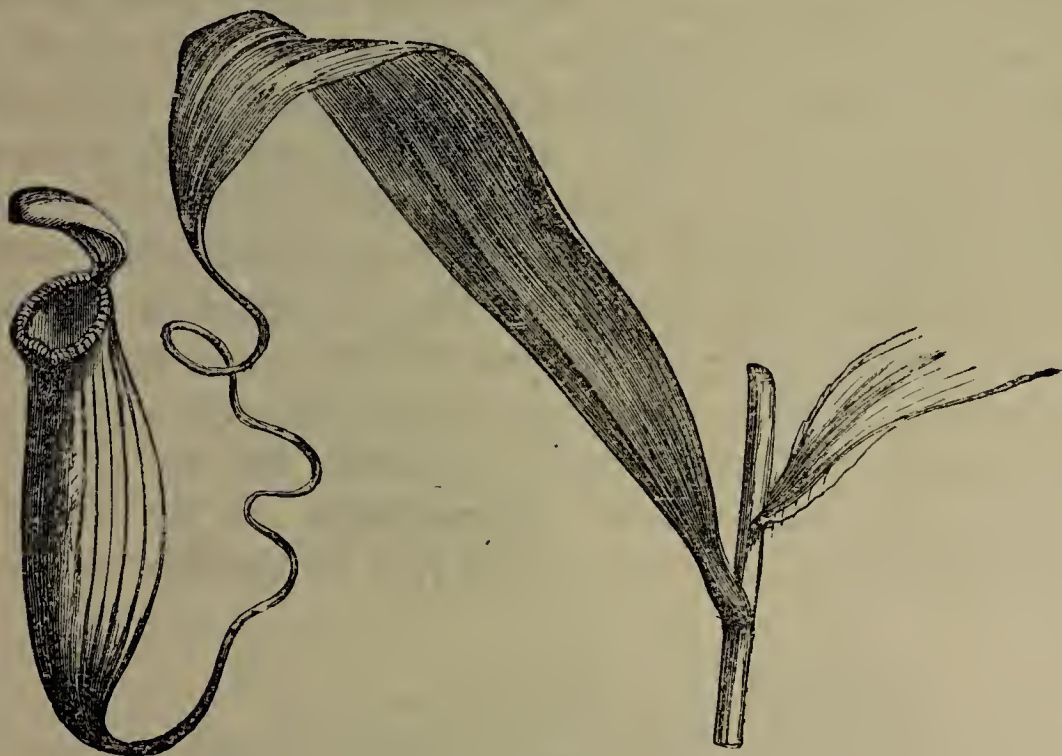


FIG. 5.—LEAF OF NEPENTHES, OR PITCHER PLANT.

of insects, whilst the glands with which they are provided secrete a digestive fluid, by means of which the prey is dissolved and finally absorbed as food. The pitcher-plant's leaf is thus a veritable “stomach,” and we must therefore rank these plants with the Venus' fly-trap and the sundew, as truly carnivorous in habit, and as evincing a high and specialised development of that habit, through which they become related to the animal world at large.

The *Drosera*, or sundew of our own bogs, and the *Dionæa*, or Venus' fly-trap (Figs. 6 and 7) of the North American marshes, introduce us to plants wherein the highest stage of carnivorous habit has been attained, and wherein special powers of sensibility and of reflex action have been developed to fulfil the purposes which produced and developed them. We are less concerned with the structure of these plants than with the effects on their habits which that structure is the means of producing. But it will be permissible very shortly to enumerate the modifications which distinguish each species. In both the seat of the modifications is the leaf. That of the sundew is

shaped like a battledore, and bears on its surface numerous clubbed hairs or "tentacles," numbering from 150 to 250 on a single leaf. At the tip of each hair is the "gland," and the glistening secretion of these glands has given to the plant its popular name. When such an object as an insect touches the tentacles, these latter close over it, so as to pin it down upon the leaf surface, this process being really a preliminary to the death and digestion of the animal. Moreover, as if strictly imitative of the action of the animal in digestion, the tentacles of the sundew pour forth upon the insect a secretion which not merely, like the gastric juice of the animal, is antiseptic and preservative, but has digestive and solvent properties. In due time, therefore, the nutritive matters contained in the body of the prey are absorbed by the glands, and the organic matter of the animal is duly intussuscepted by the plant, which thus literally reverses the ordinary rule that the plant feeds the animal. That the life of the sundew has become permanently dependent upon this carnivorous habit, is clear from the fact that when insects are excluded from these plants they do not flower so perfectly, nor do they produce the number of seeds found in natural, that is, insect-fed specimens. In the Venus' fly-trap, the broad leaf blade (Figs. 6 and 7) is divided into two halves,



FIG. 6.—LEAF OF VENUS' FLY-TRAP.

which close after the fashion of a rat-trap, and whose toothed edges fit one into another. The sensitive surfaces consist of three hairs (Fig. 7, *a*, *b*) on each half of the leaf, and upon these being irritated in any way, the leaf closes, and, in the case of an insect, imprisons it. When the prey has been captured, the leaf-glands perform their digestive and absorptive function ; its body is disintegrated, and its nutritive parts absorbed ; such an operation requiring varying periods of time, extending from fifteen days to thirty-five days or more.

It remains now to show that the habits of these plants include certain remarkable features which certainly resemble those phases of the animal character that are commonly included under the term intelligent choice and selection. The observation of the sundew's life demonstrates that its tentacles will move and contract much more quickly when a piece of animal-matter is placed on the leaf

than when any inorganic or mineral substance is offered to the plant. Nor is this all, for, as Mr. Darwin has shown, the tentacles of this plant will remain bent for an infinitely longer period over matters from which nutriment of any kind is to be extracted, than over particles which can afford no nourishment. So also the return of the tentacles to what may be named their state of rest is quicker when an inorganic particle has been the exciting cause, than when they have

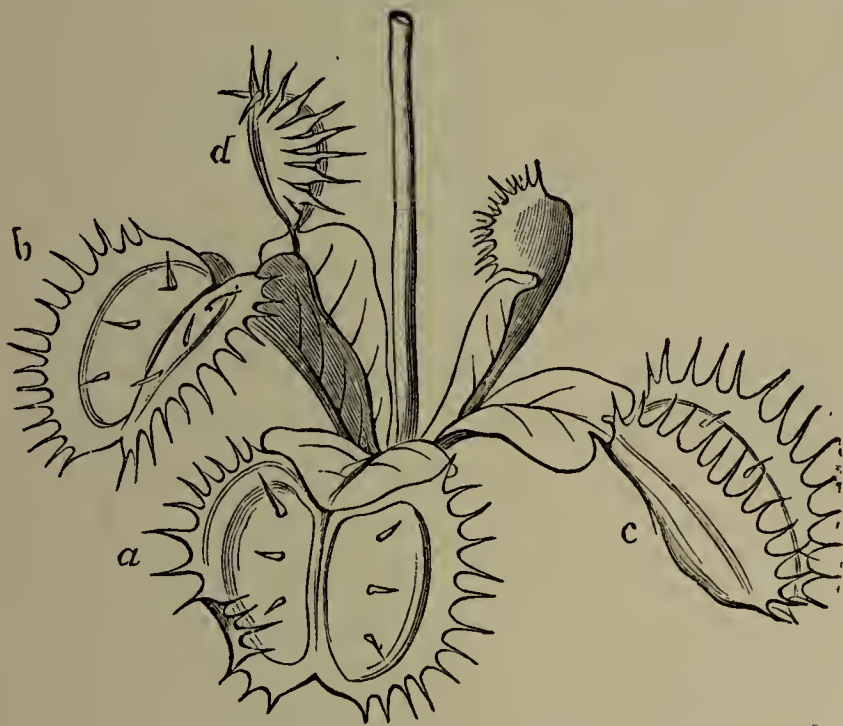


FIG. 7.—VENUS' FLY-TRAP.

(Leaf open at *a* ; partially closed at *b* ; and almost closed at *c*.)

been stimulated by the presence of something eatable. This observation seems strikingly analogous to that whereby the animal form, after disappointment in the capture of prey, returns quickly to its lair. Such results, verified repeatedly, appear to suggest that in these plants there exists a discriminative power of by no means a lowly type, and which loses none of its curious nature by the reflection that it is exercised through the living protoplasm of the plant. The sensitiveness of the sundew's tentacles is also worthy of remark. If a tentacle is touched once or twice only, it will not bend ; yet even the slightest pressure, if prolonged, will cause their inflection. This feature has the valuable result of rendering the sundew insensible to the effect of raindrops ; whilst the observation that even light and continued pressure affects the leaf, shows an adaptation admirably adapted for the capture of the lightest insect.

The result of experimentation upon the Venus' fly-trap presents us with equally instructive glimpses of the inner life of plants. Here we meet with a plant, the leaf-hairs of which are endowed with exquisite sensibility, even to the slightest and most momentary touch. Darwin tells us, for example, that a human hair, fixed into a handle, so that only an inch of its length projected, and used to

touch the tip of a fly-trap's tentacle, produced instantaneous closure of the leaf. But it is equally interesting to discover that the hairs of the fly-trap are by no means so sensitive to "prolonged pressure" as are the tentacles of the sundew. The reasons for this difference in sensibility are not difficult to discover. The sundew depends for the capture of its prey, as we have seen, upon its ability to glue the insect firmly to the surface of the leaf. Continuous pressure, however slight, is therefore the best indication of the probability of a successful capture. But the fly-trap, depending upon sudden closure of its whole leaf for the replenishment of its commissariat, necessarily possesses an advantage over the sundew, but at the same time demands a sensitiveness equal to the task of acting at once and energetically upon the most momentary contact. Furthermore, as if demonstrating a still closer adaptation to the environments of its life, the fly-trap refuses to close its leaf on the mere stimulation of drops of fluid allowed to impinge on the sensitive hairs from a height. The raindrops in this case can therefore possess no effect on the plant; it is saved much useless contraction; and the observation likewise teaches us emphatically the highly specialised nature of the sensitiveness of this plant. The analogy between its sensibility to one set of impressions, and its indifference to others, reminds one forcibly enough of the specialisation of the sense-organs in the animal form. As the ear is excited only by sound-waves, or the eye by waves of light alone, so the fly-trap and sundew in their turn appear to possess special sensitiveness to those stimuli which are calculated to benefit their species.

Enough has now been said, perhaps, to show that within the plant economy there are included acts and habits strikingly analogous to many of those phases which we are too much accustomed to regard as the exclusive property of the animal. Our conceptions of the plant, in truth, require to be considerably widened in the light of recent research; and certainly the ruling idea of the inertness of the vegetable kingdom, as compared with the animal world, can no longer on any ground be reasonably maintained. The origin of these peculiar phases of plant-life remains obscure; but the biologist legitimately enough may be led towards considerations connected with community of development, in his attempts to explain the likenesses which exist between the two great series of living beings. Despite the divergent lines along which the ordinary course of plant-life proceeds, when compared with the ways of animal existence, the analogies of the two kingdoms are writ large enough in the by-ways of plant-development.

ANDREW WILSON.

ON A CANADIAN LAKE.

IT was in the beginning of October, 1862, that the following singular adventures occurred on a wild Canadian lake situated some five hours from the track of the Grand Trunk Railway which skirts the north shore of Lake Ontario. I had gone from Montreal with a friend to shoot ducks in this lonely lake, and certainly everything offered us abundant prospect of a successful chase and a pleasant holiday. The western end of the lake contracted into a creek, which emptied itself into the sheet of water, and this was skirted with large rice-beds, where, every evening, enormous numbers of ducks repaired to feed, dispersing at morning, and flying in little groups to other resting places. The tendency of ducks to migrate from one ground to another is noticeable even when in a state of domestication. I remember once having a few broods of ducks that had been reared in a little brook that ran through an orchard, where, certainly, they were the third generation that had found a home, and where they were in no fear of foes ; but each morning, at sunrise, they passed through a stable yard, and skirted the house to a lawn, where it would hardly seem that they could have been attracted by food ; and this persistent attachment to old haunts is the more singular from the circumstance that the birds were regularly fed. They kept up a sort of subdued cackling all the time that they were making their short emigration, which very much corresponded with the cackling of a flock when it passes overhead, though the notes were lower.

The weather, when we left Montreal, was, fortunately, very mild, but the maples and shumac trees had begun to put on their crimson and orange tints ; only, indeed, begun, for two or three weeks would be required to develop those extraordinary hues that so amaze a new comer to the country. Our guide was an Indian, and he was to meet some friend or relative, a half-breed, who was to take charge of the second canoe. The servant we brought with us from Montreal was, of course, to look after the tents when we were away, and cook for us. He was sent on before with the two tents and provisions, under the guidance of the Indian half-breed, and when we arrived the arrangements were tolerably complete. Two bell-tents

and a little stack of firewood greeted us, and though the man we brought, who was a soldier servant, had not the experience in woodcraft of the half-breed, he could use an axe fairly well. The encampment was on a small island, not two hundred yards from the shore, and though the corduroy road, over which an occasional waggon or cart passed, can scarcely have been more than three quarters of a mile off, if even that, through the wood, we were completely isolated and cut off from any possible communication with the outer world, as the event but too clearly showed. We congratulated ourselves upon the prosperous commencement we had made, and sitting down on camp stools, we undid a wine case, and had a little refreshment after our drive. My companion noticed a slight whistling of the wind, and, being rather weather-wise, went outside the tent to take a general survey of the skies. He had just filled his pipe, and in an ill-starred moment deferred lighting his fusee till he had left the shelter. He then went up a rising bank at the back of the camp, and after, as our American neighbours would say, "prospecting" the heavens, he returned with the news that he thought it would come on to blow soon from the west. I remembered that his predictions were not always correct, and certainly it seemed of little importance whether in this instance they were or were not, but oh, what an error to think so! We sat down for some short time to discuss what was left of the flask of wine, with a little lunch, before departing to our shooting stations, and decided to go up the creek and shoot the upper marshes for a couple of days before we went down the lake. "There must be a fire in the woods," one of us remarked, and the smell of smoke was very pronounced indeed, when the servant rushed into the tent and called out, "It's away we must be at once, or we shall be burned entirely, powder and whiskey and all." The sudden emergency had brought back a slight Hibernian accent and method of expression. But his caution was not a moment too soon. The fusee my companion had taken to the back of the tent had fallen on some dry grass and smouldered, and then the breeze from the west, which he truly enough said was freshening, sent the smouldering fire up into a blaze, and quite a conflagration was to the windward of us, and this was advancing straight upon us, with no slow strides. Not often have tents been struck so rapidly and the contents removed; but though the Indians have a slow creeping way with them, they lose no labour, and in an emergency can almost appear active; the man we brought was, of course, quite accustomed to rapid removals of tents, it formed, indeed, part of his drill, and with our united exertions everything was removed to wind-

ward of the fire within five minutes, and within two minutes more the fir branches and sprays that had been collected to lay our buffalo robes for beds on, were crackling and blazing up fiercely in the now intense heat, but, fortunately, it was near the water's edge, and a few more yards exhausted the fuel.

It was now about two o'clock, and, seeing that the danger was over, we left the island where we proposed to pass ten days in charge of the servant and the Indian, telling them to pitch their camp in a convenient place, and this place was indeed rather an improvement upon the first location. Our plan was this. At the end of the lake where we were encamped a sort of sluggish, oozy creek found an outlet through some very large marshes, and these marshes were filled with wild rice and wild celery, and were in fact a perfect paradise of some miles in area for teal and mallard, and almost every variety of wild fowl. As the October day was well spent, and there was plenty of work in camp to make everything pleasant again, we decided to take only one canoe, and leave the Indian and our own man to do what in that part of her Majesty's dominions would be called "fix up generally." The canoe we took was the larger of the two, and it was what is termed a "dug-out," or a log of wood with the inside burned out and hollowed, and shaped by skilful axes into its proper form. Much native science seems to be unconsciously brought into play here, and the uprising ends of a canoe many feet in length enable it to ride over the chopping seas of the great St. Lawrence and the western lakes, with much ease, provided that all the passengers are both cool and expert. These canoes are not more than eighteen inches in width, and unless the balance is perfectly kept the results might, to a beginner, be serious. The vessel we went away with was an excellent one for two, but just a little on the small side for three. Still the distance was short; we left the lake and its upper islands, and went above the small island we were on, through some creeks on the marsh, to where we knew there was an abundance of game; but as it happened, we had not very excellent sport. Game, indeed, we saw, but the birds lay very close or else rose out of range. Sometimes we saw a couple of ducks rise behind us from some tuft of reeds we must have passed by within ten yards, and sometimes we saw flights rise from the rice-beds a hundred yards away. But one thing was clear: all the birds flew with the wind to the eastern or lower end of the pool. So we decided to move in that direction ourselves, and in so doing we passed the island we had selected for our encampment, but unfortunately we did not call at it on our road. There was, as is common with some

canoes, a light spar in the bottom of the boat, round which was wrapped a thin sail for running before the wind. This was stepped through a seat a little before midships, and the sheet drawn aft to the Indian who sat at the farthest end and steered in the old-fashioned way with a paddle. The canoe bounded along before the fast-increasing gale, and I told the man to keep nearer the land, but the little vessel was beyond his control, and all he could do was to keep her before the wind. This, unluckily, was driving us into the middle of the lake, though it was in the direction of the shooting ground. The pool itself was hardly more than a mile in width, and, if the extensive marshes are deducted from it, the water itself is not more than three or four miles long, but the tempests that occasionally rise here on such small sheets of water are wonderful. In about two or three minutes from the time we set our canvas we were approaching the middle of the lake, and were literally at the mercy of the waves. These had a light green appearance, such as we see sometimes in the Atlantic, and the canoe was entirely in their power. To return was of course impossible, and to turn the frail cockle-shell to the margin of the lake (there was nothing that could be called shore, as it was sunk in vast marshes) was impossible, for the running waves would strike her sides, which were not more than three inches from the water when in a state of quiescence, and the only safety lay in the two ends, which turned up and accommodated themselves to the waves. "Best safety lies in flight," as we remarked, and the Indian, with the paddle and main-sheet in his hand, saw the danger we were in, and fairly laid himself out to reach a somewhat distant island which was visible right before the wind. The paddle, if well understood, is an excellent rudder, and in some respects even more powerful than a tiller, and it was clear that our Indian was not deficient in knowledge, for he watched the waves and accommodated the canoe cleverly to them. Sometimes they ran by us at a nearly equal speed for a long distance; and, as we kept low in the canoe, they seemed to be really higher than we were.

We would have divested ourselves of our overcoats, if possible, for swimming, but anything of the kind would have upset our frail bark; so we kept perfectly still, leaving everything to the Indian. We must have been going at the rate of about nine miles an hour, and the island we were making for cannot have been more than a mile away, but there were some shockingly white waves in the distance, and, as it was essential that we should pass through them, we simply resigned ourselves to circumstances. The danger, I believe, is rather more apparent than real in such a case, for I was in several similar

extremities afterwards ; and if you have a really good man, the way in which you can best assist him is by keeping low in the canoe and not interfering. This I found out abundantly in running rapids many times. The half-breed Indians are probably the best canoe men in the world, and if you have a skilful pilot, the only thing required is to crouch perfectly still in the middle of the craft, and to take care that your limbs are always balanced equally. The roaring of the water and the frailness of the nut-shell you are in, in a wide rapid, seem rather appalling, but with a good man and a steady passenger there is really very little danger. The white waves were approached and passed as we sat in the bottom of the canoe, facing each other, with our hands round our knees for steadiness, and it was a delight to hear shortly after the sound of a reed against the side of the small vessel. This and a few others were the pioneers of a reed-bed that betokened the nearness of the island. Neither the wind nor our speed were diminished, but we were evidently near terra firma, and on cautiously raising myself to look past my companion, I saw the island quite close by. The reeds had cut down the waves, and we supposed ourselves out of the reach of troubles and fairly sat up in the canoe as the imperturbable Indian ran down the shore of the islet for a point that jutted out, under the lee of which he brought us to. It was only a low spit of land, but there it was, and we rejoiced greatly when we jumped out and felt really safe at last. The guns and what little necessities we had brought were soon landed, and we made for a small cliff some twelve or fourteen feet high that was sheltered from the storm. In our journey from the canoe the wind increased almost to a hurricane, and we had actually to stoop to it, and congratulated ourselves that we were on dry land ; for, indeed, almost a minute after, progress even on that was impossible. It was with real gratefulness that we reached the shelter and found such seats as we could extemporise, and lit a pipe. Shooting was out of the question ; the wild fowl were snug in the marsh ; and, sheltered in their retreats, they cared absolutely nothing for the tempest. It was now about half-past three, and we made sure that the storm would abate by five o'clock ; the ducks would fly to other feeding grounds, and many flights must pass the end of the island. It would be easy here to adopt the Canterbury Pilgrim style and narrate the tales we told, or, perhaps, finish such as we were beginning to tell ; but a sudden exclamation from our Indian, and an amount of animation as he sprang up that was quite unusual in a "sauvage," stopped our recitals, as he strode rapidly to the beach. A moment showed us the position we were in ; the over-

whelming gale that had met us after leaving the canoe must have carried a wave over the low land where it was pulled up and driven it from the shore. It was now dancing in fifteen feet of water about 200 yards from the shore, the mast still standing, but the boat evidently nearly full of water. Of course, that decided our fate. No swimming in the world would have availed ; for, though she might have been reached, it would have been impossible to bring her to land. It was, we knew, impossible for the other canoe, which was a bark one, to help us, and we could only trust to some casual traveller passing along the lake and finding us ; though, had we known more, we should have known how unlikely such a contingency was.

It was now evident that we must pass the night on the island, and the question was how to do so most comfortably. Fortunately everything was taken out of the canoe when we landed, and an axe, without which no voyageur in Canada travels, proved our most trusty friend. The rock, under the lee of which we were sheltering, at once suggested a proper place to make a shanty ; and, though we were all accustomed to an axe, our Indian was the most expert. He felled a number of larch saplings, not more than three inches in diameter, and cut them to a given length of about nine feet. These we sloped against the rock some two inches apart, and covered the top with several thicknesses of pine branches ; and, for want of better protection to the ends, we gathered bushes and heaped them up, leaving a narrow entrance by the rock. The ground was covered with pine branches, and as the weather was not cold by any means, we were justified in hoping that we might sleep without much discomfort through the night. It was six o'clock when we had finished building our lair. The wind had not gone down, though it was more moderate, and a few black ducks and mallards were on the move. We went to the end of the island, and in the short daylight that was left us, we succeeded in getting five very fine ducks, which, with three we had shot in the creek above the island, made eight for our commissariat ; and now we began to make an estimate of our effects. Darkness had come on when we reached our lair, and the Indian had a good fire of hard wood. The Irishman we left on the island had put in our game bags two bottles supposed to be beer, but really Jamaica rum (30° over proof for economy in packing), a 3lb. tin of biscuits, and a tin not of butter as supposed, but much better—salt. The three ducks we had shot in the early part of the day the thoughtful Indian had dressed and spitted, and one was half roasted. It was seven hours since we had tasted anything, and most certainly our occupation in that time had made us

ready for supper. We told him to put another duck to roast as quickly as possible, and soon discovered that the supposed Bass's ale was powerful Jamaica spirits. The ducks and biscuit made an excellent supper, and, after a tin cup of rum and water and a very enjoyable pipe, we all of us nestled down in our resting-place. During our absence the man had very much increased the thickness of the fir-branch coverings, and we actually slept in tolerable comfort until sunrise. The morning was lovely, and the lake that had been lashed to such fury on the previous day was as calm as a mirror; a slight mist was dispersing, and every water plant looked as though it was bound to enjoy what little term of existence was left before the five months' covering of ice and snow had obliterated it. We felt well assured that our stay at the island was nearly over, and in order to advise the men where we were stationed, we did not begin to shoot till after eight, when our guns would be more certain to attract notice, and we knew that after such a long tempest, when wild fowl always lie close in the marsh, the ducks would fly much later. Of cartridges we had abundance, and it was only a question how far we should use them, as a last remnant of summer heat had returned, and we did not want to kill too many; so we limited ourselves to six cartridges each, and got four ducks and two teal. This was at the west end of the island in the direction of our camp, so that the shots might the more certainly be heard. In returning to the place where we had left our native, we could not help regretting that our only breakfast beverage was cold water—for rum was most distasteful at that hour—when my comrade reminded me with great glee that I had purchased a box of French chocolate at Kingston station as we passed through at night, and it would be in the top-coat pocket. This was true, and the purchase was made to supply us with a very portable and cheap sustenance as a sort of lunch on the marshes. It was a shilling box, or the largest size they had, but I feared I had taken it out at the Camp, and the suspense was great. There it was, however, and we soon emptied the biscuit tin, and boiled two cups of chocolate. Great was our delight at this; though we knew the packet must in time come to an end, we could calculate on at least a week's full rations; and we knew that our shots must be heard, and relief be near. The canoe at the island we had left was somewhat less than the one we had come down the lake in, but that was nothing; it would hold two, and that was enough. The morning, however, wore away, and at about two o'clock we decided to fire a signal which the man, a soldier-servant for fourteen years, would understand; we took eight

cartridges, and these we fired at intervals of exactly thirty seconds, pointing our guns towards the island we had left. What surprised us was, not only that no canoe was seen in the distance, but, that no responsive shot was fired ; for the man had a cap-gun and ammunition, and we did him the great injustice of supposing that he had suddenly become demoralised, and decamped with the Indian to parts unknown, with our effects ; little knowing that his condition was then very similar to our own.

An ominous dark cloud that we all had noticed was now some way above the horizon, and the sultriness of the atmosphere surely foretold a coming storm. The temperature was unusually high for the season, and a very slight wound my friend had received at Inkermann, which he always used to say gave signs of a change of weather, but which for accurate atmospheric indications I had proved a small favourite corn to excel, showed that some storm was near. A truce was struck up between the corn and the Crimean wound, and at three o'clock we decided that it was quite time to make a more substantial lair, and devised several schemes ; but the best was to copy the old one, and cut down more saplings to rear against the rock, and cover these with birch bark. This bark is a perfect storehouse of materials for the Indian ; he makes his canoes out of it ; and on the second day that we were prisoners, our quiet half-breed Iroquois had actually made a wash-basin for general use ; I possess it now, and it will hold water perfectly. His plan was very simple ; he cut as large a square as he could get from the bark, and then pinched up the four corners as we should do to a piece of paper if we wished to give it a tray shape, and simply drove a hard-wood peg through each corner, and plastered the apertures of the pegs with tree-gum. This holds a gallon and a half of water. But the day had seen its best when we decided to erect a new refuge, for the weather became more lowering and threatening every hour, and we cut down about a dozen larch saplings, all quite straight, and sloped them against the wall of rock. A fallen tree had been converted by our Indian into two very rude shovels, but they were most useful. In order to roof in our 'shanty' we were compelled to strip the bark off the three birches on the island, and that, of course, sentenced these useful trees to a premature death ; but the bark was stripped off in a most workmanlike way, and cut into large oblong pieces ; these were easily fastened together with osiers, and then we covered our abode after the manner of the tiled roofs we see in the old Flemish buildings. The ends of this triangular refuge we had no difficulty in securing, by driving sticks of varying lengths, and earthing up ; and the narrow entrance we left for approach was easily covered by an

apron of birch bark pinned and bound by osiers. We cut large quantities of meadow grass, which grows to a great height, and as it was very dry it made fine "stalling" for us, none the less so from its slightly musky scent; and when complete, we really looked at the labour of our hands with satisfaction, and that the more especially as some distant rumbling foretold a coming storm. We made the old hut over to the man on moving into our more commodious residence, and did what we could to make it comfortable for him; and then, after a moderate refresher from one of the bottles, we lit our pipes, and sat down to watch the coming storm. The horizon towards the south was of a deep indigo colour, against which the marsh willows and alders looked luridly pale. The wild fowl were still, and hardly a wing was in motion. If a duck flew at all, it was only for a slight rise and a drop again in the marsh, and this is a very good sign of some great atmospheric convulsion. The surface of the lake had suddenly become quite placid and still, with the exception of a few risings of very large fish that nearly threw themselves out of the water; this again is a curious indication of an approaching tempest. These fish are inhabitants of the lake we never, or very rarely, catch, and they only seem to rise sullenly, when other fish are in the deeps.

The indigo bank was enlivened by threads of light that showed the shape of the clouds which slowly were rising above the horizon, and the low mutterings of the thunder warned us that the snug retreat we had made might be wanted very urgently before the morning. We retired in reasonably good time, and immediately after, a most vivid flash of lightning and a louder peal of thunder told us the storm was near; a few heavy drops were succeeded by a rainfall which seemed to pour down our steep roof like a mill-race, and the thunder and lightning were incessant for an hour. When the storm had subsided we congratulated ourselves on the "performance" of our dwelling, and were soon in forgetfulness of our isolation; but at about one o'clock in the morning, it recommenced with double fury, and we were awakened by an awful crash of thunder overhead. Shortly after was a magnificent spectacle that I had only once seen before, and that was in Montreal; there was an incessant flash of lightning for some minutes, or rather a brilliant flickering, and the thunder was continuous during the time; when it ceased there was a momentary lull, and then came what seemed to be the climax of the storm. An absolutely blinding flash of light filled the apartment for a second, or indeed for a little more, and at the same moment was a fearful

explosion almost as if a blank cartridge had been fired from a twenty-pounder directly at us, only the report was sharper and louder, and rattled off into a peal of thunder. We thought that a bolt of some kind must have fallen upon the island, and wondered if we should find traces of it in the morning. One thing occurred to us at the same moment, and that was the condition of our Indian, and we were just on the point of personally investigating that, when the birch bark was drawn aside, and he entered, rather wet, but very frightened ; there was plenty of room for him to lie down on the meadow grass, and after a half glass of rum that we gave him, he went into a sound sleep. The original cabin had withstood the first storm well, but had leaked dreadfully when the second one came, so he said, but scare had quite as much to do with his removal as wet ; still, though we were not prepared to find our first essay at sylvan architecture so perfect as we did on the following morning, we abundantly approved his change of quarters. The storm ended much more suddenly than it commenced, and after the last explosion of thunder quiet soon prevailed. The morning again was very calm, and the sky ethereally blue, and for the first time the ludicrousness of our situation struck us both, and we laughed immoderately. Here were two peaceful loyal subjects of her Majesty, quite within the reach of settlement and civilisation, cut off indefinitely from help or communication with the outer world, yet waggons might then be passing along the plank road within two miles. My friend was rather more exercised than I was, because there was to be a review at Logan's Farm in about eight days, and as the Governor was to be there (Lord Monck, I think), he feared that absence might interfere with his leave for going home to England, for it was to be a general review before the Commander-in-Chief, and if any irregularity had occurred in his company he feared that if it were owing to his absence no possible excuse would be adequate, though it seemed to me, with fewer sources of information on such a subject, that our present crisis would have secured an indemnity from any impartial court. But a review at Logan's Farm, before the Commander-in-Chief for Canada and the Governor-General, was a serious business. In the morning, with one exception, there was no trace of the storm ; all was calm and quiet, and the lake reflected the minutest rush ; there were no clouds, or else they too would have been mirrored on its surface. The single trace of the storm was on a tree about a hundred yards away, and the principal one on the island, raising its head as it did far above the others. This was shivered to pieces, and we concluded that it was struck by the last vivid flash. The

event of the day was the discovery that our Indian had brought with him a paper of fish-hooks and a ball of string, which he purchased at Coburg for some few cents. These were equally divided, and in our delight we gave the man many times more than the value of the lot for our share. He had also a ball of thread, and with tree gum for wax we soon tied on our hooks, and had two each in reserve ; bait was soon got, and fishing rods cut, and we dispersed to try our success in mending the commissariat. I was rather proud of two eels that must have measured about two feet in length each, and returned to the camp at about half-past nine to breakfast ; but what a sight met my eye ! On the south side of the island is a spring under water, and the channel is deep for a considerable distance, and to this the other two had repaired. It was here it seemed that the Indian had always gone for water ; his quick eye discovered it soon after we made our landing, when he went round the island to look for the best place to get our supply. They had certainly got among the fish when they were on the feed, and in the same time that it occupied to capture my two eels they had taken some twenty perch, running to about a pound in weight, and five black bass that scaled by pocket steelyards 7 lb. This was a windfall indeed, and the way in which the Indian cooked them is worth relating. The fish is wrapped up in the large water-lily leaves, a rush is put through his gills, and brought to the tail, and then it is wrapped round the body till it approaches the head again, when the remainder of the rush is passed through the other gill, and the fish is put on whitened ashes. With a very slight practice, however, the rushes may be dispensed with. The broad leaf adheres to the scales of the fish and peels off in flakes when done with, if the slightest skill is used. The fish loses none of its juices and flavour, and is simply delicious when cooked in this way. There was another discovery we made that day, which should certainly be termed a red-letter one. At the farthest end of the island, which had scarcely been explored, were a great number of blackberry bushes. The blackberries here grow to a much larger size than we are in the habit of seeing in England, and indeed in America they are cultivated as a garden fruit. Some of these bushes were literally black with fruit, and we gathered a gallon in a very short time. Now there was the prospect of a very abundant dinner indeed, and we postponed it till six o'clock. We still went to the points of the island to get a few ducks, though we limited our destruction to what could be compassed by ten cartridges, for our larder was well stocked with everything procurable. The fish-hooks and lines of course held out an unlimited prospect of supply ; no powder was wasted, and the fish

in the deeply indented channel that had been formed by the spring must have swarmed by the ton. It was indeed evidently a rendezvous for the larger fish of the lake, and if we had possessed better tackle we should doubtless have captured some very fine specimens ; still, we could have made a respectable show at any time on a London fish stall. The dinner was a great success ; perch are excellent fish, especially when cooked in the way indicated ; and we made a daring experiment of stuffing a duck with blackberries and pinning it up with hard-wood skewers, then roasting as usual. The duck was very fat, and the experiment was eminently successful. We spoke afterwards over our pipes of the real necessities of humanity, and how truly a Roman philosopher had said that the wants of nature were few and easily satisfied. Of course in a primitive state we should not have had breechloaders, or even wire fish-hooks, but on the other hand, we should have become perfected in snares and nets, and there would have been many wild fowl where now there is hardly a single one on the marsh, and these, unscared by powder, would have been comparatively easy prey ; and as for fish, has it not been captured for centuries before historic times ? and nets and bone fish-hooks and grass lines would have been plentiful. We employed our captivity in recounting these things, and remembered the philosophical reflections of the banished duke in "As You Like It"—

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

But one thing we thought was to be deplored : we were in an admirable position for learning by induction many of the problems of the habits of the early residents of our planet, and indeed of solving some of the mysteries of lake-dwellers of remote antiquity, and could not help regretting that such opportunities were lost upon us instead of, say, being enjoyed by Sir John Lubbock, or some other ethnologist who could have appreciated them better. But we indulged in a curious speculation of what would be the most useful thing we could possess over and above what we had. Our axe that had been such a blessing to us was clearly an anachronism, and many generations and ages before its time, though all the rest was just as present to the lake-dwellers as to us ; but even here they had flint implements, and considering that they only had to live from day to day, with no printers' proofs to amend, and no bills payable to meet, it is not im-

probable that the hacking and hacking were part of the pleasant daily work of the remote ancestry of the globe ; and though there were no business or bank hours, it is most likely that under a system they set to work to hack away with their flint hatchets. The few vigorous blows of an axe of the present day that lays low a trunk, if we only consider it, requires coal mines, blast furnaces, and all the many devices that convert iron-ore into a useful instrument. But our ancient ancestors had instead flint axes. These would seem to have been ground into a form not quite unlike that of an American axe, and let into a slit for a handle, and then secured as far as it was possible with withes. Of course the most obdurate trunk must fall in time before repeated blows even of such a weapon as this, and it is most probable that this simple woodcraft proved the daily work of primæval man, between the hours of trapping and fishing, and in this he was assisted by all members of his family, who would become expert almost from childhood. We speculated upon the most useful addition that lake-dwellers could have to their wants, and next to tools which would be impossible, we thought that sheep would be the most precious acquisitions to the primitive inhabitants. They would tend very much to alter their way of life, and would save hours in hunting for wild goats, and in addition they would afford the most abundant coverings, and rugs, and leather. While we were indulging in the harmless speculations, our Indian gave what for him was rather an animated exclamation. He was looking intently at some distant object, and said in answer to our inquiries, "The other man ;" and indeed we were soon able to discover a distant speck, which proved to be a canoe driven by the other Indian, and coming straight towards our island. Though of course our relief was great, we could not contemplate the end of our captivity without some little regret. It was not only the feeling of independence, and the pleasures of a primitive life :

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference ;

but we felt that we had made "good weather" out of our sojourn ; and though we knew we should be the victims of a torrent of chaff, "Crusoe and Friday," "The babes in the wood," "Their little lips with blackberries," &c., &c., we could fairly say that we should like to see any of *them* under similar circumstances. There was an interest in developing the resources of the island, and we found a fine bed of mushrooms of the finest quality (*Agaricus campestris*) the morning the canoe came. But within half an hour from the time we first saw the speck on the water the Iroquois was

paddling his canoe through the reed bed that first cut down the waves of the lake. He was very taciturn when we pressed him as to where he could have been when first he heard the firing, and we could get nothing out of him. The servant he admitted was on the island and quite well, but to all further questions he turned an impenetrable countenance, and only answered in gutturals ; and knowing how hard it is to deal with these wild men, we waited till we could question our own man. Our Indian in the meantime had taken his canoe, and rapidly paddled to a bed of reeds and rushes, and in a sort of bay of this he found his own, capsized of course, and quite invisible from our island ; her mast and sail still there. He towed it ashore and she was soon righted, to the great satisfaction of all of us. Then we decided to go back to the camp, leaving our huts as they stood, and return probably for a day and night when we had shot the upper end of the lake. It was a little singular, we noticed, that from going over the island so often without guns, and seeing ducks fly past, there was certainly an increasing tameness, and if we had spent a few days there without shooting at all we should have soon discovered a difference in the habits of the most naturally sociable bird in the world. We had now each our own canoe and aboriginal, and after putting in quite a nice basket of perch and black bass and some eight or ten ducks, we took a temporary leave of our island. Great was the joy of the Irishman to see us again ; and we felt an intense curiosity to know how it was we had been so neglected, for the Indian either could or would tell us nothing, and the simple tale was this:—When we left the island where the fire occurred on the day of our arrival, we went up the creek which ran through the great marshes, and the Indian had detailed our plans to his comrade, who saw us depart clearly enough, and naturally supposed we were above the island. They passed a night of intense anxiety when we did not return, and when they heard the tempest rising in such fury ; but the history of our neglect was this. On our first morning the Indian went up the creek, and he met some one paddling down, that had actually met us, and accordingly he followed on ; and here a tale of delinquency begins which it is to be hoped may point out, at any rate in one instance, the evil of selling spirits (firewater) to the Red men, even to those who have passed the confines of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and reached the lands of civilisation. Our delinquent Indian pursued his way up the creek, and seeing smoke rising from a hovel on a dry spit of land in the marsh, he made his way there through the reeds and water-lilies and bulrushes. This spit of land was connected with the highway some mile and a half off.

The dusky friends he met with, and whom he said he had known all his life—which nobody believed—had the day before taken two red-deer to Coburg, and sold them to an American hotel-keeper who had business in Canada, and they had purchased a large jar of Canadian whisky, a most pernicious beverage, though it is said to be very seductive. He had the only remaining boat, and adopting the consolatory assurance that we were drowned, and the Irish servant comfortable, he proceeded to make himself comfortable also, and they set in for a three days' dissipation, which might have been prolonged, had not the whisky come to a timely end. We had some excellent shooting along the bays and creeks of the upper part of the lake, and occasionally landed and waded through the marshes. This marsh-wading is almost peculiar to Canada. In English or Irish bogs it is possible to use pattens or long boots, but here it is not. No long boots would be sufficient to protect us from the holes we come across, and then they soon fill with water and impede us, while pattens get hopelessly entangled in the water weeds, and the branches that settle on the marsh lands during the spring floods. The only plan is to push the canoe into the edge of the marsh and jump in with a belt of cartridges round the shoulder and under the right arm. The wading is generally about knee-deep, and if care is taken to lift up the feet cleanly, and take as long strides as circumstances will permit, the locomotion is attended with less difficulty than might be expected. We occasionally come across some part deeper than the others, but it is always easy to turn back, and the excitement and novelty of the chase is very great. We get actually into the haunts of wild fowl—not in the breeding season, when there is no difficulty about it, but when the birds are at their best, and they rise up almost on a level with our eyes. At first we may raise our gun at a water hen or a bittern, but in a few hours or even less we shall make no such mistakes, and know the splash of a duck that we do not see, from any other, as it rises. It is not very easy shooting for an inexperienced hand. You must kill your bird dead, and note exactly where he falls, or else the chances of seeing him again are small. You are without dogs and men. The former could not work, and the latter would be useless, and indeed only disturb the game that you desire to approach so silently. The best way is to send the canoe up a creek to some point a mile off, and then to work round the marsh to meet it. If any ducks are in the creek the man strikes the side of his canoe with a paddle, which in the stillness is heard easily for half-a-mile. This is sufficient to warn the marsh-walker to look out, and as the birds generally circle round before settling, it is more than probable that an occasional couple will pass by ; but they pass like a

shadow, and it is always best to stop, the instant the knocking is heard, and peer round, to be ready to make the most of the time. But I found that anything in the shape of a round hat made ducks give the wearer a wide berth, and at the suggestion of the Indian donned a red nightcap. This colour is believed to be very attractive, but I strongly suspect that though the experiment was satisfactory enough, it was simply because the colour was strange and caused no apprehensions. Our bag was a good one, and it supplied our neighbours in Montreal with a few respectable presents of ducks of various kinds. The bag in eight days was 196 ducks, made up as follows :—

37 black ducks.
25 red heads.
28 mallards.
24 wood ducks.
49 whistle wings.
30 green-winged teal.
3 blue-winged teal.

This was rather a singular reversal in the order of teal, as the blue-winged are always the most numerous. I have heard they are found in England occasionally, and called “summer teal,” but this it has been out of my opportunity to investigate. They are about the same size as the common teal, and marked in a somewhat similar manner, but the wing feathers are clear blue instead of shot-green. No account was taken of snipe or woodcock, but we killed in all from 20 to 30 snipe, and about 10 to 12 woodcock. One more day and night we had at the dwelling down the lake, which may be standing yet in some form, and we much regretted that we had to leave our quarters when the time came round ; though we were fain to console ourselves with Touchstone’s reflections : “ Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd’s life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well, but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life.” We knew very well that something in the nature of sour grapes suggested the reflection and the quotation, for our short stay was delightful. We had had, excepting the two storms—and these were a feature in the entertainment rather than a drawback—delightful weather, a good supply of literature, abundant sport—without having too much—and we of course complacently said, the best of company. Indeed, if the truth must be told, we not only stayed to the end of my friend’s leave, but ran that rather close, and fondly hoped to revisit the scenes ; a hope that was never destined to be fulfilled.

ALFRED RIMMER.

THE ENGLISH STAPLE.

I.—CALAIS.

WE of this country and in this century, who use only to accept with a bad grace our present post in the march of civilisation, without caring, because not needing, to cast a backward glance along the chequered path of time, have almost willingly learned to forget the early interests which are associated with the name of Calais. Later ones there are, familiar to the proud minority that has crossed the silver streak ; while to the untravelled or to the historically curious, the once English seaport, with its flanking fortresses and intersecting sand-banks, may chance to awaken other memories. The illustrated chronicles of their boyhood and the metaphysical romances which now pass for histories of the English people alike open themselves at the page where the intercession of Philippa the Good, or the remorseful shame of Bloody Mary, are depicted in an eloquent gloss upon the ancient fabulist. But, assuredly, this is far from all that we may learn upon the subject.

Calais was during two centuries the chief staple for English produce, the wholesale mart for that produce in Western Europe when Western Europe comprised the civilisation of the world.

It is by no means difficult to realise the possibility of the existence of a staple, when we consider the compromise by means of which alone individual interests could exist side by side with the Teutonic theory of kingship. The king only in those early times might hold a market, or levy a toll, though it was to his interest to concede such a right to any who could pay for it. It was at once a more convenient and a surer plan to assess such a payment upon an aggregate of individual interests, and, by endowing a trade-community with an adequate status, place it in a position both to discharge its obligations to the revenue, and even to redeem its lucrative privileges by the payment of an arbitrary fine whenever the wants of the Crown should sanction such an extortion for the well-being of its subjects.

The anxiety thus shown by the Government for the prosperity of commerce was owing undoubtedly to the fact that an ever-increas-

ing part of the revenue of the kingdom was derived from personal property. It was, therefore, the present object of a strong and wise king to identify himself with the mercantile success of his people, since he was, as it were, a partner in the concern, and appropriated no mean share of the profits. To this partnership the subject brought capital and enterprise, and the Crown lent the weight of its strength and dignity. But nevertheless one fatal mistake was committed; for the Government, whetted by the temporary success of a short-sighted policy, kept the direction of trade entirely in its own hands, and suffered it to flow only through channels by which not one drop should fail to reach its reservoirs. From that day to this, the blood and treasure of its subjects have been lavished upon the one selfish object—to secure a market at home or abroad for native produce in which a forced price could be realised by excluding foreign competition, to the injury of the consumer in every country. The later Plantagenet kings, who saw with envious eyes wealth and influence accrue to the Flemish cities in which perpetual fairs were maintained, were soon determined to follow the example of neighbouring princes and create staples also for English commerce. It seemed, of course, highly desirable that foreign merchants should resort to English shores; that buyers should make prompt and accurate payments, and that sellers should be compelled to lay out half their purchase-money in staple commodities. Fortunately, however, for this country, timely experience averted the inevitable ruin which such a course would have entailed upon an insular people. Neither were their rulers of one mind for many years together, as the following chronology will show.

Edward III. put an end to all staples for English produce, both in England and abroad, and permitted freedom of trade according to the provisions of Magna Charta. In the twenty-seventh year he established staples for the four chief commodities in ten of the leading English towns. In the thirty-eighth year this arrangement was confirmed. In the twelfth year of Richard II., the staple was removed to Calais; in the fourteenth year, from Calais to England, with a stringent protective clause to strengthen the earlier statutes. In the next year, the latter were once more confirmed. In the twenty-first year, licences which had been granted to evade it were declared void. In the second year of Henry VI., the staple was established at Calais only, except for the four northern counties of England. In the fourth year of Edward IV., the prohibition in force against all commodities of Burgundy was “*quousque reformata.*”

To hold a staple for English wool was, indeed, a coveted

privilege. A petition—one, no doubt, of very many—to that effect, addressed to Edward III. by three Flemish cities, still exists, and a grant by that king, probably in answer to the above, is preserved amongst our printed *Fœdera*. But at an early period in the history of Calais as an English possession, that town was designated, by nature and policy alike, as the recipient of commercial privileges above any other.

From the middle of the reign of Edward III. to the beginning of that of Edward IV.—a period little exceeding 100 years, but which included seven eventful reigns—the position and privileges of Calais as the English staple were defined in the following terms, and maintained by successive Governments with as much consistency as could have been expected of them. The merchants of the staple of the town of Calais were to proceed yearly to the election of a mayor and two constables, together, at a later date, with minor officers; and these were to exercise an unlimited jurisdiction in matters concerning the well-being of their community. The monopoly enjoyed by the society was established by this clause: “That all men, both great and small, stranger and native, of what state or condition soever they may be, who would be exporting from our realm of England, &c., wool, hides, and wool-fells, or else lead, cloth known as worsted, and cheese, butter, &c., &c., or any other merchandise more or less to the parts beyond sea, [shall carry] all of them, paying first for them the subsidies and customs due to the said staple of Calais, there under the control of the said mayor and constables, according to the manner of the staple to be exposed for sale, and not elsewhere, under pain of the forfeiture of the same.”

In a full court of all the merchants, the mayor was also to assign to each merchant his lodging, suitable for his entertainment, which he must frequent, unless good cause were shown to the contrary. The court itself of the staple was a tribunal analogous in many respects to the local councils of the north and west of England under Tudor sovereigns. Its main object was to draw all civil actions in which staplers were in any wise concerned within its jurisdiction, both in order to expedite the course of justice and to lessen the expenses incident thereto. At a later period, the convenience as well as the equity of this plan were acknowledged by the mass of the outside public, and a recognisance, “in the nature of a statute staple” upon real property, became a security in transactions between the producer and the merchant, never evaded by the mere act of a fraudulent debtor.¹ The long-suffering and self-exiled

¹ 23 Hen. VIII. Extents hereupon took precedence of any but executions of judgments out of a Court of Record.

merchant of Calais, as tenant by statute staple of many a broad acre, was often the ancestor of country gentlemen whose remote descendants are now of the greatest in the land. The court of the staple had no cognisance of criminal offences, unless when the avenger of blood chose to prosecute at his own peril ; but the merchants of this, as of other societies, were amenable to no foreign tribunal, and it was well for both that they were not so.

One of the conditions attached to the above grants was that a standard scale of weight for wool should be observed by the community. As a minor point, the convenience of the merchants was consulted by the grant of a site for a meeting-house or exchange, as it would now be called, and not long afterwards this building received apparently considerable additions.¹

In external matters the greatest indulgence was shown to the Calais merchant. He had, as we have seen, a monopoly of exporting staple commodities and provisions, a monopoly, however, frequently avoided by royal licence. He paid no toll between Dover and Calais, and no wreck of his might be seized between "Whitesand and Graveling."² But, after all, the troubles and embarrassments of the society were neither few nor light. In 1393 we find the magistrates of Calais remonstrating with Richard II. upon the non-observance of their privileges. Immediately after this remonstrance the king issued his charter establishing and confirming the staple at Calais. Three years later, however, the staplers were again constrained to approach the Crown with a plain statement of their grievances.

These were, mainly, that their monopoly, especially in the matter of exporting provisions, was infringed ; that the jurisdiction of their officers was set at nought, and that the "outrageous" customs levied from foreign buyers by the King's officers deterred the former from visiting their market. Again, not long afterwards, the Calais merchants petition for the punctual execution of their charter and of their former privileges, and perhaps with more satisfactory results.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, negotiations were in progress for a commercial treaty between England and the Low Countries. The magistrates and merchants of the staple write to Henry IV., requesting that he will instruct the English ambassadors to obtain an abatement of the claims of the Duchess of Burgundy for restitution of damages. There is also evidence to show that the

¹ "Ad communicandum et habendum congregationes suas ibidem."

² "Jure prioris Sci Martini (Dover) antiquo semper salvo."

Calais staplers were far from being on peaceable terms with their Flemish neighbours and customers.

In 1404, the magistrates of the four members of Flanders write to the men of Calais to reassure them on the subject of their intentions, in consequence of certain unpleasant rumours to the contrary which seem to have got abroad.

On October 4, 1420, the lieutenant and constables of the company address to their mayor, Whittington, an account of a grievous outrage perpetrated upon one of their number by a citizen of Amsterdam, an especial aggravation being no doubt the unsatisfactory state of their commercial relations with that city. They report :

Q'ung malveis personne nosme gisbought Pieters de meisme la ville malignant encontre nous, fist menace q'en cas qu'il trovast aucun Engloiz illoeques, Il luy tueroit & metteroit au mort : Pour ce qu'il mainteigna q'entour xvij. ans passez, son pere, sur le mer, avoit este tuez par les Englois. Siavant q'ung Johan Assheman q'avoit apporte lettres de par nous au dit ville feust illoeques overtement mordrez & tuez par le dit gisbuyght : & apres telle horrible fait, mesme le Mefesseur alloit publiquement cea & la en la dit ville a son plaisir sanz q. par voye de justice riens a luy estoit fait.

His subordinates request the mayor to report the occurrence to the Duke of Gloucester, who was then the King's guardian.

The close of the reign of Henry VI. found the merchants of the staples at a very low ebb of prosperity. Downright rebellion at home, and a nominally civil war abroad, rendered the seas unsafe and speculation precarious. Their early success was emulated by a powerful rival, and even individual enterprise was perforce licensed by a helpless king. Disbanded or mutinous captains, who chose to remind their sovereign, with significant exaggeration, of the "grete woundes and sore betyng of body" which they had cheerfully endured in his service, might receive their reward at the expense of the monopoly of merchant staplers ; while the greatest subject of the realm, returning impoverished from his successful administration of Ireland, was allowed to repay himself by flooding the Calais market with wool upon which no duty had been paid to the Crown.¹ Meanwhile letters patent had been granted or confirmed by three kings to a new body of merchants ; and this company of merchant adventurers at Calais, trading under more favourable auspices than their rivals of the staple, bid fair to outstrip them in the race for wealth.

The reign of Edward IV. was marked by great activity on the part of the English and Flemish Governments in the mere regulation

¹ Billæ signatæ. 36 Hen. VI.

of commerce between the two countries, and the negotiations on this point may be said to have culminated twenty years later in the "Great Intercourse" of 1495. Yet in the reign of Henry VIII., and for two generations following, the mercantile condition of England, as represented by the privileged interests, would appear to have drifted from bad to worse, and this without a corresponding change in the social or political relations of the nation at large.

It was during the reign of the above King, and of his cardinal-minister, that the merchants of the staple presented their humble petition to the Government, in which the following grievances were set forth. Commencing with the somewhat bold assertion that their body has from time immemorial enjoyed a monopoly of traffic in the great commodities of England—namely, wool and wool-fells, they remind the minister that their employment of this privilege has been in every way satisfactory and profitable to a paternal Government. Despite, however, this praiseworthy attitude on their part, they have for a long time past experienced the neglect of Providence and the unkindness of men. For during the civil wars of the end of the last century the garrison of Calais, finding themselves in arrears for eight years' pay from the Crown, in "a great fury" rose against the civil magistrates, and shut the leading merchants closely up in a house until they had satisfied the uttermost of their claims; that upon the news of this *émeute*, the Home Government, careful only for their own interests, ordained that from thenceforth the garrison of that city should be paid out of the revenue arising from the wool custom; and that in order to carry out this scheme, that tax has been raised from 6s. 8d. to 40s. on the sack, being the greatest that any prince ever took from his merchant subjects, since it amounted to one-fourth of the nett value of the wool, whereby the profit of the stapler was reduced to a minimum. Moreover, in later times—and especially in the last seven years—there has been a succession of unprecedentedly bad seasons. A terrible murrain has raged amongst the flocks, and wool has been scarce, and production on a large scale limited to wealthy graziers, who hold back for advanced prices. The war has hindered foreign buyers from approaching their town, and has rendered long credit impossible; so that the French, who formerly bought 2,000 sacks yearly, now accept 400 only. With these calamities, they have suffered a continual loss on the Exchange; for "there has not been so little loste as £100,000." Surely, they complain, no "fellowed" was ever so hard pressed as themselves, a fact which their diminished numbers alone will prove. For of the 400 shippers that once were, they can now reckon but some seven or

eight score ; the “poorer and middle sorte” having been the first to fall away. Bnt the sore which rankled deepest was this : that Spanish wools were continually increasing both in bulk and quality, and were fast taking the place of English produce in the Flemish workshops. It is probable, indeed, that the decline of the staple trade was to be attributed mainly to an unsound economy at home. Foreign buyers were loud in their complaints of the inferior quality of English wool and the unmethodical transactions of English merchants.

The following replication on the side of the latter to certain charges of this nature will give a good idea of the state of the case. Having first alluded to the special treaties entered into on their behalf by the English and Flemish Governments, and dated 1449 and 1522 respectively, the English merchants proceed to deal with the charges brought against them in order. The subjects of the Emperor, they say, can buy freely in the open market—for there is no compulsion as to whether they buy or no. Therefore, if the staplers decline to sell new wool without mixing a certain proportion of old with it, the buyer must consult his own interests in the matter. They deny that the standard of currency is tampered with, in reply to a complaint of vast significance to the student of the post-Reformation period. If the bales of goods, too, consigned to buyers are light in weight, or of inferior quality compared with the price exacted, then indeed not the merchants but the packers are greatly to blame, and it is strongly advised that the sufferers should obtain their punishment—if they can ; but that such complaints are neither very generous nor very wise. That when prices rule low, buyers must not expect to take advantage of the fact by buying largely, for of course under these circumstances staplers will hold on for a rise ; that they adhere to the scale of prices fixed by the treaties above mentioned ; and even if those prices are occasionally exceeded, it should be remembered that they have themselves now to buy dearer. But to the insinuation that their very measure is not above suspicion, they indignantly reply that it is notorious that a public scale is maintained by the provisions of their charter, so that herein, at least, their integrity is not to be questioned.

Now, the men of Calais had also wrongs of their own which called for redress, arising from their dealings with the perfidious foreigner. They complain that subjects of the Emperor who have large accounts outstanding against them wait for a favourable moment to reduce their debts by the rate of exchange being in their favour ; that though by the treaties of 1449 and 1522 it was stipulated that buyers

should return samples which proved to be of inferior quality within three months after delivery, yet the Fleming keeps his purchase in a musty warehouse until the contents have rotted, and then returns them upon the seller's hands ; that the whole tribe of aliens have an inveterate habit of being behindhand with their payments, so that moneys due at Easter are not forthcoming till the "middle of Pentecost ;" and, moreover, that debtors often escape prosecution under shelter of some obsolete edict. Last and worst, that when any merchant stapler is homeward bound by way of "Graveling," if unrecognised or light specie be found upon him it is promptly confiscated by the Imperial *douannes*, whose ways they observe, with an air of some probability, are not as the ways of other men, and whose basis of financial calculation must remain a deep and subtle mystery to all plain folk. This hardship is all the more keenly felt, in that any sort of rubbish pretending to the name of gold or silver is tendered and perforce accepted at Calais.

To the above serious charges the Flemish merchants gravely make answer, that self-preservation being the first law of nature, no precaution is wasted against their good neighbours of Calais. As to particular complaints, all wool delivered from Calais is subjected to a skilled scrutiny, and inferior samples, which they hint are pretty numerous, are promptly returned. That such merchants as defer or avoid payment act very wrongly, and deserve punishment equally with the Calais packers, with the same prospect of undergoing it ; but still it is proverbial how indifferent (*supini*) the English are to their material interests. All the remaining counts are but fresh instances of the habitual mendacity of merchant staplers, especially in the last particular, respecting which they have ordered an inquiry to be made. The result of this inquiry was subjoined, and recites that, as might have been expected, the customers were only fulfilling their duty when they overhauled such notorious receptacles of base metal as the wallets of merchant staplers. That the greatest latitude in this direction had been purposely allowed to that class, but, as results have shown, without avail ; and therefore, on this point also, "fallitur nec probabit." Besides, all the world knows how the Flemish themselves are handled at the gates of Calais, and what the poor peasant with his basket of country produce has to suffer at the hands of these grasping monopolists. So here, after the washing of thus much dirty wool before the eyes of the two approving Governments, the matter rested.

In reference to one of the above petitions we find a note appended to the MS. controversy of those times, that merchants of the

staple exported yearly to Calais 1,300 "serplers" of divers countries' wools, at varying prices, weighing in the whole 3,600 sacks. Each of these being estimated at 52 cloves, at 7lbs. of 16oz., and the king receiving 40s. each sack as custom, the total revenue from this source alone amounted to £7,200. Besides this, 400,000 fells were exported, on which £3,333. 6s. 8d. were paid for custom, making a grand total of £10,533. 6s. 8d. The cost of packing this wool was £2,495. 6s. 8d. more, or nearly a fourth of the whole tax, to be deducted from the producer's and merchant's gross profit. Indeed, but for the lust of conquest which made English kings persistently regard Calais as the key of France rather than as the head-quarters of the English wholesale trade, the receipts from the staple would have formed a welcome addition to a much-straitened revenue. As it was, the pomp and circumstance of the territorial garrison absorbed not only this revenue, but often an equal sum drawn from the Home Exchequer. "What that revenue was, and what that expenditure, we have now," the popular historian would wisely tell us, "no means of ascertaining." Let us, however, for once disregard the dogmas of the Master, and be content to gather a few stray crumbs of knowledge for ourselves.

The revenue for which Calais was answerable to the Crown was drawn from two quarters: from the great custom on staple commodities shipped from England, and from the excise and feudal dues of the town and territory. Thus, in the year ending October 1543, there was received by the Treasurer of Calais "from the Mayor, Constables, and Company of Merchants of the town of Calais," for moneys arising from the custom and subsidy of wools and wool-fells shipped from divers ports of England to the aforesaid staple: in May, £3,301. 10s. 4d., and in December, £2,120. 10s. 6d. In the next year, £3,056. 11s. 10½d. in May, and £2,729. 16s. 4d. in December. In the year 1544-5, £2,025. 2s. 9½d. in April, and £2,834. 2s. 5½d. in December.

These figures exhibit a falling off from the perhaps conjectural estimate of £7,200 mentioned above, and that sum again may have been computed from returns of a later date and erroneously inserted amongst some earlier proceedings. The second shipping, however, of 1552 produced a sum of £4,877. 16s. 9d.; and in the next year more than £12,000 was realised—the dates of shipment in this case being April and August. In 1554, one shipment produced over £4,000.

The increase in these returns for this period is highly significant of the social changes which were taking place in England, especially

when it is coincident with the continued failure of the staple trade. It would imply a ready sale by producers at advanced prices to the monopolists of the staple, and a decreasing profit made by the latter owing to the competition of the protected English cloth trade.

The local revenue of Calais was subdivided into ordinary and foreign receipts. The former, as levied for twenty months of the years 1552-3 and 4, were these :—

	£	s.	d.
The quit rent and farm of Calais	352	19	4
The custom at the Lantern Gate	747	11	0
The custom at the wool beam	460	6	1
Issues of the offices of Mayor and Escheator	7	4	8½
Issues of the Lieutenant's Court	2	0	0
Forfeits by search within the Haven of Calais	59	11	11¼
Casualties of wreck, soylagis, and other royalties along the shore of the haven ¹	20	0	0
Rent and farm of the scavage of Calais and of the Isle of Colham ; farm of the Lieutenant's livery in the same ; farm of the toll and issues of search at Newnham Bridge	194	4	9¼
Rent and farm of the lordships of Mark and Oye, and issues of search at Oye Sluice	1,470	8	2
Farm of the lordship of Hampnes	137	15	0
Farm of the lordship of Guisnes	1,730	13	5¼
Other casualties and royalties within the town and marches of Calais	396	4	8¼

The foreign receipts comprised advances from the English Exchequer, by the hands of the officers at Westminster, or the financial agents of the Crown in Flanders. The amounts paid under this head were more or less, according as war or peace prevailed upon the Continent. The one great source of expenditure was the maintenance of the garrison of Calais on a proper war-footing. There was a royal lieutenant, a treasurer, certain knights or captains, men-at-arms, footmen,² archers on horse and foot, gunners, and a host of artisans, with other supernumeraries, to be fed and paid. Amongst the leaders, such names as Bray, Wallop, Carew, Dawtrey, and Grey de Wilton occur within the same year. This garrison, however, though well appointed, was at no time, probably, a large one: for besides the town itself, the tower of Ruysbank, the castles of Guisnes and Hampnes, the fort of Newnhambridge, and the other strong places in the marches had to be severally defended. At a critical period of Henry's reign, Calais was held by 240 effective troops; at another, by 520. Neither was the spiritual welfare of the garrison wholly neglected, for we read, as an effect of the Act of

¹ Sc. "Navium in littus Cales, vi tempestatis per duos estus herentium."

² "Homines ad arma pedestres et homines pedestres vocati 'soldyars.'"

Supremacy, of an annuity of twenty marks, “pro pensione nuper fratribus Carmelitibus, et modo per mandatum Domini Regis cuidam capellano, *Missam* ibidem celebranti, solutâ.” There exists a despatch from Howard and other officers to Edward VI.’s Council informing the Lords that the majority of merchants refuse any longer to land their goods at Calais, or offer them there for sale, “onles they may gayne as moche here by the sale as they gett at strangers’ hands.” Such proceedings are, they remind the Council, directly opposed to the ancient charters whereby this nest of licensed pirates were permitted to plunder the unwary merchants who sought their haven, on condition of handing over a large share of the plunder to the Crown. Therefore they have assumed the responsibility of compelling all who land merchandise at the port to convey the same direct to the local market, by which means, they flatter themselves, the following beneficial results will arise. In the first place, the citizens, and indirectly the Crown, will be enriched ; and secondly, work will be ready made for the “poorer sort,” such as porters, &c. It can scarcely be imagined that such an expedient as this, whereby English Calais was made to figure as a rampart of barbarism extended between continental peoples and the common blessings of civilisation, was calculated to promote greatly the amenities of either commerce or diplomacy !

It is possible, indeed, that the ever-conflicting interests of the English and foreign trader may have contributed more than has yet been thought of towards the strained political relations which rendered an outbreak of war possible at any time between 1540 and 1565. Differences of creed and government may have been only the pretext for a well-timed championship of more material interests. A war then, to be successful, needed to be popular, and the popular party both in England and on the Continent was really that of religious purity and commercial progress. In either country, that party was the other’s rival. The one had enriched himself with the spoils of the idolatrous ; the patient labour of the other had amassed in his coffers the capital of the world. The intelligence of both had benefited by their contact with the hitherto unknown world of art and letters. With both, religion was no longer the mask of pleasure, but the cloak of avarice ; therefore it was that, as rival producers, manufacturers, shippers, as capitalists and as usurers, but most of all as Christians and as subjects, they hated one another with a perfect hatred. With the accomplishment of the social revolution of the 16th century the fate of Calais had been sealed. Agriculture was no longer profitable. Grazing on a large scale was universally practised

by the crowd of State-made capitalists. The mass of the people, without further means of gaining an easy livelihood, was ripe for any desperate attempt. It was then that the Government boldly threw down their last card. "You are now," they said to the malcontents, "a nation of evicted peasants and disbanded freebooters. We will make of you prosperous artisans, even as your brother-Calvinists of the States. Lo ! here are the means for this great work. Never was more wool than now grown in England, and there is yet more luxury rife amongst your betters which must, forsooth, be pampered by the art of the foreigner. Do you but teach yourselves to supplant him by turning weavers, dyers, drapers, and we will direct all things accordingly. We will suffer no wool to be shipped from England, and no fine cloth to be imported except under a penalty which alone shall enrich the State. And this will be your opportunity, thus protected, to become presently monopolists, and in time capitalists as wealthy as those of Ghent or Amsterdam. One thing only we require at your hands, that you be prepared to fight for your privileges ; for these things will stir envy and rage against us abroad. Spain, and France also, when they behold the revenues of their richest and most subject provinces narrowed by organised competition in England, will advance their arms against us in the holy cause of religion and order. But you are men, and you can fight ; nay more, Englishmen, and you can conquer ! Fear nothing ! We will arm you, train you, and feed you for the wars. Then shall the Lord give you the necks of your enemies, and the ends of the earth for an inheritance."

So young England laboured, and fought, and conquered ; but Calais fell, and with her was swept away the last mark of an older civilisation, of a simpler faith, and of a purer life.

II.—LONDON.

THE stranger who passes eastward along Holborn, leaving Gray's Inn on his left, and halting with his back to the entrance of the great northern road where formerly Holborn Bars blocked the main thoroughfare of London, will find himself face to face with an irregular line of quaint gabled roofs, bulging out into the street and overshadowing in their centre a low-browed portal and a massive wicket-gate. This is Staple Inn ; once, as the inscription above the several doorways and the device over the iron gate towards the Strand together will serve to show, the Hospitium of the Merchants of the Staple, the head-quarters of that society in

London.¹ But this was 500 years ago, and few have cared to inform themselves further about the once most famous mercantile society of the world.²

It has been attempted here to throw some light upon the inner life of the merchant stapler, and for this purpose two chapters of family history have been opened: one dated in the reigns of Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. ; the other in those of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

About the year 1477, there lived a family of the name of Cely—a father, William, and three sons, Robert, George, and Richard, all merchants of the staple carrying on their business in Calais and London.

In the former town the history of individual merchants was merged in that of the society at large ; but in the mother-country their career has an interest of its own. There exist two letters, written in the above and following year, from Robert Cely in London to his brother George at Calais, both of which are admirable specimens of the keen and somewhat sententious expression of thought which characterised a rude but vigorous age.

ANNO LXXVIJ.

Ryght wel belouyd. brother. I recomaunde me hertelly to youe. Farthermore, please yt yow to wette that I heve ressayved from yow a lettar wrette at Calles the xxx day of Octobar. In the weche letter were clossyd iiij letteres of paymenttes, werof ij ben dyrect to Rychard Twenge, Mercer of London ; both lettars contayninge lijti Item, allsso ij lettars of paymentte dyrecte to John Cowlarde, mercer, contaynyng bothe xixti. The days ben longe. I care for nothyng save butt for my fellmen of Barneslay Strette,³ for thay wyll be neddy and call faste on me for money er Marche be paste. Brother George, I pray yow speke scharply to John Raunse of gynys [Guisnes] for the ferme of Sentercasse, for Wyllm. the parson ys man ys att London, and cawlethe faste on me for money ; and alsso I honderstonde that zee haue lentte to the plasse for me xxli. I moste preste here at London xli & hour father xxli. Yt ys a scherewde werke—God amende yt. Item brother as apon the Sondag afore the datte of thys letter my brother Richarde Cely & I wer at Pollys Crosse to here the sarmon ; and ther we herde forste worde that howr uncull the Dene of Yorke ys passyd to God : and the precher prayyd for hym by name. And ther sate that tyme v bochoppys at Pollys Crosse.

No more to yow at thys tyme ; bott howr lorde kepe yow. Wrette at London the xix day of November,

By your brother,

ROBERT CELY.

A George Cely, marchande of the Staple at Calles, thys be delyvered.

¹ Essay of the Universities of London, by Sir Geo. Buc, in Stowe's "Survey."

² Walford's "London."

³ Possibly in Yorkshire.

It would seem from the first part of this letter that one at least of the grievances of the staple merchants so often alluded to in their petitions to the Government was not without foundation. The days of payment, they are never tired of complaining, are too long. Even in the case of English buyers an inconvenience was felt. It will be remembered that bills, on the autumn shipment of wool probably, became due at Easter, but were not honoured by buyers till the "middle of Pentecost." The result, as in this case, was that, "ere March be past," the grazier or broker "calls fast" on the merchant for his money, and the latter is compelled to raise an immediate sum, no doubt at ruinous interest. It is not surprising, therefore, that the London partner should deem it a "shrewd work." The obituary notice of "our uncle the Dean" reflects the pride mingled with awe with which the worthy citizen received the sudden news, and we may gather how deeply sensible he was of the honour done to the family by such public obsequies in the presence of "five bishops."

The second letter was written in the following May, and contains a still stronger confirmation of the special grievance above referred to. The merchant in London can ship no wool to Calais till Whitsuntide, because he cannot even collect sufficient of his debts to pay the custom. The querulous invective commencing, "as for Rycharde Twenge," is naïve in the highest degree, and moreover touches on another sore point with the stapler, the loss suffered through the Exchange.

ANNO LXXVIIIJ.

Ryght trosty syr and brother. I comaunde me to you. Furthermore that houre father and mother and all hour good frendys were in good hellthe—blessyd be God—and so we hope that zee be. Brother George, the cawse of my wrytynge to yow at thys tyme ys tys. Forsooth ther ys grette chepynge now at London of Petts and Wotts to Calles-warde, God be ther spede, and I cannatte shepe no fells before the feste of Wyttsontyd ; botte sone haufeter [after] I hope to God to doo. I have not well intredyd, for I have note mony by me to pay the xiijs. iiij^d. of the Sarpler hafter the ratte, for of the securtorys [executors] of Cowlarde I have no comfortte of paymente. And as for Rychard Twenge, he ys not corttes in ys dellynge, for hee hathe payd me by xx^s. and by xl^s payment ; and when I wolld have xli., I cowde notte have ytt att my nede, bot I meste geve hym viij^d. for a galon of wyne, and yett hee kepe in hys hands xx^s. ster. the weche zee shoulde have of Wyytte your man. I pray you sende me worde wether it be so or nott. For moche sorow and angere have I hade with hym for reffayninge of my mony. I pray yow delyver hym no more of my mony, he saythe yow lettyl worchepe that yow showlde. Holde ys man xx^s., and abatte ytt of my dewtte. I pray yow tell yt hym. No more to yow at thys tyme ; bott all myty God have us all in ys blessyd kepynge. Wrette at London the vij daye of Maye. By your brother,

ROBART CELY.

A George Cely, &c.

About three years after, probably at the close of the year 1481, William Cely died, and his estate was administered by his son Richard. The assets chiefly consisted of large sums standing to the credit of the deceased for wool and fells shipped from England to Calais. The family, therefore, were left fairly well-to-do, and their personal and household expenditure may be taken as an average instance of the social condition of their class during what was certainly a very trying period. The only legacy of importance contained in William Cely's will was a provision for his nephew John Cely's education at Oxford. In 1483 the administrator paid two sums of 13s. 4d. "for and towardys the fyndyng of hys cosyn John Cely at Oxford ;" in 1484 five marks and a half more, and 13s. 4d. "toward his exhibicon ;" in May 1485, 13s. 4d. for "iiij yardes of musterduyllers" for the above ; also 22s. 6d. for one quarter, one half, and his board ; and from Midsummer to Michaelmas, during vacation that is to say, 13s. 4d. The whole cost of this young man's education from 1483 to 1486 would appear to have been about twelve marks. In 1483 Robert Cely's mother died, and he had the administration of her estate also.

This good lady's needs seem to have been very modest. Except a small outlay for "shone" and "handkercheffs," and such small gear, she spent nothing on herself ; but, like so many others of her sex, she lived on the best terms with the parson and the doctor. The surgeon, for "helyng off his moder's sore leg," was paid 26s. 8d. "Surgeon Coles" sent in a bill for 6s. 8d., and "Physician Wells" one for 20d. On the other hand, the clerks and wardens of "theyr church" received 3s. 4d. ; the parson and wardens £3 ; and the former himself, as "overseer" of the will, by bequest 20s. In addition, widow Cely (who had married again, one Richard Rawson) "legated" to this same church (St. Olave's) a suit of blue cloth of gold for vestments costing £39. 8s. 11d. This last bequest could scarcely have been popular with the family, as £40 then meant at least £400 now ! In September 1482, the testatrix, after burying Johanne, her maid, for 6s. 8d., had visited her son Richard in Essex, and there perhaps she died. Yet the eldest brother at least was punctual in his religious observances. He not only laid out considerable sums upon his father's obsequies six years after the latter's decease, and surprised "Frere William," the family confessor, with the present of a new russet gown, but he advanced £5 to the churchwardens, "tipped" the "bedyll" 8d. at Christmas, and distributed 6s. 8d. as "offeryng money to bakers, bruers, and others"—an interesting reflection on the early use and modern abuse of the Christmas-box.

The household and personal expenses of the family during the ten years 1481-91, are both curious in their nature and highly instructive to those who are interested in tracing the influence of diet upon the national temperament. The age was marked by indulgence amongst the few and sobriety amongst the many; with the result that the turbulent and restless spirit which preyed upon the idle and dissolute feudal chieftain and his liveried retainers, passed by the doors of the frugal and religious yeoman or merchant who mortified the flesh and lived in charity with all men that were not his debtors. For example, meat was rarely tasted in the Cely household, and then in a fresh and nutritious form. A "weder" was bought for 20*d.*, and sometimes a "hogg," lamb, or calf at a higher price. Moreover, a cow was kept; and, in addition, great quantities of cheese, and many "dishes" of milk, curds, and butter were purchased. On one occasion a cod and a rib of beef, costing 6*d.*, formed the dinner; on another, greater extravagance was shown in honour of a guest of quality, when 12*s.* was laid out on wild fowl. But the most frequent items in the household accounts are for fish and bread. The former consisted of "herryng rede," "herryng whyte," "sprotts," "stook-fyshes," and "yelys," then, like salmon, a somewhat expensive luxury. This rather salt diet, however, rendered a corresponding consumption of beer necessary. Thus in the year 1482, 60 kilderkins at a shilling were consumed at the Essex residence, and twice that quantity in London. Shortly after, 44 barrels of "good" and "three-halfpenny" ale were laid in, and "Polle Godfrey's wyffe" received on Christmas Even, 1483, £16. 5*s.* for 200 more kilderkins supplied during the past year. In June 1484, George Cely, who had lately married, came into Essex on a visit to his brother, with his wife and servants, the event being signalised by a huge consumption of beer. Nine small payments occur consecutively for beer provided for the occasion, but at length it was found necessary to order two kilderkins of strong ale, and then six more, this time of small beer. We learn incidentally hereon that their host had run out of this universal beverage, for the modest allowance of 80 kilderkins which had been ordered from Mrs. Godfrey, as usual, at the beginning of the year, was paid for, because exhausted, in May, and there remained but one barrel of "dobyll bere" (costing 2*s.* instead of 1*s.*, that is) to go on with. Amongst the miscellaneous expenses of the household, besides regular entries for "colys," "bote-hyer," and the like, is the following in October 1483, "the tyme that newe watches were kept in London."

The Celys, it appears, were compelled to arm themselves or their

deputies with Normandy bills, sheafs of arrows (bows they were supposed to possess already), and to provide various habits, a particular portion of which would seem to have inclined towards the tricolour in its effect, being composed of blue fustian, white damask, and red velvet. Above this, “jacquetts” of white woollen cloth were worn. The cost of this preparation was 58s.

On one eventful day two of the brothers, Richard and George, must needs, cockneys as they were, go “on huntynge,” an exploit which cost them 1s. 4*d*. for a “rewarde” and 8*d*. for a bottle of wine, consequent upon the unwonted exertion of the chase. It is just possible that the pair may have been guilty of a trespass—say in Marylebone Park—and that the “rewarde” above was a misplaced bribe : for we find next a payment of 20s. “to Bryan, to be good solicitor to the lord chamberlayne for Richard and George.” There is also mentioned the cost of the passage to Calais and back—no doubt from London—namely, £3.

The second period which comes under our notice commences fifty years after the last, and carries us from the end of the reign of Henry VIII. to the conclusion of his son’s protectorate. In the year 1545 was written the first existing letter of a regular correspondence which passed between John Johnson, merchant of the Staple at Calais, his brother and partner Otwell Johnson, draper at London, and several of their agents, who were also for the most part members of the family.

Not only would it be impossible to offer more information upon the life and dealings of the staple merchant than is contained in these letters, but we should search in vain the MS. correspondence of a later and more lauded age for anything to surpass, in simplicity, force, and picturesqueness, these quaint and terse productions of the Tudor counting-house.

At London the 14th day in June 1545.

Brother, I comend me veray hartely unto you ; trusting you are in high helth with all o^r frends in Calleis. Thies ij dayes past *per* Peter Brake and one Raeff Chamberlayne, I sent you aunsver of dyvers yo^r late letters. But sins my last I have tryed the weight of yo^r angells by th’once weight, w^{ch} I fynde so lyght, that the profit of th’ole ij^c of them will not am^{ot}. to iiij angells, w^{ch} is to lytle paines to putt yo^r. sayd monney into the mynte and to tarry a monneth for the retourne of the same frō thens Emonges other thinges I have moche nede of a smale pile and ballance. Of M^{tres}. Fayrey nor Antony White her sone I have as yet rec^d. no money, but agenst yo^r. coming Lxli or Lfi ster. (at lest) wilbe made redy as the forsayd Antony hathe lately promised me, and also all the monney that you can make of the sale of her wulles at Calleis. The sale of old wull here to clothyers, is at a point for the yeir, by cause that moost countres do shere shepe veray yerly this yeire. And so I have left of yo^r. th’ole serpler that come last frō M^{tres}. Tourner’s wull and x or xij todde more of Mr. Darrell’s loade wherunto you added

all yo^r. middell wull. The sayd M^{tres}. T's wull is honnest fayre geare, and of the same Mr. Haynes haeth shott by almoost a po^{tt}. w^{ch}. this next weke he will tourne into the lokke, supposing that the wourst of it so tourned wilbe shott for MC., wherof will rise an honest recardo. Most of our chepemen elles of Kent I stond cleare w^t. From Mr. Anthony Cave this inclosed I rec^d. this day *per* George Graunte, but I spake not as yett w^t. the same Graunte. He is appointed to retourne on Tuysday towards Tykeford, and ther fore I suppose he cometh for monney. In case I am asked anny, I will differ the mater (yf possibly I can) to yo^r. owne coming. News of th'agrement at the dyett you may dayly heare better then I can hier. Howbeit the talke therof emonges us is but homely and so consequently many shrode tales runne abrode uppon the continuance of quietnes betwext th'emperor and us. Trusting therfore that you wilbe circumspect to gyve us no great credit for long tyme of the sale of yo^r. wares to the subjects of that countre ; for it is wisdom to be ware of evill by other men's hindrance—(*sic*) Vous estes bon et sage. To my frend B. Warner humble recommendacions, et j'espoire q' tu m'apporterez de ces nouveilles. I pray you w^t. like commendacions to young Mr. Apmeredith—desire the same to pay you vijl or vijti ster. w^{ch}. he remained my debtor. By the next I shall write you the certaintye therof. And thus in moche haste I commytt you to the Lordes keping.

Yo^r. loving brother,

To my veray loving and

OTWELL JOHNSONE.

beloved frend John Johnson

m^{cht}. of the St^{ple}, at John Heliards
howse in Calleis.

It will once more be evident from the above letter how grievously the stapler was hampered by bad debts and a depreciated standard of currency. The allusion to the mint regulations will be fully explained by reference to such a charter as that granted by Elizabeth to the East India Company and confirmed by her successor.

The caution of the worthy merchant who will not interview the messenger Grant, who, as he supposes, "cometh for money," and who writes, his creditor even then waiting without, that in case he is asked for any, he will "differ the matter ;" his glee at turning an honest recardo by a little sharp practice ; and his occasional lapse into broken French (after the manner of Langland's Ditcher or Chaucer's Prioress), to show his politeness, are eminently characteristic of the person and the times.

The next letter, written two years later, contains the earliest, perhaps the only existing, account of a most important step taken by the Company in the path of reform. Their attitude as monopolists was evidently fast becoming intolerable to the increasing class of producers under an altered state of society.

In fact, amongst the manufacturers at home and abroad a species of wool-famine prevailed, and the stapler, placed between the intelligent and wealthy producer and a necessitous and conservative Government, was in the position of an individual who has entered into a stringent contract with the State, but is nevertheless dependent on

public opinion as to his manner of executing it. Such inconsistencies are as rare in the early history of our commerce as their occurrence is significant of the temper of the age in which they are found.

A^o. 47. The ixth daye of Maye, at London.

Cosyn Johnson, I have me recommended unto you. These shall be to adverte you, that I perceave what lambes be browght us home and how manny be lost. Mervayling moche thereat, consyderinge George Graunte delivered them just taill, as he saith. And I perceave by Ambrose that Aerdes hath lost none, wherfore I thincke the dryvers worthy to pay for them. S^r. I perceave the clothyers will do the best that they can to dysannul the proclamacyon for pullinge of felles. Wherfore the Companye at an assembly kept at Mr. Mayors on Satturdaye last, prevented their intentes as follow^t., that is to saye—Wheras dyvers men of sondrye shyers where we have not bene accustomed to geather felles, have and do complayne sainge that they cannot tell what to do w^t. their felles, for that no man doth aske for them. We have appoynted xij of the companye to ryde in those shyers, and to note every man that hath felles, and what nomber and their pryses, and to buy them yf they can, w^{ch}. if any of them do, they shall take the preferment of their bargaynes; and they that do not bargayne, shall have their charges borne by the generality of the Companie. Wherfore I thincke y^t good y^t. ye talke w^t. soche growers to staye their felles, and also to send as farr as the uttermost part of yo^r. shyer where we have not been accustomed to by buy (*sic*), as well to the poure growers as the riche, wherby they shall have non occasyon to complain of us.

In hast by yo^{rs}.,

ANTONY CAVE.

To his right trusty

and lovinge frend, John Johnson.

In this same year another agent writes to the Calais partner to inform him of the difficulty he has experienced in buying canvas in Normandy, “for yt ys now very dear.” It should be remembered, with regard to this, that the cost of packing was estimated about this time at 12 per cent. of the gross value of wools shipped from England.

In 1551, Ambrose Saunders, a brother-in-law of the Johnsons, writes at great length upon the state of the company’s affairs in England as affecting themselves. “I have gyven,” he writes, “lysence to buy 4 or 500 toddes of the best parcells of wull that ys in the husbondmen their haunds in these quarters, whose pryses be 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24s., so their wull be very good, and that he can geat a yeares daye payment, charging him not to take rott or cumber and to caste as moche refuse as he maye; knowing hym to be a very skylful man in this o^r. trade. My oncle Darrell will not sell his wull under xxviiiis., to be paid at Michelmas. How beyt old angells will do moche—hopinge at my nexte comyng w^t. him to conclude for Angel di. the todd.”

This satisfactory employment of old angels leads the writer to propound a more extensive scheme for avoiding the loss on the weight of gold called into the mint in the usual way. He has been

offered 100 old angels in payment of a debt of £100, and this seeming bad bargain he begs permission to conclude, "accomptinge assuredly to put them out here in thes contrey for xxs. le pece and better or yt be longe. And yf I could practise yt, I wold have none other monney to paye here, for the paysants are so hungrye for them as I never knew the lyke."¹

The stocking-hoard of a modern French peasantry has too often excited the wonder and merriment of our own thriftless nation ; but were we less ignorant of the records of our past, we should know from many a hundred of neglected inventories and inquisitions that the petty trader or peasant proprietor, with his store of "old gold," had the means of drawing piecemeal within his grasp the plate, the stock, the lands in many a case, of the dissolute gentry of the sixteenth century.

So much for the worldly cares of the staple merchant as recorded in his own quaint characters. The remaining portion of the correspondence before us is concluded in a lighter strain.

The following letter from a poor but respectable father to his son in the service of a wealthy and God-fearing merchant, might stand for the historical prologue to the pious legend of the Good and Idle Apprentice, which has run through our literature in the hands of Ben Jonson, Chapman, Scott, and Ainsworth amongst others. Also it might be remarked that the "force" of phoneticism could "no further go" than in the kakography of this epistle :—

Wyll^m. Tupholme, I co^mende me unto you and I sende you my blyssyng. And yo^r. letter wrytyn at Glapthorn the xvij of Julij I have resayved ; wherby I ded persave y^t. yo^r. Mr. and Mastris warre in good helthe at the makynge thyrof—thanks be unto God—and wher y^t. you doo wryte me that you wyll be no more sluggysshe nor slowthful in wrytyng unto me and that you wylbe a new man and order yo^r selffe other ways theyn you have don in times paste. I pray God gyffe you grace to be his servande ; and that you may aplye yo^r. selffe in all yo^r. affares for to plesse yo^r. Mr. and Mastrys, the wyche wolde be a grett comforde unto me to see you doo. Welle, it ys the cheffe care that I have in my mynde, wherfore indevor yo^r selffe in all yo^r. masters besenes, that I may once have a luffyng letter from yo^r. Mr. (in yo^r prace) the wiche warre a gret plecer to me to hereof. For theyn you sholde wynde my harte for ever. Hawghe ! What a plecer it ys for a man for to see his chylde goo forward to be prassed of his master ! It ys above a gret dele of rytches. Well ! lett this matter passe ; and yf theyr be anny thyng amysse, lett it be amended for the luffe of God. And theyn dowte nott bud y^t. ye shall fynd me a naturalle father unto ycu. And it shall also be a gret occashon for yo^r. Mr. for to putt you in tryste w^t. parte of his substance, wyche I dowte not here after bud y^t. he wyll, upon yo^r. deserving. And Rob^t. Bryan has promyste me for to by you a loyde of wull, the wyche I intend for to shyppe for you, w^t. God's grace. It costs above viijs a ston. And I sende yo^r. Mr. by Gannoke

¹ I have identified these angels with the "Salus" coined of fine gold at 22s. by Henry V. in his French dominions. The English angel was worth 10s.

my servande a cople of young cranes, desyryng hym for to take theym in worthe for a pore token. And thus fare you well.

By yo^r. naturall father off yo^r. deservyng

The vth day of Sept^r. a^o. 1548,

JOHN TUPHOLME.

To Wyll^m. Tupholme, Servande

w^t. Mr. John Johnson.

The last letter which we shall notice is from Ambrose Saunders to John Johnson, and is chiefly taken up with a description of the prevalent epidemic. Pepys or Defoe could have penned nothing more realistic than the doom “yf—but one Paternoster-whyle,” &c.

The Lord lyvith whose mercy endureth everlastingly.

The 13 in July, a^o. 51.

Imedyately after fynyshing of my last, being of the 10 of this p^{nt}., worshipfull brother, yt pleased God to stryke me w^t. this new swett, w^{ch}. I trust I have yeat agean escaped, but in as great perill of death as ever man was—the Lord be thancked. I am not able to followe o^r. business to so good purpose as I wold, being faynt and in a wonderfull drynesse as yeat, but hope yt will awaye. Yf yt please God to vysyt you or anny of yo^r. frends w^t. this swett, observe these iij thinges and thincke their ys manner of daunger. Fyrst lett no breathe of ayer come unto yo^r. bedd. Drincke veray lyttell, and at no haund slepe not. For yf they be suffred to slepe, by the space of xij houres, but one Paternoster-whyle, death follow^t. incontynent.

The lyving Lord contynu yo^r. helthe and my syster's ; w^t. all other o^r. frendes ; and God blesse us all.

Skrybled by yo^r. loving brother,

AMBBROSE SAUNDERS.

In concluding this sketch of the political and social history of the Merchant of the Staple, it is difficult to avoid the reflection, how much English history has lost from the want of a true system of monography. Cameos and episodes we have in plenty, but, built on no foundation of facts or even of probability, they are useless if not positively injurious to the student. History, as it is now presented to us, is a deductive and not an inductive science. It would seem, indeed, to consist chiefly in the re-editing by clerical graduates of the party chronicles of bygone scholiasts. Nothing weeded beneath the smiling surface of falsehood ; nothing gleaned that shall fatten the harvest of truth. Now, science is built up of monographies. Even in the study of English literature we have some such works : in English history one only, and that scarcely yet half completed, the “History of Agriculture and Prices in England.”

Better such disjointed labours than the even progress by a royal road to learning of the modern sentimental historian, “authorising himself for the most part upon other histories whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation Hearesay, having much ado to accord the different writers, and to picke truth out of partialitie.”

HUBERT HALL.

THE STORY OF A SEA-BEACH.

ABOUT a dozen years ago an enterprising company, taking advantage of the attention which the most charming of all Canon Kingsley's novels had drawn to the country of Amyas Leigh and Salvation Yeo, determined on founding a new watering-place at Northam Burrows, on the shores of Bideford Bay. They called the modest hotel with which the scheme was initiated "Westward Ho," and from its doors lovers of Kingsley soon began to explore the bepebbled footways and quaint dwellings of Appledore, where the name of Yeo still survives, as much respected now as when Spain and England gripped each other by the throat three hundred years ago; or the disciples of muscular Christianity journeyed to Bideford—that survival of a seventeenth century seaport—the seat, in the days of the Stuarts, of a great Mediterranean trade—among whose old-world streets and quays the very spirit of Kingsley's Elizabethan epic seems to linger.

Within a decade of its foundation Westward Ho became an important place, with a fine church, magnificent golf links, a capital club, and many charming private residences. It occupies the centre of Bideford, or Barnstaple, Bay, into which, a few miles east of the town, the Taw and Torridge pour their united streams, while, facing their common outfall, lies Barnstaple Bar, outside whose shallows a picturesque fleet of red- and white-sailed craft waits daily on the tide.

Between Westward Ho and the river's mouth lies the Northam Pebble Ridge, a narrow bank of shingle isolated from the adjacent coast-line throughout its whole length of three miles. One side of this barrier-like beach is washed by the waves of Bideford Bay, while, from its other flank, the grassy flats of Northam Burrows stretch to the foot of the hills nearly a mile away. A thousand acres of pasture land lie snug behind this natural mole, which, as we shall presently see, has itself been the means of reclaiming the land it now protects. It is a breakwater built one knows not how, of materials brought one knows not whence; a problem in pebbles which no one can see without wishing to solve.

I suppose that every one has either visited, or heard of, the "Chesil Bank," that famous isthmus of shingle which joins the so-called island of Portland to the mainland by a pebble-ridge nearly eleven miles long, washed on one side by the waves of the Channel, and on the other by the lake-like estuary of the Fleet river. Few people, however, know how much has been said and written about this, the most remarkable beach in the British Islands ; or how widely distinguished men of science have differed as to its origin and history.

The Chesil Bank was first noticed by Leland and Camden in the sixteenth century ; mentioned by Lambarde and Holinshed in the seventeenth century ; described by Lilly in the early part, and by Smeaton and Hutchins in the latter part, of the eighteenth century, while the transactions of various learned societies in our own day abound with papers on the subject. Yet the net result of an inquiry which has occupied the attention of many among our most distinguished engineers and geologists has been to leave the origin of the Chesil Bank in the gravest doubt.

It is still uncertain whence the shingle of this beach is derived or in what direction it moves. Sir John Coode, for many years resident on the spot as engineer to the Portland Harbour Works, was led by a laborious investigation to the belief that the pebbles composing the bank are derived from cliffs at Beer Head and Budleigh Salterton, many miles west of Portland, whence they are driven along-shore, before the prevailing wind-waves, until they reach the island. Mr. Prestwich and Sir George Airy, on the other hand, think that the shingle is derived from the ruins of a "raised" beach, fragments of which, identical in composition with the pebble-ridge itself, are found at the Bill of Portland.

If Sir John Coode is right, the shingle must travel, as he declares it does, from west to east ; while, if the late President of the Geological Society and quondam Astronomer Royal are correct, the beach moves in exactly the opposite direction. The question, interesting in itself, becomes doubly so from the nicely balanced weight of evidence which supports the rival theories of the great adversaries I have named ; but a plain man may turn from this battle-ground of experts to the Northam Pebble Ridge, about which little or nothing has been published, to find a problem identical in many respects with that of the Chesil Bank, but much more easy of solution.

Although the rocks about Westward Ho are of soft clay-slate, the pebbles of the ridge consist almost exclusively of a close, grained carboniferous sandstone. They are ovoidal in shape, varying

from a few ounces to fifty pounds in weight, while their average length is from six to twelve inches. Beaches of similar stones line the coast west of Westward Ho as far as, and beyond, Clovelly, eight miles away, where the carboniferous sandstone, from which the pebbles in question are evidently derived, occurs. The shore is here strewn with large rhomboidal masses, which fall from the cliffs under the influence of the weather, and these, as they come within reach of the sea, are broken up and driven eastward along-shore by the action of the waves.

It is well known that shingle travels to leeward, or away from that point of the compass whence the heaviest seas proceed. The exposure of Bideford Bay is towards the west and north-west, and the prevailing winds in the English Channel blow from the westward. A reference to the map will show that wind waves proceeding from any point of the compass between west and north-west, strike the coast in question at such an angle as to drive anything exposed to them in an easterly direction; while it is only from these quarters that a heavy sea can roll into Bideford Bay. We accordingly find that every indentation between Clovelly and Westward Ho is filled with pebbles of carboniferous sandstone which are piled up high against the eastern wall of each cove, and are water-worn in proportion to the distance they have travelled.

It seems, at first sight, remarkable that these recesses in the coast-line, which are hollowed in cliffs of clay-slate, should contain scarcely any shingle of local origin. Stones, of course, are constantly falling from the softer as well as from the harder rocks; but the march of pebbles along a beach is a slow process, prolonged over many years, it may be, in the passage of any given pebble from Clovelly to the Taw. Sometimes the movement stops altogether, sometimes it is reversed by exceptionally heavy easterly winds, but, meanwhile, the struggle for existence never ceases; the soft shales are pounded into mud in their encounters with the hard sandstones, and only the latter survive to reach the pebble-ridge.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that a stream of shingle actually flows eastward, along-shore, from the carboniferous cliffs at and west of Clovelly, and we must next inquire why these pebbles cease to fringe with beaches the feet of the hills eastward of Westward Ho, but stretch away thence to the outfall of the Taw in the form of an isolated embankment.

It is seen at low tide that the ridge rests, throughout its whole length, on a bed of tenacious clay, intercalated with seams of vegetable matter, the sodden and compressed remains of trees and

plants of existing species. This deposit is, indeed, one of those submerged forests, so common on our western shores, from whose existence we infer that a subsidence of the land has occurred during recent geological times, or, in other words, since any important change has taken place in the fauna and flora of the British Islands. Some of the clay beds in question, now lying nearly at high-tide level, abound in semi-fossil shells of the genus *Scrobicularia*, a recent bivalve very commonly found living on muddy shores between tide-marks. Their presence in this position affords positive evidence that the subsidence of which I have spoken was followed by a re-emergence ; that this was of trifling extent, and formed the latest movement of land in the locality in question.

This circumstance, however, determined the existence of the Northam Pebble Ridge. As the clay beds rose again from the shallow sea that had once overwhelmed the forest, they presented a barrier which, although low, was sufficient to arrest stones travelling along-shore under the influence of the prevailing waves. Previously to the re-emergence in question, the Taw and Torridge must have debouched at Westward Ho, the most advanced point of the then coast-line relatively to those rivers. As soon, however, as the forest beds showed themselves above water, the pebble-ridge began to grow outward from this point, pushing the mouth of the river correspondingly to the eastward. Meanwhile, the river itself flowed in behind the advancing dam of pebbles, forming a backwater, and depositing silt over an area which grew with the growth of the ridge. To the surface of the mud-flats thus originated, every westerly or north-westerly gale added layers of sand blown from the seaward face of the beach ; and thus, in course of time, the backwater became dry land. As the ridge extended eastward, the flats followed, stretching laterally, at the same time, towards the hills which once formed the coast-line, but which are now nearly a mile from the sea.

That the Northam Burrows were reclaimed by these simple but surprising natural operations is a fact which is further evidenced by the contour and composition of the flats themselves. The theory advanced requires that the made ground in question should be older at Westward Ho, where the reclamation began, than on the bank of the Taw, where it ends ; and we find, in effect, that not only does the surface of the Burrows slope gently eastward, but that the soil passes gradually, in the same direction, from a formed vegetable mould at Westward Ho to incoherent sand on the banks of the Taw.

About a mile beyond Westward Ho the beach begins to diminish sensibly in mass, and tails off to a mere thread of pebbles before

reaching the bank of the river, on the other side of which not a stone appears. This seems at first sight opposed to the notion that the ridge is a stream of stones travelling along-shore under the influence of the prevailing wind-waves. For, unless the shingle eastward of the point in question moves much more rapidly than that to the westward of it, the mass of the ridge ought to remain practically unchanged, it being, of course, impossible that stones which weigh half a hundredweight, after having travelled from Clovelly to Westward Ho, should be ground into sand in their three-mile course thence to the Taw.

It has indeed been shown by Mr. Appleton, the designer of certain works for the protection of Northam Burrows against encroachments of the sea, that the shingle does travel faster at the eastern than at the western end of the beach. This naturally results from the fact that the ridge follows a curving course, and is consequently more exposed in some parts than in others to the action of the prevailing wind-waves. Something more than this, however, is needed to account for the rapid dwindling of so massive a beach, as well as to explain why fresh stones are being constantly thrown up near Westward Ho, while the sea makes scarcely any additions to the ridge eastward of the point where its mass begins to diminish.

The explanation is not far to seek. Before the mouth of every river there spreads a fan-shaped "delta," composed of the detritus carried out to sea by the stream, and such a delta fringes the outfall of the Taw and Torridge with vast sandflats, which are uncovered at every ebb tide. Bearing this fact in mind, let us consider what would happen to shingle rolling into the bay under the influence of a brisk westerly or north-westerly wind.

It is well known that the impelling power of shallow-water waves is very small, while seas breaking in comparatively deep water exercise extraordinary transporting power. Such stones, therefore, as come ashore on the steeper portions of the Pebble Ridge, near Westward Ho, are soon thrown up on the beach; while those which ground on the flats of the delta never reach the beach at all. They become embedded in the sand about low-water mark, forming a pavement of pebbles, which runs parallel with the ridge itself, and closely resembles the old-fashioned shingle sidewalks of Appledore. This floor is so smooth and weed-grown, that it evidently suffers little or no disturbance even during storms, but forms a sort of high road along which such stones as land upon it are trundled to the river by waves of very moderate power.

The point where the beach begins to decrease in mass coincides

with the westward extension of the delta, and here the stream of shingle, whose course we have followed from Clovelly, may be said to fork. The delta taps its supply of pebbles and carries part of them, by a submarine course, to the river. What remains of the stone-stream is drawn out, under the combined influences of wear and more rapid movement, into an ever-dwindling rivulet which, finally, falls into the Taw ; every stone that is discharged into the stream helping, slowly but surely, to push its mouth still farther to the eastward.

D. PIDGEON,

*THE NEW ABELARD.**A ROMANCE.*

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM THE POST-BAG.

I.

Sir George Craik, Bart., to Alma Craik.

MY DEAR NIECE,—The receipt of your letter, dated "Lucerne," but bearing the post-mark of Geneva, has at last relieved my mind from the weight of anxiety which was oppressing it. Thank Heaven you are safe and well, and bear your suffering with Christian resignation. In a little time, I trust, you will have left this dark passage of your experience quite behind you, and return to us looking and feeling like your old self. George, who now, as always, shares my affectionate solicitude for you, joins me in expressing that wish. The poor boy is still sadly troubled at the remembrance of your misconception, and I sometimes think that his health is affected. Do, if you can, try to send him a line or a message, assuring him that your unhappy misunderstanding is over. Believe me, his one thought in life is to secure your good esteem.

There is no news—none, that is to say, of any importance. We have kept our promise to you, and your secret is still quite safe in our keeping. The man to whom you owe all this misery is still here, and still, I am informed, prostituting the pulpit to his vicious heresies. If report is to be believed, his utterances have of late been more extraordinary than ever, and he is rapidly losing influence over his own congregation. Sometimes I can scarcely conquer my indignation, knowing as I do that with one word I could effectually silence his blasphemy, and drive him beyond the pale of society. But, in crushing him, I should disgrace you and bring contempt upon our name; and these considerations, as well as my pledge to keep silence, make any kind of public action impossible. I must therefore

wait patiently till the inevitable action of events, accelerated by an indignant Providence, destroys the destroyer of your peace.

In the mean time, my dear Alma, let me express my concern and regret that you should be wandering from place to place without a protector. I know your strength of mind, of course ; but you are young and handsome, and the world is censorious. Only say the word, and although business of a rather important nature occupies me in London, I will put it aside at any cost, and join you. In the absence of my dear brother, I am your natural guardian. While legally your own mistress, you are morally under my care, and I would make any sacrifice to be with you, especially at this critical moment of your life.

I send this letter to the address you have given me at Lucerne. I hope it will reach you soon and safely, and that you will, on seeing it, fall in with my suggestion that I should come to you without delay.

With warmest love and sympathy, in which your cousin joins, believe me as ever,

Your affectionate uncle,
GEORGE CRAIK.

II.

From Alma Craik to Sir George Craik, Bart.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I have just received your letter. Thank you for attending to my request. With regard to your suggestion that you should come to me, I know it is meant in all kindness, but as I told you before leaving London, I prefer at present to be quite alone, with the exception of my maid Hortense. I will let you know of my movements from time to time.

Your affectionate niece,
ALMA CRAIK.

III.

Alma Craik to the Rev. Ambrose Bradley.

Your letter, together with one from my uncle, found me at Lucerne, and brought me at once grief and comfort : grief, that you still reproach yourself over what was inevitable ; comfort, that you are, as you assure me, still endeavouring to pursue your religious work. Pray, pray, do not write to me in such a strain again. You have neither wrecked my life nor broken my heart, as you blame yourself for doing ; I learned long ago from our Divine Example

that the world is one of sorrow, and I am realising the truth in my own experience, that is all.

You ask me how and where I have spent my days, and whether I have at present any fixed destination. I have been wandering, so to speak, among the gravestones of the Catholic Church, visiting not only the great shrines and cathedrals, but lingering in every obscure roadside chapel, and halting at every Calvary, in southern and western France. Thence I have come on to Switzerland, where religion grows drearier, and life grows dimmer, in the shadow of the mountains. In a few days I shall follow in your own footsteps, and go on to Italy—to Rome.

Write to me when you feel impelled to write. You shall be apprised of my whereabouts from time to time.

Yours now as ever,

ALMA.

P.S.—When I sat down to write the above, I thought I had so much to say to you; and I have said nothing! Something numbs expression, though my thoughts seem full to overflowing. I am like one who longs to speak, yet fears to utter a syllable, lest her voice should be clothed with tears and sobs. God help me! All the world is changed, and I can hardly realise it all, yet!

IV.

Ambrose Bradley to Alma Craik.

DEAREST ALMA,—You tell me in your letter that you have said nothing of the thoughts that struggle within you for utterance; alas! your words are only too eloquent, less in what they say than in what they leave unsaid. If I required any reminder of the mischief I have wrought, of the beautiful dream that I have destroyed, it would come to me in the pathetic reticence of the letter I have just received. Would to God that you had never known me! Would to God that, having known me, you would have despised me as I deserved! I was unworthy even to touch the hem of your garment. I am like a wretch who has profaned the altar of a saint. Your patience and devotion are an eternal rebuke. I could bear your bitter blame; I cannot bear your forgiveness.

I am here as you left me; a guilty, conscience-stricken creature struggling in a world of nightmares. Nothing now seems substantial, permanent, or true. Every time that I stand up before my congregation I am like a shadow addressing shadows; thought and language both fail me, and I know not what platitudes flow from my lips; but

when I am left alone again, I awaken as from a dream to the horrible reality of my guilt and my despair.

I have thought it all over again and again, trying to discover some course by which I might bring succour to myself and peace to her I love ; and whichever way I look, I see but one path of escape, the rayless descent of death. For, so long as I live, I darken your sunshine. My very existence is a reminder to you of what I am, of what I might have been.

But there, I will not pain you with my penitence, and I will hush my self-reproaches in deference to your desire. Though the staff you placed in my hand has become a reed, and though I seem to have no longer any foothold on the solid ground of life, I will try to struggle on.

I dare not ask you to write to me—it seems an outrage to beg for such a blessing ; yet I know that you *will* pity me, and write again.

Ever yours,

AMBROSE BRADLEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALMA'S WANDERINGS.

Scoff not at Rome, or if thou scoff beware
Her vengeance waiting in the heaven and air ;
Her love is blessing, and her hate, despair.

Yet see ! how low the hoary mother lies,
Prone on her face beneath the lonely skies—
On her head ashes, dust upon her eyes.

Men smile and pass, but many pitying, stand,
And some stoop down to kiss her withered hand
Whose sceptre is a reed, whose crown is sand.

Think'st then no pulse beats in that bounteous breast
Which once sent throbs of rapture east and west ?
Nay, but she liveth, mighty tho' opprest.

Her arm could reach as low as hell, as high
As the white mountains and the starry sky ;
She filled the empty heavens with her cry.

Wait but a space, and watch—her trance of pain
Shall dry away—her tears shall cease as rain—
Queen of the nations, she shall smile again !

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

BRADLEY'S letter was forwarded from Lucerne after some little delay, and reached Miss Craik at Brique, just as she was preparing to

proceed by private conveyance to Domo d'Ossola. She had taken the carriage and pair for herself and her maid, a young Frenchwoman ; and as the vehicle rounded its zigzag course towards the Klenenhorn, she perused the epistle line by line, until she had learned almost every word by heart.

Then, with the letter lying in her lap, she gazed sadly, almost vacantly, around her on the gloomy forests and distant hills, the precipices spanned by aerial bridges, the quaint villages clinging like birds'-nests here and there, the dark vistas of mountain-side gashed by torrents frozen by distance to dazzling white.

Dreary beyond measure, though the skies were blue and the air full of golden sunlight, seemed the wonderful scene :—

We make the world we look on, and create
The summer or the winter with our seeing !

And cold and wintry indeed was all that Alma beheld that summer day.

Not even the glorious panorama unfolded beneath her gaze on passing the Second Refuge had any charms to please her saddened sight. Leaving the lovely valley of the Rhone, sparkling in sunlight, encircled by the snow-crowned Alps, with the Jungfrau towering paramount, crowned with glittering icy splendour and resting against a heaven of deep insufferable blue, she passed through avenues of larch and fir, over dizzy bridges, past the lovely glacier of the Kaltwasser, till she reached the high ascent of the Fifth Refuge.

Here the coarse spirit of the age arose before her, in the shape of a party of English and American tourists crowding the diligence and descending noisily for refreshment.

A little later she passed the barrier toll, and came in sight of the Cross of 'Vantage. She arrested the carriage, and descended for a few minutes, standing as it were suspended in mid air, in full view of glacier upon glacier, closed in by the mighty chain of the Bernese Alps.

Never had she felt so utterly solitary. The beautiful world, the empty sky, swam before her in all the loveliness of desolation, and, turning her face towards Aletsch, she wept bitterly.

As she stood thus, she was suddenly conscious of another figure standing near to her, as if in rapt contemplation of the solemn scene. It was that of a middle-aged man, rather above the middle stature, who carried a small knapsack on his shoulders and leant upon an Alpine staff. She saw only his side face, and his eyes were turned away ; yet, curiously enough, his form had an air of listening watch-

fulness, and the moment she was conscious of his presence he turned and smiled, and raised his hat. She noticed then that his sunburnt face was clean shaven, like that of a priest, and that his eyes were black and piercing, though remarkably good-humoured.

"Pardon, Madame," he said in French, "but I think we have met before."

She had turned away her head to hide her tears from the stranger's gaze. Without waiting for her answer, he proceeded.

"In the hotel at Brique. I was staying there when Madame arrived, and I left at daybreak this morning to cross the Pass on foot."

By this time she had mastered her agitation, and could regard the stranger with a certain self-possession. His face, though not handsome, was mobile and expressive; the eyebrows were black and prominent, the forehead was high, the mouth large and well cut, with glittering white teeth. It was difficult to tell the man's age; for though his countenance was so fresh that it looked quite young, his forehead and cheeks, in repose, showed strongly-marked lines; and though his form seemed strong and agile, he stooped greatly at the shoulders. To complete the contradiction, his hair was as white as snow.

What mark is it that Rome puts upon her servants, that we seem to know them under almost any habit or disguise? One glance convinced Alma that the stranger either belonged to some of the holy orders, or was a lay priest of the Romish Church.

"I do not remember to have seen you before, Monsieur," she replied, also in French, with a certain hauteur.

The stranger smiled again, and bowed apologetically.

"Perhaps I was wrong to address Madame without a more formal introduction. I know that in England it is not the custom. But here, on the mountain, far away from the conventions of the world, it would be strange, would it not, to meet in silence? We are like two souls that encounter on pilgrimage, both looking wearily towards the Celestial Gate."

"Are you a priest, Monsieur?" asked Alma abruptly.

The stranger bowed again.

"A poor member of the Church, the Abbé Brest. I am journeying on foot through the Simplon to the Lago Maggiore, and thence, with God's blessing, to Milan. But I shall rest yonder, at the New Hospice, to-night."

And he pointed across the mountain towards the refuge of the monks of St. Bernard, close to the region of perpetual snow. The

tall figure of an Augustine monk, shading his eyes and looking up the road was visible ; and from the refectory within came the faint tolling of a bell, mingled from time to time with the deep barking of a dog.

“ The monks receive travellers still ? ” asked Alma. “ I suppose the Hospice is rapidly becoming, like its compeers, nothing more or less than a big hotel ? ”

“ Madame——”

“ Please do not call me Madame. I am unmarried.”

She spoke almost without reflection, and it was not until she had uttered the words that their significance dawned upon her. Her face became crimson with sudden shame.

It was characteristic of the stranger that he noticed the change in a moment, but that, immediately on doing so, he turned away his eyes and seemed deeply interested in the distant prospect, while he replied :—

“ I have again to ask your pardon for my stupidity. Mademoiselle, of course, is English ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ And is therefore, perhaps, a little prejudiced against those who, like the good monks of the Hospice, shut themselves from all human companionship, save that of the wayfarers whom they live to save and shelter ? Yet, believe me, it is a life of sacred service ! Even here, among the lonely snows, reaches the arm of the Holy Mother, to plant this cross by the wayside, as a symbol of her heavenly inspiration, and to build that holy resting-place as a haven for those who are weary and would rest.”

He spoke with the same soft insinuating smile as before, but his eye kindled, and his pale face flushed with enthusiasm. Alma, who had turned towards the carriage which stood awaiting her, looked at him with new interest. Something in his words chimed in with a secret longing of her heart.

“ I have been taught to believe, Monsieur, that your faith is practically dead. Everywhere we see, instead of its living temples, only the ruins of its old power. If its spirit exists still, it is only in places such as this, in company with loneliness and death.”

“ Ah, but Mademoiselle is mistaken ! ” returned the other, following by her side as she walked slowly towards the carriage. “ Had you seen what I have seen, if you knew what I knew, of the great Catholic reaction, you would think differently. Other creeds, gloomier and more ambitious, have displaced ours for a time in your England ; but let me ask you—you, Mademoiselle, who have a truly religious spirit—you who have yourself suffered—what have those other

creeds done for humanity? Believe me, little or nothing. In times of despair and doubt, the world will again turn to its first Comforter, the ever-patient and ever-loving Church of Christ."

They had by this time reached the carriage door. The stranger bowed again and assisted Alma to her seat. Then he raised his hat with profound respect in sign of farewell. The coachman was about to drive on when Alma signed for him to delay.

"I am on my way to Domo d'Ossola," she said. "A seat in my carriage is at your service if you would prefer going on to remaining at the Hospice for the night."

"Mademoiselle, it is too much! I could not think of obtruding myself upon you! I, a stranger!"

Yet he seemed to look longingly at the comfortable seat in the vehicle, and to require little more pressing to accept the offer.

"Pray do not hesitate," said Alma, smiling, "unless you prefer the company of the monks of the mountain."

"After that, I can hesitate no longer," returned the Abbé, looking radiant with delight; and he forthwith entered the vehicle and placed himself by Alma's side.

Thus it came to pass that my heroine descended the Pass of the Simplon in company with her new acquaintance, an avowed member of a Church for which she had felt very little sympathy until that hour. To do him justice, I must record the fact that she found him a most interesting companion. His knowledge of the world was extensive, his learning little short of profound, his manners were charming. He knew every inch of the way, and pointed out the objects of interest, digressing lightly into the topics they awakened. At every turn the prospect brightened. Leaving the wild and barren slopes behind them, the travellers passed through emerald pasturages, and through reaches of foliage broken by scounding torrents, and at last emerging from the great valley, and crossing the bridge of Crevola, they found themselves surrounded on every side by vineyards, orchards, and green meadows. When the carriage drew up before the door of the hotel at Domo d'Ossola, Alma felt that the time had passed as if under enchantment. Although she had spoken very little, she had quite consciously informed her new friend of three facts—that she was a wealthy young Englishwoman travelling through Europe at her own free will; that she had undergone an unhappy experience, involving, doubtless, some person of the opposite sex; and that, in despair of comfort from creeds colder and less forgiving, she was just in a fit state of mind to seek refuge in the bosom of the Church of Rome.

The acquaintance, begun so curiously in the Simplon Pass, was destined to continue. At Domo d'Ossola, Alma parted from the Abbé Brest, whose destination was some obscure village on the banks of Lago Maggiore ; but a few weeks later, when staying at Milan, she encountered him again. She had ascended the tower of the Duomo, and was gazing down on the streets and marts of the beautiful city, when she heard a voice behind her murmuring her name, and turning somewhat nervously, she encountered the bright black eyes of the wandering Abbé.

He accosted her with his characteristic *bonhomie*.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, it *is* you!" he cried smiling. "We are destined to meet in the high places—here on the tower of the cathedral, there on the heights of the Simplon!"

There was something so unexpected, so mysterious in the man's reappearance, that Alma was startled in spite of herself, but she greeted him courteously, and they descended the tower steps together. The Abbé kept a solemn silence as they walked through the sacred building, with its mighty walls of white marble, its gorgeous decorations, its antique tombs, its works in bronze and in mosaic ; but when they passed from the porch into the open sunlight, he became as garrulous as ever. They walked along together in the direction of the Grand Hotel, where Alma was staying.

"Have you driven out to the cathedral at Monza?" inquired the Abbé in the course of their conversation.

"No ; is it worth seeing?"

"Certainly. Besides, it contains the sacred crown of Lombardy, the iron band of which is made out of nails from the true cross."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Alma with a smile that was incredulous, even contemptuous. She glanced at her companion, and saw that he was smiling too.

It was not until she had been some weeks away from England that Alma Craik quite realised her position in the world. In the first wild excitement of her flight her only feeling was one of bewildered agitation, mingled with a mad impulse to return upon her own footsteps, and, reckless of the world's opinion, take her place by Bradley's side. A word of encouragement from him at that period would have decided her fate. But after the first pang of grief was over, after she was capable of regretful retrospection, her spirit became numbed with utter despair. She found herself solitary, friendless, hopeless, afflicted with an incurable moral disease to which she was unable to give a name, but which made her long,

like the old anchorites and penitents, to seek some desert place and yield her life to God.

In this mood of mind she turned for solace to religion, and found how useless for all practical purposes was her creed of beautiful ideas. Her faith in Christian facts had been shaken if not destroyed; the Christian myth had the vagueness and strangeness of a dream; yet, true to her old instincts, she haunted the temples of the Church, and felt like one wandering through a great graveyard of the dead.

Travelling quite alone, for her maid was in no sense of the words a confidante or a companion, she could not fail to awaken curious interest in many with whom she was thrown into passing contact. Her extraordinary personal beauty was heightened rather than obscured by her singularity of dress; for though she wore no wedding-ring, she dressed in black like a widow, and had the manners as well as the attire of a person profoundly mourning. At the hotels she invariably engaged private apartments, seldom or never descending to the public rooms, or joining in the tables-d'hôte. The general impression concerning her was that she was an eccentric young Englishwoman of great wealth, recently bereaved of some person very near and dear to her, possibly her husband.

Thus she lived in seclusion, resisting all friendly advances, whether on the part of foreigners or of her own countrymen; and her acquaintance with the Abbé Brest would never have passed beyond a few casual courtesies had it not begun under circumstances so peculiar and in a place so solitary, or had the man himself been anything but a member of the mysterious Mother Church. But the woman's spirit was pining for some kind of guidance, and the magnetic name of Rome had already awakened in it a melancholy fascination. The strange priest attracted her, firstly, by his eloquent personality, secondly, by the authority he seemed to derive from a power still pretending to achieve miracles: and though in her heart she despised the pretensions and loathed the dogmas of his Church, she felt in his presence the sympathy of a prescient mind. For the rest, any companionship, if intellectual, was better than utter social isolation.

So the meeting on the tower of the Duomo led to other meetings. The Abbé became her constant companion, and her guide through all the many temples of the queenly city.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GLIMPSES OF THE UNSEEN.

The earth has bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them !

Macbeth.

WHILE the woman he had so cruelly deceived and wronged was wandering from city to city, and trying in vain to find rest and consolation, Ambrose Bradley remained at the post where she had left him, the most melancholy soul beneath the sun. All his happiness in his work being gone, his ministration lost the fervour and originality that had at first been its dominant attraction.

Sir George had not exaggerated when he said that the clergyman's flock was rapidly falling away from him. New lights were arising ; new religious whims and oddities were attracting the restless spirits of the metropolis. A thought-reading charlatan from the New World, a learned physiologist proving the oneness of the sympathetic system with polarized light, a maniacal non-jurist asserting the prerogative of affirmation at the bar of the House of Commons, became each a nine-days' wonder. The utterances of the new gospel were forgotten, or disregarded as flatulent and unprofitable ; and Ambrose Bradley found his occupation gone.

For all this he cared little or nothing. He was too lost in contemplation of his own moral misery. All his thought and prayer being to escape from this, he tried various distractions—the theatre, for example, with its provincial theory of edification grafted on the dry stem of what had once been a tree of literature. He was utterly objectless and miserable, when, one morning, he received the following letter :—

“ Monmouth Crescent, Bayswater.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—Will you permit me to remind you, by means of this letter, of the notes of introduction presented recently by me to you, and written by our friends, —— and ——, in America ? My sister gives a séance to-morrow evening, and several notabilities of the scientific and literary world have promised to be present. If you will honour us with your company, I think you will be able to form a disinterested opinion on the importance of the new biology, as manifestations of an extraordinary kind are confidently expected. With kind regards, in which my sister joins, I am, most faithfully yours,

“ SALEM MAPLELEAFE,

“ Solar Biologist.

“ P.S.—The séance commences at five o'clock, in this domicile.”

Bradley's first impulse was to throw the letter aside, and to write a curt but polite refusal. On reflection, however, he saw in the proposed séance a means of temporary distraction. Besides, the affair of the mysterious photograph had left him not a little curious as to the machinery used by the brother and sister—*arcades ambo*, or impostors both, he was certain—to gull an undiscerning public.

At a little before five on the following evening, therefore, he presented himself at the door of the house in Monmouth Crescent, sent up his card, and was almost immediately shown into the drawing-room. To his surprise he found no one there, but he had scarcely glanced round the apartment when the door opened, and a slight sylph-like figure, clad in white, appeared before him.

At a glance he recognised the face he had seen on the fading photograph.

"How do you do, Mr. Bradley?" said Eustasia, holding out a thin transparent hand, and fixing her light eyes upon his face.

"I received your brother's invitation," he replied rather awkwardly. "I am afraid I am a little before my time."

"Well, you're the first to arrive. Salem's up-stairs washing, and will be down directly. He's real pleased to know you've come."

She flitted lightly across the room, and sat down close to the window. She looked white and worn, and all the life of her frame seemed concentrated in her extraordinary eyes, which she fixed upon the visitor with a steadiness calculated to discompose a timid man.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Bradley?" she said, repeating the name with a curious familiarity.

"You seem to know me well," he replied, seating himself, "though I do not think we have ever met."

"Oh, yes, we have; leastways, I've often heard you preach. I knew a man once in the States who was the very image of *you*. He's dead now, he is."

Her voice, with its strong foreign inflexion, rang so strangely and plaintively on the last words, that Bradley was startled. He looked at the girl more closely, and was struck by her unearthly beauty, contrasting so oddly with her matter-of-fact, offhand manner.

"Your brother tells me that you are a sybil," he said, drawing his chair nearer. "I am afraid, Miss Mapleleaf, you will find me a disturbing influence. I have about as much faith in solar biology, spiritualism, spirit-agency, or whatever you like to call it, as I have in—well, Mumbo-Jumbo."

Her eyes still looked brightly into his, and her wan face was lit up with a curious smile.

"That's what they all say at first ! Guess you think, then, that I'm an impostor ? Don't be afraid to speak your mind ; I'm used to it ; I've had worse than hard names thrown at me ; stones and all that. I was stabbed once down South, and I've the mark still ! "

As she spoke, she bared her white arm to the elbow, and showed, just in the fleshy part of the arm, the mark of an old scar.

"The man that did that drew his knife in the dark, and pinioned my arm to the table. The very man that was like *you*."

And lifting her arm to her lips she kissed the scar, and murmured, or crooned, to herself as she had done on the former occasion in the presence of her brother. Bradley looked on in amazement. So far as he could perceive at present, the woman was a half-mad creature, scarcely responsible for what she said or did.

His embarrassment was not lessened when Eustasia, still holding the arm to her lips, looked at him through thickly gathering tears, and, then, as if starting from a trance, gave vent to a wild yet musical laugh.

Scarcely knowing what to say, he continued the former topic of conversation.

"I presume you are what is called a clairvoyante. That, of course, I can understand. But, do you really believe in supernatural manifestations ? "

Here the voice of the little Professor, who had quietly entered the room, supplied an answer.

"Certainly not, sir. The office of solar biology is not to vindicate, but to destroy, supernaturalism. *You* mean superhuman, which is quite another thing.

" All things alike in Nature, nought subsists
Beyond the infinite celestial scheme.
Motes in the sunbeam are the lives of men,
But in the moonlight and the stellar ray,
In every burning flame of every sphere,
Exist intelligible agencies
Akin to thine and mine.

That's how the great Bard puts it in a nutshell. Other lives in other worlds, sir, but no life out of or beyond Nature, which embraces the solid universe to the remotest point in space."

Concluding with this flourish, Professor Mapleleaf dropped down into commonplace, wrung the visitor's hand, and wished him a very good-day.

"How do you feel, Eustasia ? " he continued with some anxiety, addressing his sister. "Do you feel as if the atmosphere this afternoon was properly conditioned ? "

"Yes, Salem, I think so."

The Professor looked at his watch, and simultaneously there came a loud rapping at the door. Presently three persons entered, a tall, powerful-looking man, who was introduced as Doctor Kendall, and two elderly gentlemen ; then a minute later, a little gray-haired man, the well-known Sir James Beaton, a famous physician of Edinburgh. The party was completed by Mrs. Prozzi Smith, the landlady of the house, who came up dressed in black silk, and wearing a widow's cap.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen," said the little Professor, glibly, "we shall, with your permission, begin in the usual manner, by darkening the chamber and forming an ordinary circle. I warn you, however, that this is trivial, and in the manner of professional mediums. As the séance advances, and the power deepens, we shall doubtless be lifted to higher ground."

So saying he drew the heavy curtains of the window, leaving the room in semi-darkness. Then the party sat down around a small circular table, and touched hands ; Bradlèy sitting opposite Eustasia, who had Dr. Kendall on her right, and Sir James Beaton on her left. The usual manifestations followed. The table rose bodily into the air, bells were rung, tiny sparkles of light flashed about the room.

This lasted about a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time Mapleleaf broke the circle, and drawing back a curtain, admitted the light into the room. It was then discovered that Eustasia, sitting in her place, with her hands resting upon the table, was in a state of mesmeric trance ; and ghastly and sibylline indeed she looked, with her great eyes wide open, her golden hair fallen on her shoulders, her face shining as if mysteriously anointed.

"Eustasia !" said the Professor softly.

The girl remained motionless, and did not seem to hear.

"Eustasia !" he repeated.

This time her lips moved, and a voice, that seemed shriller and clearer than her own, replied :—

"Eustasia is not here. I am Sira."

"Who is Sira ?"

"A spirit of the third magnitude, from the region of the moon."

A titter ran round the company, and Sir James Beaton essayed a feeble joke.

"A human spirit—we shall not, I hope, be *de lunatico inquirendo*."

"Hush, sir !" cried the Professor ; then he continued, addressing

the medium his sister, "Let me know if the conditions are perfect or imperfect?"

"I cannot tell," was the reply.

"Do you see anything, Sira?"

"I see faint forms floating on the sunbeam. They come and go, they change and fade. One is like a child, with its hand full of flowers. They are lilies—O, I can see no more. I am blind. There is too much light."

The Professor drew the curtain, darkening the chamber. He then sat down in his place at the table, and requested all present to touch hands once more.

So far, Bradley had looked on with impatience, not unmingled with disgust. What he saw and heard was exactly what he had heard described a hundred times.

With the darkening of the room, the manifestations recommenced. The table moved about like a thing possessed, the very floor seemed to tremble and upheave, the bells rang, the lights flashed.

Then all at once Bradley became aware of a strange sound, as if the whole room were full of life.

"Keep still!" said the Professor. "Do not break the chain. Wait!"

A long silence followed; then the strange sound was heard again.

"Are you there, my friend?" asked the Professor.

There was no reply.

"Are the conditions right?"

He was answered by a cry from the medium, so wild and strange that all present were startled and awed.

"See! see!"

"What is it, Sira?" demanded the Professor.

"Shapes like angels, carrying one that looks like a corpse. They are singing—do you not hear them? Now they are touching me—they are passing their hands over my hair. I see my mother; she is weeping and bending over me. Mother! mother!"

Simultaneously, Bradley himself appeared conscious of glimpses like human faces flashing and fading. In spite of his scepticism, a deep dread, which was shared more or less by all present, fell upon him. Then all at once he became aware of something like a living form, clad in robes of dazzling whiteness, passing by him. An icy cold hand was pressed to his forehead, leaving a clammy damp like dew.

"I see a shape of some kind," he cried. "Does anyone else perceive it?"

“Yes ! yes ! yes !” came from several voices.

“It is the spirit of a woman,” murmured the medium.

“Do you know her ?” added the Professor.

“No ; she belongs to the living world, not to the dead. I see far away, somewhere on this planet, a beautiful lady lying asleep ; she seems full of sorrow, her pillow is wet with tears. This is the lady’s spirit, brought hither by the magnetic influence of one she loves.”

“Can you describe her to us more closely ?”

“Yes. She has dark hair, and splendid dark eyes ; she is tall and lovely. The lady and the spirit are alike, the counterpart of each other.”

Once more Bradley was conscious of the white form standing near him ; he reached out his hands to touch it, but it immediately vanished.

At the same moment he felt a touch like breath upon his face, and heard a soft musical voice murmuring in his ear—

“Ambrose ! beloved !”

He started in wonder, for the voice seemed that of Alma Craik.

“Be good enough not to break the chain !” said Mrs. Prozzi Smith, who occupied the chair at his side.

Trembling violently, he returned his hands to their place, touching those of his immediate neighbours on either side. The instant he did so, he heard the voice again, and felt the touch like breath.

“Ambrose, do you know me ?”

“Who is speaking ?” he demanded.

A hand soft as velvet and cold as ice was passed over his hair.

“It is I, dearest !” said the voice. “It is *Alma* !”

“What brings you here ?” he murmured, almost inaudibly.

“I knew you were in sorrow ;—I came to bring you comfort, and to assure you of my forgiveness.”

The words were spoken in a low, just audible voice, close to his ear, and it is doubtful if they were heard by any other member of the company. In the mean time the more commonplace manifestations still continued ; the room was full of strange sounds, bells ringing, knocking, shuffling of invisible feet.

Bradley was startled beyond measure. Either her supernatural presence was close by him, or he was the victim of some cruel trick. Before he could speak again, he felt the pressure of cold lips on his forehead, and the same strange voice murmuring farewell.

Wild with excitement, not unmingled with suspicion, he again broke the chain and sprang to his feet. There was a sharp cry from

the medium, as he sprang to the window and drew back the curtain, letting in the daylight. But the act discovered nothing. All the members of the circle, save himself, were sitting in their places. Eustasia, the medium, was calmly leaning back in her chair. In a moment, however, she started, put her hand quickly to her forehead as if in pain, and seemed to emerge from her trance.

"Salem," she cried in her own natural voice, "has anything happened?"

"Mr. Bradley has broken the conditions, that's all," returned the Professor, with an air of offended dignity. "I do protest, ladies and gentlemen, against that interruption. It has brought a most interesting séance to a violent close."

There was a general murmur from the company, and dissatisfied glances were cast at the offender.

"I am very sorry," said the clergyman. "I yielded to an irresistible influence."

"The spirits won't be trifled with, sir," cried Mapleleaf.

"Certainly not," said one of the elderly gentlemen. "Solemn mysteries like these should be approached in a fair and a—hum—a respectful spirit. For my own part, I am quite satisfied with what I have seen. It convinces me of—hum—the reality of these phenomena."

The other elderly gentleman concurred. Dr. Kendall and Sir James, who had been comparing notes, said that they would reserve their final judgment until they had been present at another séance. In the mean time they would go so far as to say that what they had witnessed was very extraordinary indeed.

"How are you now, Eustasia?" said the Professor, addressing his sister.

"My head aches. I feel as if I had been standing for hours in a burning sun. When you called me back I was dreaming so strangely. I thought I was in some celestial place, walking hand in hand with the Lord Jesus."

Bradley looked at the speaker's face. It looked full of elfin or witch-like rather than angelic light. Their eyes met, and Eustasia gave a curious smile.

"Will you come again, Mr. Bradley?"

"I don't know. Perhaps; that is to say, if you will permit me."

"I do think, sir," interrupted the Professor, "that you have given offence to the celestial intelligences, and I am not inclined to admit you to our circle again."

Several voices murmured approval.

“You are wrong, brother,” cried Eustasia, “you are quite wrong.”

“What do you mean, Eustasia?”

“I mean that Mr. Bradley is a medium himself, and a particular favourite with spirits of the first order.”

The Professor seemed to reflect.

“Well, if that’s so (and *you* ought to know), it’s another matter. But he’ll have to promise not to break the conditions. It ain’t fair to the spirits ; it ain’t fair to his fellow-inquirers.”

One by one the company departed, but Bradley still lingered, as if he had something still to hear or say. At last, when the last visitor had gone, and Mrs. Prozzi Smith had grimly stalked away to continue her duties in the basement of the house, he found himself alone with the brother and sister.

He stood hesitating, hat in hand.

“May I ask you a few questions?” he said, addressing Eustasia.

“Why, certainly,” she replied.

“While you were in the state of trance did you see or hear anything that took place in this room?”

Eustasia shook her head.

“Do you know anything whatever of my private life?”

“I guess not, except what I’ve read in the papers.”

“Do you know a lady named Craik, who is one of the members of my congregation?”

The answer came in another shake of the head, and a blank look expressing entire ignorance. Either Eustasia knew nothing whatever, or she was a most accomplished actress. Puzzled and amazed, yet still suspecting fraud of some kind, Bradley took his leave.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE "BLINDWORM."

IN one of my notes in the number for last December on "A Persecuted Fellow-Creature," I endeavoured to refute the popular errors that prevail concerning this gentle animal. In "The County Gentleman" Mr. Grant Allen has described it with his usual graphic power of literary delineation ; but even here a few errors are introduced, not, of course, the gross popular notions that have led to the cruel persecution I described, but others usually perpetrated by "eminent naturalists," and copied from book to book without experimental verification.

Mr. Allen says that the blindworm "is the *ne plus ultra* of utter indolence,—the only animal on earth that will not bestir himself even for the sake of his dinner," and attributes this to his having been "specially developed to feed upon slugs." And further that "if the blindworm had to feed upon beetles, or even upon earthworms, now, it would be quite a different matter ; he would have to stir his stumps, or his substitute for those non-existing members, in order to catch up with his retreating prey. But the slug makes no effort whatever to escape from his captor's hooked fangs."

My observations contradict all these statements. The two specimens that lived in my study from July 1881 to May 1883 were lithe and active. Each made his special burrow in the soil of the vivarium. They were rarely visible during the first six months of their captivity—then only by thrusting forth their heads, which they drew back with considerable alacrity whenever I approached them. During this time *they fed exclusively on earthworms*, and I tamed them by holding earthworms at the opening of their retreats, which presently they came forth and seized, not sluggishly by any means, but with the usual darting mouth-grasp of reptiles. Unlike snakes, which only take food at very long intervals, my blindworms fed daily in summer time, when supplied with moderate meals.

Afterwards I tried white slugs, and found them preferred, but the feeding on slugs is no such lazy business as Mr. Allen supposes.

The blindworm darts open-mouthed at his prey, and usually seizes it crosswise, but cannot thus swallow it. The slug elongates itself and struggles violently, frequently covering the face and both of the bright sharp eyes of the misnamed "blind" worm with its slime. After a vigorous struggle, commonly of ten or fifteen minutes' duration, the slug is manoeuvred into a longitudinal position, head or tail forwards, in a line of the blindworm's throat, and is then leisurely swallowed.

I have tried them with the larvæ of beetles and of moths (such as hybernate underground), and find that they are eaten with evident relish.

After a while (about six months with one and twelve months with the other) they became tame enough to follow my hand and lick it, evidently in search of food, which I find they always taste with their active little black forked tongues before grasping it.

The assertion that "if you try to take up a blindworm you will find that these same small teeth can inflict a smart wound, drawing blood from your finger ; and at the same time you will notice that the creature stiffens itself out by contracting its muscles, so that it seems made of wood," is book-lore pure and simple, that anybody may refute by trying the experiment.

I have handled others besides those above-named ; could never induce them to attempt anything like biting the fingers, although, having heard of their biting propensities, I tested them by various means of irritation. Gently used, they lick the hand continually, but do this with the mouth closed, the tongue passing through a little notch in the front of the jaws. Instead of stiffening, as described, their usual habit is to twine round the finger, holding rather firmly.

I question the possibility of their teeth penetrating the cuticle of human fingers, simply because the length of these barely visible teeth is less than the thickness of such cuticle. They are mere needle-points, rather larger on the top than on the bottom jaw, and well set backwards.

I have a dead specimen now before me, and fail to perforate the cuticle of my finger by any pressure I can enforce against these little spines. They *scratch* the finger if it is drawn forward among them, but to do this, a pull must be exerted that would lift or drag along bodily a score of blindworms.

Why is this pretty little creature so cruelly libelled by all, learned and vulgar alike ?

My recent experience suggests a reply to this question so far as

the supposed sluggishness and blindness are concerned. Both my pets died in the spring, both with the same symptoms. They came to the surface, their scales were ruffled, eyes nearly closed, their body stretched out straight and nearly motionless. This continued about a fortnight. At first they ate a slug or two, and did so lazily enough, then gradually they became worse and worse, refusing food, and finally passing slowly away in that euthanasia that Dr. Richardson describes so eloquently.

While the last survivor of my two pets was in this state of blessedness, a charwoman brought me one that she had picked up in a field hard by just in the same moribund condition. It died the day after, and it is upon this I have just made the experiments with the teeth.

My theory is that the prevailing notions expressed by Mr. Allen concerning the sluggishness, the blindness, and the stiffness of these creatures, have been derived from finding them as the charwoman found her specimen. When in good health, they are rarely seen, but if they usually come to the surface to perform their euthanasia, as both of my specimens did, this is the condition in which they would be best known.

The naturalist who would capture a specimen in good health must proceed upon the basis of a very different theory of their habits than that which Mr. Allen has propounded, or his success will correspond to that of the boy who tries to catch sparrows by first putting salt upon their tails.

I have, in the course of my life, picked up two, both on a roadway, and both in a dying condition, but have never succeeded in capturing a healthy specimen. The statement in Bell's "British Reptiles" concerning the impossibility of keeping them alive in confinement is probably also based on trials made with such moribund specimens.

This theory does not explain the fallacy concerning the biting and the smart wound on the finger. The imagination must have come in here.

A POLITE PARADOXER.

THE great earth-flattener has written to the *Gentleman's Magazine* three folios under the title of "Elementary Science," in which he urges upon the editor "the impropriety of pretending to discuss scientific subjects" while ignorant of "the very elementary principles on which it is based," and he politely inquires whether "it is prejudice or cowardice or other intellectual deficiency which prevents the highest literary authorities in the kingdom" (*i.e.* the contributors

to the *Gentleman's Magazine*) "from venturing to discuss and finally determine this subject." He directs our attention to the fact that "guilty criminals may shun exposure," but as we writers are only cowards, bigots, and imbeciles, rather than guilty criminals, we should not "sneak out of the conflict."

He says to the editor, "If you have not sufficient confidence in your own knowledge of the subject, why have you not the candour and courtesy to make room in your columns for those who have?" Then follows an account of his long struggles with "the glaring falsehood of the Newtonian system," &c., indicating that the master of courtesy and teacher of true science, for whom room is to be made, is no other than John Hampden himself. Until this is done, the editor is to "leave out the word 'Gentleman,'" and not to "pretend to make any reference to the subject of science." This most courteous correspondent, this model of politeness, whose proposed contributions to this magazine are to justify its title of "The Gentleman's," concludes by informing us generally that he "can make every excuse for ignorance," but that our "pitiful cowardice is a disgrace to English journalism."

The above quotations are rather mild samples of Mr. Hampden's usual style of "*argument*," and yet he tells us, "I have not found a single individual with brains enough to dispute my assertions, or courage enough to face an honest opponent."

Sad, indeed, must be the intellectual and moral condition of the scientific world when such pure convincing logic and such affectionate and flattering appeals are written in vain.

FLAMES.

WHAT are they? They are commonly described as merely heated or "incandescent" gas. In a note to Chapter VII. of "The Fuel of the Sun" I stated some reasons for questioning this definition and justifying "the conclusion that flame should be classed as another and distinct form of matter, in addition to those of the solid, liquid, and gaseous forms;" thus reverting to the four elements of the ancients—fire, air, earth, and water—their real meaning being that matter existed in one or other of the four conditions of fire, gas, solid, or liquid, their use of the word "element" being to express the idea that we now represent by "state."

I suggested further investigation of the difference between flame and incandescent gases, and Dr. W. Siemens has recently used the opportunities afforded by his regenerative glass furnaces for making

such investigations. He finds that gases are not luminous at the temperature of molten steel (1500° to 2000° C.) At this high temperature the air emitted no light to a darkened room, showing that gases cannot be made red-hot or white-hot as solids may.

Further observations on the behaviour of flames themselves disproved Davy's theory that their luminosity is due to the incandescence of precipitated particles of carbon or other solids. My experiments showing the transparency of luminous flames (described in the above-quoted chapter) led me to the same conclusion, as such transparency of the white portion of the flame would be impossible if it were loaded with solid particles of carbon packed so closely together as to display continuous luminosity by their incandescence.

In the German *Annalen* of Chemistry and Physics, W. Hittorf now claims priority over Siemens in respect to demonstrating this non-luminosity of heated gases. He observed in 1879 that a layer of air surrounding electrodes of platinum, made white-hot by a battery of 1,600 cells, appeared perfectly dark, and that with iridium heated even up to fusion by a battery of 2,400 elements, the gas media, whether nitrogen, hydrogen, or oxygen, remained perfectly dark, and that these gases, when thus heated, became good conductors of electricity, even when its potentiality or penetrating power was low.

It appears that Wedgwood in 1792 made similar furnace observations to those of Siemens, and, like him, concluded that the heated air therein was not luminous.

It appears, therefore, that flame is not white-hot gas, nor white-hot solid particles precipitated from the gas, but is matter in a fourth condition—*i.e.*, in the act of vigorous combination, or what I will venture to call *chemical vitality*.

Animal and vegetable activities depend upon the chemical combinations proceeding in organic structures, and if we may apply to the sum of these activities the designation of vegetable and animal life, I am justified in describing flames as an intense manifestation of inorganic or mineral life. There is really no innovation in this, but the opposite ; it is a return to some very ancient conceptions.

A CRUEL CRITIC.

I HAVE just received a cutting from the *Warrington Guardian*, containing a reprint of my June note on "The Fume of the Blast Furnace," to which is appended another cutting from a later number of the same paper, in which a correspondent, "T. F.," reminds its readers that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

He also tells them "that when a man rushes into print he should understand his subject," and illustrates these propositions very neatly by asserting that in my statement of the analysis of the gases which escape from the blast furnace the sulphurous and sulphuric acid are omitted.

Neither sulphurous nor sulphuric acid can possibly escape from a blast furnace in the free state described by T. F.—*i.e.*, as gases that "render the first part of a shower of rain strongly acid, the ground and vegetation being on the surface acid enough to redden litmus-paper."

The impossibility of this is due to the elementary fact that these powerful acids combine with bases very energetically, and are thereby neutralised. The charge of a blast furnace consists of ore, more or less basic, of lime, a very powerful base, and coal or coke containing a little pyrites. The coal is, in fact, buried in basic material, through a great depth of which the small quantity of sulphurous and sulphuric acid formed by the burning of the pyrites must pass before escaping.

This is not a matter of mere theory, but has been proved over and over again by the analyses of Bunsen, Ebelman, Scheerer, Playfair, Rinneau, Tunner, and others, who not only made these analyses of the gases that issue from blast furnaces, but "rushed into print" and published them. The analysis stated in my note, and contradicted by T. F., is a mean of their results, as tabulated in Bauermann's concise and valuable treatise on "The Metallurgy of Iron."

In the dust which I described is found solid sulphate of lime (plaster of Paris), due to the necessary combination of the sulphuric acid with the calcined limestone of the charge. The following is Riley's analysis of the dust from the Dowlais furnace, South Wales:—

Silica	30·33
Alumina	8·43
Peroxide of iron	47·05
Peroxide of manganese	1·77
Lime	2·30
Magnesia	1·13
Potash	1·80
Soda	0·36
Water	0·93
<i>Sulphate of lime</i>	4·42
Phosphate of lime	0·75
						<hr/>
						99·27

The gas that escapes from *factory* furnaces and domestic chimneys is quite different from that escaping from the blast furnace, for the simple reason that in these cases the products of combustion of the coal pass directly into the air, while the blast furnace is a tower filled with the solid materials above-named, which are poured in cold at the top and gradually heated as they descend. The sulphurous and sulphuric acid must pass through these, and thus it combines chiefly with the lime, and, unfortunately, to a small extent with the iron, to its serious detriment.

The reader who desires further information on the acids of town smoke will find it in a paper on "The Corrosion of Building Stones," reprinted in "Science in Short Chapters," where I have sketched the history of the discovery of sulphurous and sulphuric acid in the atmosphere of our towns and their effect on buildings, and have described some experiments of my own made in Birmingham.

In justice to T. F., I should add that he appears to have overlooked the little word "blast," and supposes that the analysis I quoted is intended for the gases of factory furnaces such as those in and about Warrington, which, like those of Birmingham, really do give out the acids he names.

FISH AND PHOSPHORUS.

A CURIOUS notion concerning fish diet is widely prevalent. It is supposed to supply special brain food. If this were true the Doggerbank fishermen, who feed on codfish, should be intellectual giants. I sailed for two months in a schooner, the skipper, the mate, and half of the crew of which had for many years eaten codfish at every meal. They were by no means remarkable for cerebral activity, nor are the rest of their class.

The popular fallacy seems based on a series of other fallacies. First, that there is something very spiritual in phosphorus; second, that phosphorus is a special and exclusive constituent of the brain; and third, that fish contain more phosphorus than other food materials.

The first is mere imaginative nonsense. The second a half-truth. Phosphorus is a constituent of cerebral and other nervous matter, but it is also a constituent of bone, which contains about eleven per cent. of phosphorus, while brain matter contains less than one per cent.

The third fallacy seems to have originated in that very common source of error—viz, dependence on mere words. Fishes are remarkably phosphorescent—ergo, says the word-slave, they must abound in phosphorus.

The fact is that the chemical element named phosphorus has nothing whatever to do with the phosphorescence of fishes, nor with that of the multitude of other phosphorescent animals. The glow-worms (of which there are many species in England alone) and the numerous insects included under the general name of fire-flies are brilliantly phosphorescent without the aid of phosphorus. The minute jelly-like creatures that at certain times render the crest of every breaking wave a blaze of light, and mark the course of porpoises and bonettas with pale rocket-like trails, are animals in whose composition phosphorus is especially lacking.

The true connection that exists between the luminosity of phosphorus and that of organic phosphorescence is that both are dependent on slow or languid chemical combination, just as vivid combustion is a manifestation of intense or vigorous chemical combination. Ordinary combustion is a vigorous combination of something with oxygen; the phosphorescence of phosphorus is due to a slow oxidation of this element, and it is probable that the other cases of phosphorescence are due to the slow oxidation of something else.

B. Radziszewski has recently investigated this subject, and concludes that the phosphorescence of organic bodies is produced by the action of active oxygen in alkaline solution. Ozone is another name for active oxygen. He describes two kinds of organic phosphorescent matter, the first of which contains hydrocarbons, and the second aldehydes, or yields aldehydes when treated with alkalies.

According to this, all phosphorescence is a result of slow combustion, like that which produces animal heat, or the heating of a damp haystack or other heap of vegetable matter and water.

As heat and light are both due to internal activities of matter, differing only in a manner analogous to the difference of motions of the air produced by the difference of the vocalisation of Santley and Patti, the mystery of Will-o'-the-Wisp, of oceanic phosphorescence, glow-worm light, &c., is no greater than that of the warmth of our own bodies.

The anomaly of phosphorescent light is that it is accompanied with no sensible elevation of temperature, while ordinary combustion, when it rises to the pitch of effecting luminosity, is accompanied with intense heat.

There must be an essential difference between the waves of white light emitted by incandescent platinum or the white-hot carbon, and that from the glow-worm. I am not aware that mathematicians have satisfactorily fitted the undulatory theory of light to the explanation of these differences.

THE ARTIFICIAL LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

“THIS of course is the electric light” will be the general response. My opinion is quite different. I believe that the electric light will never serve any other than sensational and exceptional purposes, for which expense is no object.

The *ordinary* light of the future must be cheap. In order to be cheap, it must not be a result of physical or chemical violence, as all such violence is destructive of material, and consequently expensive. This is the vital and necessary defect of the electric light.

I look forward in the direction indicated by the preceding note for the light of the future. Let us rather study the machinery of the glow-worm than that of the thunderstorm.

Let some industrious German collect a small colony of glow-worms, weigh them carefully ; then measure the amount of light they emit in a given time without taking food, and then weigh them again. I have little doubt that he will find that their consumption of material in the production of a given amount of light is marvellously smaller than that demanded by any of our methods of chemical violence.

May we not isolate these hydrocarbons and aldehydes (turpentine and incipient vinegars), and make them phosphorise by the aid of alkalies and oxygen rendered active or ozonised as ordinary atmospheric oxygen is by mere contact with the vapour of such bodies?

The faintness of phosphorescence may be suggested as an objection ; if so, let the objector capture a glow-worm, measure the dimensions of the little specks that form its lamps ; then put it in a fern-case as I have done, and observe the illumination of the fronds. Now suppose a room to be hung with curtains dipped in a solution of glow-worm fuel, so that every fibre of the drapery shall radiate as much light as a corresponding surface of the glow-worm lamp.

Such lovely radiance, diffusible at pleasure, would by comparison render the electric light a glaring intolerable barbarism.

Here, then, is a magnificent field for research ; the gate is opened, it may be entered at once ; and step by step, little by little, in ever-widening area it may be explored, with definite promise of rich fruits ; their possibilities of attainment being demonstrated by the achieved success of the humble glow-worm.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

RICH as is suburban London in beauty—and in this respect no European capital can challenge it—it is not rich enough to resist the processes of destruction which go on whenever an excuse for interference is supplied. Until recently Hampstead has ranked as one of the loveliest spots near London. The process of spoiling its beauty, commenced by the builders, when, to the disgrace of London government, a long row of squalid and ignoble houses was allowed to crawl up the side of Parliament Hill, is being completed by the action of the authorities. Two special beauties of Hampstead are now rapidly disappearing. To the north and north-east, the view, which extends from Harrow to the hills of Essex, and, under certain atmospheric conditions, almost recalls what Ruskin says about the prospect from Milan Cathedral, is being spoilt by the gradual stretching out of the stuccoed arms of London. To this, as the inevitable, I must resign myself. Hampstead had, however, another charm. In the rich yellow sand of the northern portion, relieved by clumps of furze, the character of Provençal scenery was so closely approached, that very little imagination was required to fancy oneself near Avignon, Aix, or Beaucaire. It is scarcely credible that this character is being deliberately destroyed, the rich sand being covered with grey earth, 'deposited in cart-loads. The steep slopes are also being levelled, and the whole place is being deliberately cockneyfied. Who is responsible for this Vandalism I know not. That the time has come when some supervision should be exercised over those who charge themselves, or are charged, with the protection of the Heath is but too evident.

SOCIAL GRAVITATION.

THE influence of men over each other, and the wonderful attraction for individuals of large assemblages of their fellows, have never been adequately investigated by sociologists, or by any other class. It is curious, though comprehensible, that the larger the

number of the inhabitants of a city, the greater its power to draw people within its vortex. Capitals like London, Paris, Vienna have an almost irresistible attraction for those brought within their range. Those who, to use the words of Alexander Smith, live "in mighty towns, immured in their black hearts," feel doubtless in the season of blossom, or in that of summer, the strongest desire to be in the country. Yet a small experience of country life contents them, and they soon pine again for contact with the crowd. I should not indulge in gossip on so trite a subject had I not found recently convincing proof how general is the feeling of which I speak. If ever there was a man who might be supposed to be absorbed in the country life of which he is the best living painter, it is surely Mr. Richard Jefferies, the author of "The Gamekeeper at Home." "Here," said I inwardly to myself, "is one to whom country life has interest beyond ordinary acquirement, and to whom a cramped existence in a city must be unendurable." Yet before I have got through thirty pages of his latest and most delightful work,¹ I find this lover of nature owning that to enjoy thoroughly a country life, to be able to sit on the new-mown hay and dream away hour after hour in the shade, it is necessary to go far away. When seated in some glade in a forest of Arden, such as may be found within a dozen miles of London, "something plucks at the heart with constant reminder. You must up and away, and turn in which direction you please, ultimately it will lead you to London. . . . You are like a bird let out with a string tied to the foot, to flutter a little way and return again. It is not business, for you may have none in the ordinary sense; it is not 'society'; it is not pleasure. It is the presence of man in his myriads. There is something in the heart which cannot be satisfied away from it . . . coming too near the loadstone of London, the ship wends thither, whether or no. At least it is so with me, and I often go to London without any object whatever, but just because I must; and, arriving there, wander whithersoever the hurrying throng carries me." Testimony stronger than this to the attraction of which I speak cannot surely be afforded.

MODERN PERSECUTIONS OF THE JEWS.

THE history of human perversity and error supplies few chapters more startling than the recently-furnished trial of Jews in Hungary. We have to go back to the days of the Inquisition to find instances of persecution and of misapplication of the forms of legal

¹ *Nature near London.* By Richard Jefferies. Chatto & Windus, 1883.

procedure equally cruel. The revelation of human ignorance and credulity, however, which is furnished constitutes the most striking feature. The idea that Jews hold it no sin to shed Christian blood prevailed during many centuries. In the “*Flagellum in Judæos*” of Hadrianus Finus, or Fine, published in 1538, a book of some 1,200 pages in double columns, consisting of one long attack upon the practices of the Jews and the teaching of the Talmud—a work, I may add, of extreme rarity—the heading of the 10th chapter of the ninth book is “*Volunt Thalmudistæ Judæis licitum esse, Christianos posse ab eis impune, et absque peccato interfici.*” That Jews in the dark ages were probably, though their opportunities were fewer, as ready to put to death Christians as the Christians were to put to death Jews, may be conceded. The reproach, however, now levelled against the Jews was first directed against the Christians. No accusation was more frequent among the opponents of Christianity than that the Christians, for the purpose of solemnising their sacrament, were in the habit of stealing and murdering Pagan children. Tertullian and Minutius Felix are at the pains to vindicate the Christians from accusations of the sort. Mosheim’s “*Ecclesiastical History*” makes reference to them, and Gibbon, in his “*Decline and Fall*,” though he acquits the Christians of the charges of human sacrifice and incestuous commerce which were common, seems not wholly averse from believing that what was falsely said of the Christians might hold true of the Marcionites, the Carpocratians, and other sects of Gnostics. The transference of the application of an old fable from Christians to Jews is sufficiently curious. That comparatively little is heard in Spain, where the persecution of Jews was hottest, of this charge is simply ascribable to the fact that it was there found needless. Working in secret and backed by the joint powers of the State and the Church, the Inquisition had a sufficient justification for the infliction of death or any form of torture in that the Jews *were* Jews. To bring against them such charges as are now vamped up when the forms of law have to be in appearance at least respected, was mere waste of time and trouble.

MR. IRVING ON DIDEROT.

IT is singular that no English version of a work so well known on the Continent, so intellectually stimulating, and so fruitful as a source of controversy as “*Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien*” of Diderot, should appear until more than a century after the latest possible date at which the original can have been written. Fifty years of neglect

are comprehensible, since the manuscript was not found and published until 1830. Since that time, however, the work has remained all but unknown in England. A version by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock has at length been given to the world under the title of "The Paradox of Acting," and is ushered in by an interesting and well-written preface by Mr. Irving. Mr. Pollock's translation, which is admirably vigorous and idiomatic, proves to be worth waiting for, and the few notes with which it is accompanied are valuable and well selected. What is most likely to interest the scholarly world is, however, Mr. Irving's attempt to answer the paradox of Diderot. Briefly stated, in words which may be regarded as the text of the sermon Diderot preaches, the view enunciated is that—"The great actor must have a deal of judgment. He must have in himself an unmoved and disinterested on-looker. He must have, consequently, penetration and no sensibility; the art of mimicking everything, or, which comes to the same thing, the same aptitude for every sort of character and part." This theory, which is naturally repulsive to the actor, Mr. Irving combats in a singularly capable and well-argued preface. It is impossible to proceed seriatim through the arguments he advances. The assertions concerning the changed condition of the stage which he employs have weight, and the humour with which he treats the species of antipathy to sensibility, like that to a red rag of a bull, displayed by his opponent is delightful. None the less Diderot's "Paradoxe" retains its force. It is, like many other things, true within certain limits. Those actors who maintain that they feel the emotions they present, and are carried away by the character they play till they become kings or heroes, forget the old argument that if this is true they must be carried away by bad characters also, and must become veritable Richards or Iagos, in which case the world would almost be justified in putting them to death. "How far sensibility and art can be fused in the same mind" will probably be, as Mr. Irving says, "an open question." The intellectual qualities it may, however, be maintained are likely to be of higher service on the stage than the emotional.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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HONEYSUCKLE.

THERE is often a wonderful depth of applicability in the good old English names of animals, insects, and flowers. The forgotten country observers—mute inglorious Darwins, simple-minded shepherd naturalists of the prehistoric period—who first invented those quaint Teutonic titles for plant or bird or berry, seem to have had a curious native knack of hitting off the salient features of the object they wished to describe in a single short phrase, or even in a single syllable. What could be more expressive, for example, more full of genuine though half-unconscious scientific insight, than names like larkspur, and monkshood, and henbane, and fool's parsley? Could anything better describe the real nature and the true classificatory place of the little white potentilla than its ploughboy title of barren strawberry? Could the most modern science better describe the actual use and function of the fruit of our smallest British plum than by dubbing them as bird-cherries? How closely some unknown early English herbalist must have watched that quaint parasitic plant that fastens its sucker-like root upon the buried stems of broom and drains the life-blood from its veins, before he could have thought of describing it by the strangely suggestive name of broomrape. It is just the same with dodder, that doddering lithe creeper whose myriad mouths drink up the sap of the doddered flax round which it climbs; it is just the same with spurge-laurel, and snake-weed, and dead-nettle, and sow-bread, and sheep's-bit, and figwort, and deadly nightshade, and half a dozen other equally expressive names. Every one of them bears testimony not only to close observation, but also to a certain unsophisticated trick of seeing instinctively the inner meaning and purport of the flowers, roots, or herbs that are still known by them. They are all full of that consciousness of the close interaction between the vegetable and animal worlds which scientific botany till very lately had quite omitted to take into its reckoning.

But there isn't one of these old English names more remarkably applicable to the plant which bears it than the common and familiar name of honeysuckle. For the honey that lurks at the bottom of the long cylindrical tube is the very essence and formative principle of the entire flower, the central characteristic upon which all the other characteristics of the blossom depend. Let us look a little into the internal economy of this well-known English hedgerow favourite, and consider what is the function borne in its domestic arrangements by the copious nectar that gathers so abundantly in the long narrow floral tube.

Every flower, or at least every conspicuous and brilliantly coloured flower (which includes all the kinds that ordinary people usually notice), lays itself definitely out to secure the suffrages of some particular class of insects which aid in fertilising its embryo seeds by carrying pollen on their heads and legs from one plant to another of the same sort. But all flowers do not lay themselves out for exactly the same kinds of insects; some of them are specially adapted for fertilisation by one group of insect visitors, and others of them are specially adapted for other groups. We are most of us more familiar with the action of bees in this respect than with the action of any other pollen-seekers or honey-eaters, because the bee is a creature of immediate importance to man himself, as well as because more attention has probably been called in books to this particular case of insect agency than to any other; and there can be no doubt that a larger number of flowers have adapted themselves in shape, colour, and general arrangement to the tastes and habits of bees than have adapted themselves to all the alternative visitors put together. Still there are a great many plants which have laid themselves out to attract various minor insect tribes with more or less conspicuous success. Some of them cater rather for the small colour-loving beetles which specially affect bright golden-yellow blossoms; others endeavour to allure the carrion flies by imitating the nauseous smell and livid colour of decaying animal matter. Yet others seek to curry favour with the omnivorous wasps by their dingy hues and open store of honey; while a considerable number (amongst them our friend the honeysuckle) conceal their nectar in deep, narrow tubes, where it can only be extracted by the long coiled-up tongues of moths or butterflies. In the tropics, not a few large and brilliant tubular flowers have even called in the birds to their assistance, and are habitually fertilised by the kind offices of humming-birds, sun-birds, and brush-tongued lories.

Now, out of all these and many other possible modes of fertilisa-

tion, the honeysuckle has adapted itself to that by means of moths, and more especially of the humming-bird hawk-moth. It blossoms in those months of the year—June and July—when the hawk-moths are most abundant; and it has adapted itself in every particular to their peculiar tastes and manners. The tube of the honeysuckle, as we all know, is very long and narrow, and it is filled with sweet nectar half-way up from the bottom in great abundance. No North European insects have a proboscis long enough to reach the end of the tube except those of the moth and butterfly group. The most gifted of our native bees in this respect, such as the great humble-bee, can only get two-thirds of the way down, while of our flies very few can get a third of the way. But the butterflies and moths have much longer tongues, and can suck up the very last drop from the luscious store-house; it is for them, therefore, that the honeysuckle has specialised itself, and it is they alone who can rightly convey the pollen from the little hanging sacs on one blossom to the sensitive spot on the central style of another.

Why is the honeysuckle pale white or faint yellow? In order to please and allure these same crepuscular insect guests. The hawk-moths, though they begin to fly about in the late afternoon, are chiefly evening flitters; they love best the dusk and the twilight. Now at these hours such colours as blue, scarlet, or purple are practically invisible, and only white or pale yellow can be readily seen. Hence the evening flowers, which lay themselves out to attract moths, are almost always waxen white or pale primrose in hue. For example, there is the night-flowering cereus, that well-known snowy cactus, with its pendent lily-like blossom; there are the jasmine, and the tuberose, and the evening primrose, and the white campion, all of which first open in the dusk, and all of which are fertilised by nocturnal insects. The reason and origin of this peculiarity is easy enough to see. Any night-flowering plant which was coloured blue or crimson would be indistinguishable in the dark, and so would never get fertilised; as a consequence, it would never set any seed, and would leave no descendants after it. On the other hand, the paler any such flower was, the better would it be distinguished by the eyes of its nocturnal guests, and the more certain would it be of leaving progeny with similar peculiarities. In this way all the darker-hued night-blossoms have been slowly weeded out, while all the paler ones have been favoured and perpetuated by the unconscious selective action of the insects.

Once more, why is the honeysuckle scented? For the very self-same reason. Moths, though largely guided by sight, are also much

influenced by smell ; and the flowers which lay themselves out for this class of visitors are almost invariably scented, and more so as evening draws on. A moment's consideration will serve to remind us that all the white or pale yellow night flowers mentioned above—the cereus, the jasmine, the tuberose, the stephanotis, the evening primrose, and so forth, are delicately perfumed, and most people have also observed that their perfume is most powerful as night draws on. This is very noticeably the case with the honeysuckle, whose faint scent grows much more marked on summer evenings. It is interesting to note in this connection that the well-known difference between the antennæ of the day-flying butterflies and the night-flying moths is probably due to the larger development of the organ of smell in the nocturnal group. Scent supplements sight with them, just as touch supplements it in the bats and in the human blind.

Once more, why is the honeysuckle flower divided into two lips, an upper and an under one? Well, the upper acts as the chief advertiser, so to speak, as the flag or sign-board hung out conspicuously to attract the eyes of insects ; the under acts as a platform on which the insect can alight while it thrusts its proboscis down into the recesses of the tube. The hawk-moths, however, do not usually alight at all ; they poise themselves on their rapidly-vibrating wings in front of the blossom, and lick up the honey with extraordinary rapidity, so that the platform is only of use for the subsidiary insects which occasionally aid in the fertilisation. It has a further function, however, as guiding the moth direct to the mouth of the tube ; and as the moths are chary of wasting their time, being busy and business-like creatures, this arrangement indirectly benefits the plant, which would otherwise miss their attentions. The insect in poisoning itself rubs off some of the pollen from the loosely-hanging sacs on to its hairy bosom, and then rubs it off again on the sensitive surface of the next flower it visits.

We have not yet quite finished with the flowers of the honeysuckle. If you look at the base of the bunch in the common English wild species you will see that it is covered and protected by a number of little brownish leaves or bracts, fringed at the edge with sticky hairs. A very small pocket lens will suffice to show you that these hairs are not so simple as they look at first sight ; indeed, you can see even with the naked eye, by holding them up against the light, that each one of them is tipped at the outer end with a small globular bulb or gland, which gives it the sticky appearance. The stem below the flower bunch is also covered with similar glandular hairs, though

not nearly so thickly as the bracts which sheathe the base of the blossoms. Now what is the use of these curious sticky balls fastened on the end of the little hairs? Well, they serve two useful purposes in the economy of the honeysuckle. In the first place, they prevent little creeping insects from crawling up the stem, invading the blossoms, and finally stealing the honey or pollen. Such thieving guests as these are quite useless, or, rather, absolutely detrimental to the welfare of the plant, because their shape and size does not adapt them for rubbing the fertilising pollen from the stamens of one flower on to the sensitive surface of its sisters elsewhere. Moreover, as they do not fly, they cannot readily get from one plant to another of the same kind, but crawl indiscriminately up any stem where they are attracted by the smell of honey, and thus they would only produce monstrous hybrids instead of fertile and vigorous seedlings. Ants are great offenders in this kind, being extremely fond of sweets, as all housewives know to their cost, and flowers have accordingly guarded against their depredations by all sorts of cunning devices. These glandular hairs are among the most effective of such plans for the exclusion of unwelcome insect visitors; their sticky secretions effectually clog the legs of the would-be plunderers, which often linger long stuck fast upon the stem, and die miserably in unavailing struggles to free themselves from the gummy glands.

And this introduces us at once to the second and still more important function subserved by the sticky hairs. Not only do they serve as barriers against the attacks of honey-stealing ants or other wingless crawlers, but also as traps to catch small flies and other winged insects whose bodies they use as manure or food for the opening blossoms. The act of flowering is the most expensive in the whole plant economy. It uses up a vast amount of rich material in the production of the petals, the pollen, and the young seeds. Many plants provide against this extraordinary outlay beforehand by storing up quantities of food-stuffs in bulbs or tubers, but others trust mainly to their insect-catching propensities to supply them with nitrogenous material when the actual moment of flowering has arrived. There are some marshy plants, like the sun-dew, in which the insect-eating habit has become extremely conspicuous; but, apart from these highly-developed insectivorous cases, an immense number of English weeds (notably the saxifrages, figworts, hawk-weeds, and sow-thistles) possess glandular hairs on their buds and flower-branches which can catch small insects as they light upon them, and then suck out the juices from their bodies for the supply of the developing blossoms. In the honeysuckle this curious habit is extremely well marked,

and you will generally find, on looking closely among the sticky hairs of the stem and bracts, a number of papery empty bodies, representing the outer shell of aphides or small flies whose inner contents it has digested and absorbed. I am strongly inclined to believe that wherever glandular hairs occur upon the stalks or calyx-pieces of opening flowers they possess in a greater or less degree this curious insect-eating power.

The honeysuckle which we have been so far examining is our own common English hedgerow species ; but there is a favourite garden kind, known as perfoliate woodbine, which has run wild in many parts of England, and which exhibits a still more extraordinary arrangement for entrapping and digesting insect prey. In this species the leaves on the flowering branches have grown together at their bases, so as to form a sort of cup or saucer, apparently pierced through by the stem ; and this cup retains the rain-water after every shower, so as to form a little reservoir upon the stalk just below the flowers. Such an arrangement exactly answers the same purpose as the glandular fringe in the common honeysuckle. On the one hand, creeping insects, in their endeavour to get up the stem to eat the honey, are checked by it as by a moat around a mediæval castle ; on the other hand, both they and many imprudent flies get drowned in the basin so formed, and their juices, being dissolved in the water, are then absorbed by the plant to act as material for developing the pollen, honey, and seeds. An exactly similar device exists in the common teasel, where the water-cups are much larger, broader, and deeper ; and in this case one of Mr. Darwin's sons has shown that the plant actually protrudes long threads of protoplasm from its own cells into the water, to suck in the dissolved nutriment, and so convey it into the general circulation of the teasel's system. It is interesting to note, accordingly, that while our common English honeysuckle, which has no moats, is hairy on the lower part of its stem, so as to keep off climbing insects as by a *chevaux-de-frise*, this Continental species, having nothing to lose but everything to gain by their presence—since it is sure of drowning them in the long run—is quite destitute of hairs from top to bottom. While I am on the subject of this garden woodbine, I may as well add that its flowers are even longer than those of our native kind, and that their honey is even more inaccessible to any except the properly constituted hawk-moths.

And now, to return to our own English honeysuckle, we must remember that though the flowers are the part of its life-history which usually interest us the most, it does not consist of flowers alone. If

you were to ask the birds about it, they would tell you that the most important things about the honeysuckle were its berries. After the blossoms have been duly impregnated by a grain or two of floury pollen from a sister plant, the lower part of the flower begins to swell out into a small yellowish-red or orange fruit. At first these little berries are hard and green, because at this stage the plant does not wish that they should attract attention ; it could only lose by their being plucked or eaten while the seeds are yet unripe. As the seeds ripen, however, the berries grow gradually sweeter, softer, and ruddier, until at last they hang out from the hedge in those little tempting orange bunches with which we are all so familiar. Then the birds, attracted by the bright hue and sweetish pulp, swallow them whole, and, after digesting the softer parts, aid in dispersing the seeds, which is the end chiefly held in view by the careful mother plant.

Here, however, is a very curious fact in the life of the honeysuckle. If you cut open the very young berry (or ovary) in the blossoming flower, you will find in it a large number of minute undeveloped seeds. But as the berry ripens, all these seeds, except one, gradually atrophy and shrivel away, till at last, in the full-grown fruit, you only find a single hard little nutlet as sole representative of the entire brood. The reason for this strange procedure is a genealogical one. Once upon a time, as we say in fairy tales and evolutionary histories (which are a kind of true fairy tales of science), the ancestors of the honeysuckle used to ripen their seeds in a dry capsule ; and then they needed many seeds to each flower, in order to keep up the number of the species, because so many of them fell in useless places, or otherwise came to grief ineffectually. But as the capsule slowly changed into a berry, under the selective action of the friendly birds, which picked out and so aided in dispersing the juiciest fruits, it became unnecessary to produce so large a number of extra seeds. One seedling did as well now as a dozen would have done under the old casual system. Hence the plant left off ripening so many as it used to do, and took to storing the single one more richly than of yore with foodstuffs for the young plantlet. Something analogous has happened with almost every succulent or luscious fruit which depends upon the kind offices of birds or animals for the dispersion of its seeds ; in nearly all of them the number of seeds has been much diminished, and in the largest or most advanced kinds—such as plums, peaches, apricots, mangoes, cherries, and nectarines—there is only a single “stone” with one kernel, surrounded by a large and pulpy coloured fruit.

So much for the more conspicuous outer peculiarities of the honeysuckle plant ; but we have to bear in mind once more that flower and fruit, relatively important as they are in the eyes of utilitarian humanity, by no means exhaust the whole story of any vegetable organism. The honeysuckle has leaves and stem and root as well, and about these it will be necessary to say a word or two if we are really to understand the nature of its existence. The seed which is dropped by the bird in some convenient place among the bushes and thickets grows up with the succeeding spring into a small green plant, which looks at first like a mere herb or short-lived annual. Instead of beginning by blossoming, however, it lays by woody tissue in its stem, and begins to clamber over the hedgerows or trees so as to reach, if possible, the open air above, where alone it can properly expand its pale flowers before the eyes of the correlated insects. At last, after laying by wood for a considerable period, and putting forth a number of green leaves, which are the true mouths and stomachs of the plant, it reaches its flowering epoch. This climbing habit is almost universal in the honeysuckle group ; but there is one large section of the class of a shrubby character, which shows us an earlier and simpler stage of the same type, and which is worthy of a little attention. It is only by comparing the different members of the group together that we can discover what was the real course of evolution in the woodbine family as a whole ; but such comparison soon reveals to us a good many interesting facts about their origin and transformation.

The true honeysuckle, we saw above, is pale yellow or almost white, because it has adapted itself to the eyes of nocturnal hawk-moths ; but it was not always so. We have only to look at the young buds or the outside of the blossoms to see a suggestion that its ancestors were once pink or purple. As a matter of fact, there are many kinds of honeysuckle now remaining which have pink or red blossoms, and these are fertilised by bees, and have therefore a much shorter and less narrow tube. The so-called fly-honeysuckle of our gardens, a shrubby Continental species, is of a pretty yellow tint, and quite scentless, being specialised for humble-bees. More curious in shape and appearance is the alpine honeysuckle, which lays itself out to attract wasps, and, like most wasp-flowers, has an open tube just large enough to admit the insect's head and shoulders, and produces its honey in a large expanded pouch. In hue it is a dingy reddish brown, for wasps are not particular about colour ; all they ask is honey, and plenty of it without much trouble in the seeking. All these are true honeysuckles, and they display a regular gradation in

colour and length of tube according to the insects for whose attraction they are respectively intended, the shortest and reddest being designed for bees and wasps, the longest and palest for night-flying and scent-loving moths.

A simpler and earlier modification of the same type is shown us in the common snowberry of our shrubberies, which is an undeveloped honeysuckle with a very short and round tube. Its blossoms are a pale and rather lurid red, and are fertilised to some small extent by bees, but far more by wasps, whose taste for dull or livid colours has been most instrumental in fixing their hue. Far prettier, though doubtless also more primitive in type, is that beautiful little trailing evergreen, the northern *Linnæa*, which the father of botanical science honoured with his own name. *Linnæa* bears small, drooping, bell-shaped flowers, pinky white in general hue, but traversed by five purple lines, and with a yellow patch on the under side. The use of these lines is to act as honey-guides or path-finders for the fertilising insects, and they are very common on the most advanced flowers, especially those adapted for receiving the visits of bees. Sir John Lubbock has shown that bees don't like to waste any time in needless hunting ; and he has also proved that they are very much dependent upon routine and upon certain well-known place-marks in finding their way. The existence of such lines or spots upon a flower therefore proves of advantage to it, because it ensures the visits of the busy bee, who might not be inclined to stop and find his way into any blossom less distinctly marked. As a matter of fact, a large majority of the most specialised bee-flowers are provided with very decided honey-guides. On the other hand, spots and lines are never found upon the white or pale yellow night-blooming species, which depend for fertilisation upon moths, because they would, of course, be simply invisible in the grey of evening, and would therefore be a mere waste of colouring matter on the part of the plant.

We may thus fairly conclude that the honeysuckles are descended from ancestors with simple, comparatively open, bell-shaped flowers, red or pink in colour, and with very short tubes ; but the selective action of various insects has caused the tubes to grow longer and longer, while at the same time it has produced sundry characteristic changes in the hue of the blossoms. Our own English honeysuckle, one of the most advanced members of the group, has acquired climbing habits, like many of its congeners, and has accommodated itself to the special tastes of humming-bird hawk-moths and other nocturnal insects. Its tube has thus grown exceedingly long ; it has

developed a strong perfume ; and its corolla has declined in colour from pink to pale yellowish white. This last may be regarded as to some extent a retrograde step, since it is a change from a higher to a lower stage of coloration ; but at the same time it is one necessarily demanded by the peculiarities of the crepuscular insects. It still retains some memory of its original pinkness, however, in the bud and in the outside of the blossom ; and this shows us that its white tinge is really derivative, not primitive. Side by side with the other changes, the honeysuckle fruit, like that of almost all the family to which it belongs, has progressed from the stage of a mere dry, many-seeded capsule to that of a coloured and succulent berry. In the blossom it still retains the numerous ovules of its ancestors, but in the ripe fruit all of these save one (or at most two) have become abortive. Thus, at last, from a herb with a short, bell-shaped flower and a dry capsule, the honeysuckle has grown into the tall creeper, with long tubular blossoms and red berries, whose features are so familiar in our English hedgerows.

GRANT ALLEN.

MY MUSICAL LIFE.

V.

I WENT up to Trinity College in 1858. I was completely alone. I had an introduction to Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity. But what was Dr. Whewell to me, or I to Dr. Whewell? Something, strange to say, we were destined still to be to each other. Of this more anon.

Soon after passing my entrance examination, I was summoned into the great man's presence. In the course of our interview, I ventured rashly to say that I understood Cambridge was more given to mathematics than to classics. Dr. Whewell replied, with lofty forbearance, that when I had been a little longer at Cambridge I should possibly correct that opinion.

As I had entered under the college tutor, Mr. Munro, perhaps the most famous Latin scholar of the day, my remark was indeed an unfortunate one, most fully displaying my simplicity and ignorance.

The master questioned me as to my aims and ambitions. I had none—I told him so very simply—I played the fiddle. He seemed surprised; but from the first moment of seeing him I took a liking to him, and I believe he did to me. He had been seldom known to notice a fresh man personally, unless it were some public schoolboy of distinction. After my first interview, I was closely questioned at dinner in hall, when I found that Whewell was regarded as a sort of ogre, not to be approached without the utmost awe, and to be generally avoided if possible. Of this I had been happily ignorant; and, indeed, there had been nothing to alarm me in the great man. His physique was that of a sturdy miner; his face, to my mind, noble, majestic, and, as most thought, ugly. But I shall never look upon his like again. His walk was impressive; his flowing gown gathered negligently about him. I can see him now, as he stalked across the quad into the Trinity Lodge. He was one of Nature's intellectual monarchs. His reputation was worldwide. I shall never forget that broad forehead, with its bushy eyebrows, and those flashing eyes. I remember him so very distinctly as he used to sit in the master's stall at chapel; his very presence seemed to lend

a certain dignity to that light and inattentive assembly of collegians, most of whom only "turned up" to be "pricked off," under pain of being "hailed up." In the companion stall sat another noble figure, Professor Sedgwick, also of European fame, then professor of geology, and far advanced in years.

Grand old Whewell! encyclopædic mind! Genial, eloquent Sedgwick! most loving teacher of fossil truth! Where are your successors? Ye were men of large and monumental mould. When you departed, one after the other, the very university seemed to shrink. I look back at that time—Whewell, Sedgwick, Donaldson, Munro, all in office together at Cambridge, whilst Macaulay, Livingstone, Owen, Lord Lawrence, and Tennyson came to dine as guests at the Trinity high table, and appeared in chapel afterwards. Truly there were giants in the land in those days!

Whewell, who contrived to say something rude to everybody he knew sooner or later, never but once spoke a harsh word to me. It was on this wise. He had a particular objection to undergraduates standing on the Trinity bridge and looking over into the river. I suppose he thought it mere idleness—which, indeed, it generally was. I was in feeble health at the time, and one morning I was looking over the bridge, in the mild sunshine of spring, into the river. By came the master, with his rapid and magisterial stride.

"I'll thank you, Mr. Haweis," he said, abruptly, "not to loiter on the bridge," and he swept past me angrily, before ever I had time to cap him. I am glad now even of that little memory.

His intellect was immense, his knowledge vast, his virtues many and great, his nature rugged and combative, and his kindness of heart undoubted; his faults were all on the surface—they were of an irritating and offensive character, and any fool could carp at them. I was not fool enough to be annoyed by the great man's brusqueness, and before long I had other proofs of his gentleness, forbearance, and even genuine humility. On one occasion, in all the conceit and "bumptiousness" of a freshman, I wrote a rude letter in a newspaper, reflecting upon the manner in which the Vice-Chancellors selected the university preachers. Whewell was Vice-Chancellor, and I repented and apologised to him. I have his letter now, kind, gentle, and dignified, without a touch of harshness, with advice like a father's.

Whewell's evening parties—called by the freshmen Whewell's "Stand-ups," because undergraduates were not supposed to "sit" on these solemn occasions—were most abhorred in my time; but I lived to see a great change.

The Master married, during my term of college life, Lady Affleck, a charming person, and from the time she became mistress at the Lodge the rugged old lion seemed to grow affable, and gentle, and apparently eager to do what he could to make people "at home." I have seen his wife go up to him and whisper in his ear, and the Master would nod approval, and thread his way at her bidding through the crowd of guests to some one who had to be introduced or noticed. The parties at the Lodge grew suddenly pleasant and sought after; the men sat down and chatted, and Lady Affleck—a thing unknown in Whewell's lonely days—introduced the undergraduates to the young ladies present.

When he married, the Master did a very graceful thing. He sent for me one morning, brought Lady Affleck into the drawing-room, and said in his bluff way, "Mr. Haweis, I wish you to know Lady Affleck, my wife. She is musical; she wishes to hear your violin." The master then left me with her, and she got me to arrange to come and play at the Lodge on the following night at a great party. I was to bring my own accompanist. I had played at Dr. Whewell's before that night, but that night the master paid me special attention. It was part of his greatness and of his true humility to recognise any sort of merit, even when most different in kind to his own.

Whewell's ability was of a truly cosmic and universal character, but nature had denied him one gift—the gift of music. He always beat time in chapel, and generally sang atrociously out of tune. I do not think he had any ear; music to him was something marvellous and fascinating; he could talk learnedly on music, admire music, go to concerts, have music at his house, worry over it, insist upon silence when it was going on; and yet I knew, and he knew that I knew, that he knew nothing about it; it was a closed world to him, a riddle, yet one he was incessantly bent upon solving, and he felt that I had the key to it and he had not.

On that night I played Ernst's "Elégie," not quite so hackneyed then as it is now, and some other occasional pieces by Ernst, in which I gave the full rein to my fancy. The master left his company, and taking a chair in front of where I stood, remained in absorbed meditation during the performance.

I was naturally a little elated at this mark of respect shown to an unknown freshman in the presence of so many "heads" of houses and the *élite* of the University. I played my best and indulged rather freely in a few more or less illegitimate dodges, which I thought calculated to bewilder the great man. I was rewarded, for at the close Dr. Whewell laid his hand upon my arm. "Tell me one

thing ; how do you produce that rapid passage, ascending and descending notes of fixed intervals ? ” I had simply as a *tour de force* glided my whole hand up and down the fourth open string, taking, of course, the complete series of harmonics up and down several times and producing thus the effect of a rapid cadenza with the utmost ease ; the trick only requires a certain lightness of touch and a knowledge of where and when to stop with effect. I replied that I had only used the series of open harmonics which are yielded, according to the well-known mathematical law, by every stretched string when the vibration is interrupted at the fixed harmonic notes. The artistic application of a law which perhaps he had never realised but in theory seemed to delight him intensely, and he listened whilst I repeated the cadenza, and again and again showed him the various intervals on the fingerboard, where the open harmonics might be made to speak ; a hair's-breadth one way or the other producing a horrid scratch instead of the sweet flute-like ring. It struck him as marvellous how a violinist could hit upon the various intervals to such a nicety, as to evoke the harmonic notes. I replied that this was easy enough when the hand was simply swept up and down the string as I had done, but that to hit upon the lesser nodes for single harmonics was one of the recognised violin difficulties. I then showed him a series of *stopped* harmonics, and played much to his surprise a tune in stopped harmonics. He was interested to hear that Paganini had been the first to introduce this practice, which has since become common property. But I have a little anticipated.

After the misery of my entrance examination at Trinity College, which I passed without glory, I solaced my loneliness by making as much noise as ever I could on my violin. I had three rooms at the furthest extremity of the old court leading into the Bishop's Hostel. Open windows commanding two quads made me a very formidable and undesirable neighbour. Incessant practising with a saloon pistol—with which I was a crack shot—on my doors added a general liveliness to the situation. Occasionally I received midnight expostulations. It was agreed at last that firing was not to go on after eight o'clock, nor music after ten. This latter rule was, I admit, more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and often have I seen Mr. Frost or John Lunn—musical fellows of neighbouring colleges—pounding away in their shirt sleeves, cigar in mouth, at my piano till past midnight, whilst I myself, the present Earl of Mar, and Mr. George Cook—still a notable violoncello player in London (1883)—&c., made up the quartet or quintet in the rear.

The consumption of beer and buttered muffins after tea was unusually large on summer nights. The listeners who stepped in to smoke and chat, declared that under the infliction of music additional support was absolutely needed. The dean occasionally sent polite and deprecatory messages from over the way, whilst Messrs. Hammond and Burn, fellows of Trinity, who "kept" just underneath me on the same staircase, exhibited a certain angelic forbearance with the pandemonium upstairs which, after the lapse of twenty-five years, I cannot sufficiently admire.

My mathematics may have been weak and my classics uncertain, but it was impossible to ignore my existence.

I had not been up a fortnight when the president of the Cambridge University Musical Society called upon me. He believed I played the violin. "How did he know that?" I asked. He laughed out, "Everybody in the place knows it." Then and there he requested me to join the Musical Society, and play a solo at the next concert. I readily agreed, and from that time I become solo violinist at the Cambridge Musical Society, and played a solo at nearly every concert in the Town Hall for the next three years.

I confess to some nervousness on my first public appearance at a University Concert. It was a grand night. Sterndale Bennett, our new professor of music, himself conducted his "May Queen," and I think Mr. Coleridge, an enthusiastic amateur and old musical star at the University, since very well known in London, sang. I had selected as my *cheval de bataille*, Rode's air in G with variations, and to my own surprise when my turn came to go on I was quite shaky. The hall was crammed, the Master of Trinity sat in the front row with other heads of colleges and their families. I tuned in the ante-room. Some one offered me a glass of wine. I had never resorted to stimulants before playing, but I rashly drank it; it was in my head at once. Sterndale Bennett conducted me to the platform. I was a total stranger to the company—a freshman in my second month only. My fingers felt limp and unrestrained, my head was half swimming. The crowd looked like a mist. I played with exaggerated expression. I tore the passion to tatters. I trampled on the time. I felt the excess of sentiment was bad, and specially abhorrent to Sterndale Bennett, who followed my vagaries like a lamb, bless him for ever!

But the thing took. The style was new; at least it was unconventional and probably daring, for I really hardly knew what I was about. The Air was listened to in dead silence, half out of curiosity no doubt; but a burst of applause followed the last die-away notes. I

plunged into the variations ; I felt my execution slovenly and quite beneath my mark ; but I was more than once interrupted by applause, and at the close of the next cantabile movement of extreme beauty—a sort of meditation on the original air—the enthusiasm rose to fever pitch, men stood up in the distant gallery and waved their caps, and I remained holding my violin, unable to proceed with the last rapid variation. When silence was restored I played this atrociously ; I hardly played it at all, it was quite wild. Sterndale Bennett, seeing that it was all up with my playing that night, hurried and banged it through anyhow ; but the critical faculty of the room was gone, so was my head ; I had won by a toss, and although then, and often afterwards, I played badly enough, committing the worst faults in taste and not improving in general technique, my position as first violinist at the University Concerts was never disputed up to the time that I took my degree.

My most extensive effort was De Beriot's first concerto, which I played through by heart of course, with full orchestra. It did not go well, the band was not perfectly drilled and too often smothered me ; but I was bent on playing with a full orchestra, and I had my will ; but I never repeated the experiment at those concerts. As I was invariably encored I taxed my ingenuity to devise new sensations. "Old Dog Tray," the words of which were at that time very familiar, was a favourite *encore*, the first verse taken cheerfully and each verse up to the sausage verse increasing in pathos and emotion, until the climax was reached.

Some tempting mutton pies
In which I recognise
The flavour of my old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray he was faithful, etc., etc.

The audience were never tired of following the sound-drama conducted by me through its various stages, until the sausage verse invariably broke down amidst roars of laughter.

In my first term I had formed a quartet society, which met in my rooms. The two violins were the Earl of Mar and myself ; the tenor varied, but Mr. George Cook was our standing violoncello. Haydn, in some respects the greatest quartet writer, was our staple, but we went into Mozart and Beethoven, and we worked up the great Beethoven septet with the assistance of the piano. The Canzonet quartet and Mendelssohn's quintet were amongst our favourites, but the last movement in the great quintet was a *pièce de résistance* which we never quite overcame.

To this close and genial little society I owe my practical ac-

quaintance with most of the famous quartets. I was a great deal too much "about" to do any real good with classics or mathematics. I was playing somewhere nearly every night, and had the *entrée* at most evening parties held at the Trinity Lodge, the Master of Sidney, Corpus, St. John's, Catharine's Hall (Philpott's, now Bishop of Worcester), Harvey Goodwin (now Bishop of Carlisle), &c. My town connection was also pretty extensive. At the house of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. R. Potts (of Euclid celebrity), I was ever welcome. There I met Adams, of comet celebrity; Babington, who popped a little American weed into the Cam one day, which choked all the rivers in England for several years. Many other scholars and men of science were frequent visitors at Mr. Potts' house on Parker's Piece, but I think I was perhaps as frequent as any of them.

Henry Kingsley, Fellow and Tutor of Sidney, met me at the house of Hopkins, the eminent mathematician, one night, and was so pleased with my playing of Beethoven's F sonata that he gave me the whole set. He took me to his rooms and showed me a most interesting series of Turner's water-colours, of which he was a great collector. He pointed out the rapidity and eager fidelity of Turner's work. Two extraordinary water-colour studies of a descending avalanche in the Alps struck me very much. Turner had dashed off the first where the snow cataract began, and, rushing to another spot lower down the mountain, he was just in time to make another sketch before the avalanche had reached the bottom. I also saw several sketches all blurred. Turner had doubled up the paper, wet as it was, and put it into his pocket, thus destroying his work as soon as he had "taken his observation." In others the rapid painter had dabbled away quickly over a folded crease of the paper. Kingsley had stretched it, cut out the white angle, and joined together the parts that tallied.

My father had been a great admirer of Turner, and a great reader of Ruskin. I could just remember Turner's later pictures appearing year after year in the Academy, and I distinctly remember my father's reading out passages from the immortal "Seven Lamps" and "Stones of Venice." I was, therefore, prepared for Kingsley's attentions; and as I was able to feed him with one art, he generously gave me all the pleasure he could with another.

I was very grateful to Kingsley for his friendly appreciation. He never treated me as merely a fiddler—this was the tone of the fellows and tutors and public schoolmen at my own college. I began to see that if a man does one thing well, he cannot easily get credit for doing anything else. I did not, indeed, spend much time over my

class work, but I spent long hours in the University library and pored incessantly over Dante and the German philosophers—Hegel, Fichte, Schelling, and the Schlegels—with dictionaries and translations. I had a passion for writing, though, unfortunately, I had nothing to say. Mr. G. Clarke, the public orator, and one of my examiners, whilst declaring my handwriting to be almost illegible—a statement in which he was correct—observed with a friendly smile, which stung me (in my heart full of literary ambition) to the quick, “More at home with the violin bow, Mr. Haweis, than the pen—eh?” And I remember one night, when I was dining at the Master of Sidney’s, the great Doctor Donaldson saying across the table to Harvey Goodwin (now Bishop of Carlisle), also one of my senate house examiners, “Well, I never examined Mr. Haweis in classics or mathematics, but I can bear witness that whatever he may be in the senate house, he invariably passes a brilliant examination in the Town Hall.”

I could never get the smallest recognition of any kind at the University from the authorities for anything but music. I tried hard for the prize poem on “Delhi,” for the English essay on “Mary Queen of Scots,” in vain. But my literary enthusiasm could not be quenched, and, with the assistance of one or two clever undergraduates, who have since risen to name and fame, and whom I will therefore spare, I floated a University magazine called the “Lion.”

My own contributions alone would have been quite enough to damn that preposterous serial; but George Otto Trevelyan, who had just come up from Harrow, thought it would be well and pleasant to hasten the process. So he issued the “Bear,” which consisted of short parodies of articles that had appeared in the “Lion.” The thing was cleverly and good-humouredly done, and to me the moral was “stick to the fiddle.” The “Lion” expired with a bumptious roar in the third number; it contained, however, the only readable article I had yet written—readable because written from my heart—on “Mendelssohn.” We got a vast deal of fun out of our little venture. The greatest success was certainly in calling forth the “Bear” which slew it, and a wag suggested that a new University magazine should be started called “David,” to “slay both the Lion and the Bear.”

From that time I ceased to instruct an ungrateful and prejudiced University, but I continued for some years to deluge the provincial press with columns of inflated bombast on a variety of topics, such as transcendental metaphysics, the position of women, and other matters about which I knew absolutely nothing.

As I now look back upon those scrap-books full of articles, it is inconceivable to me how they ever got printed. But I had always the pen of a ready writer, and along with it at that time the common misfortune of very little to say. But such matters only touch at certain points my musical life, and I willingly return to my muttons.

One day as I was sitting in my arm-chair with an open book upon my knee, contemplating vaguely the row of china musicians' heads on little brackets over my mantelpiece, a knock came at the door. My "oak was sported," and I accordingly "did the dead." I was in no mood for interruption. In front of me, in the centre of my china row of busts—Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Chopin—stood Mendelssohn's bust, raised 'above the rest and draped with black velvet, with F.M.B. in gold on the velvet. The china face at times, as the light caught the shadows about the delicate mouth, seemed to smile down upon me. The high forehead surrounded by wavy hair, the aquiline nose——What? more knockings! I rose at last, and opening the door brusquely was confronted by a strange figure with a sort of wide plaid waistcoat, well-made frock coat, heavily-dyed thin whiskers, and dark wig (as I well saw when the broad brimmed hat was off), yellow gloves and patent boots. Middle-aged? No—in spite of the wig and showy get up—old, very old, but oddly vigorous, inclined to *embonpoint*, ruddy, florid, rude, perhaps choleric face, marked features overspread now with a beaming smile and a knowing twinkle in the rather rheumy eyes.

I never saw such an odd man. My anger evaporated. I laughed out almost, and instinctively extended my hand and shook that of the irresistible stranger warmly, although I did not know him from Adam.

"Beg pardon," he said, "may I come in? I tell you, my friend, my name is Venua—never heard of me—no matter—old Venua knows you; heard you play at the Town Hall—got the stuff in you; you can play d——d well; you can play better den dat—nature gif you all dis gift—you practise and den you play like ze d——I himself. Old Venua, dey say to me, he know all about it—he can tell you how to play. Forty years ago you should have heard me play de fiddle, by——! I play de fiddle now; gif me your fiddle—vonderful tone your fiddle—where is your fiddle?"

All this was uttered without a pause, very rapidly.

The strange, rambling, stuttering, energetic, decided old creature had now rolled into my room; he had sat down and pulled out an enormous silk pocket-handkerchief. Then an old gold snuff-box. "This gif me by ze Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. You take

a pinch. Oh, no! You are young man. You know noding of snuff—bad 'abit—young man, bad 'abit! never you take snuff! Old Venua can't get on widout his snuff. All de bigwigs take stuff with old Venua—but where is your fiddle? bring him out I say. Vonderful tone—let me see him.”

What a jargon! Was it Italian, French, or German-English? I could never make out. In an old book, only the other day, I met with a short biography of a certain Venua, violinist, who flourished at the beginning of this century. Old Venua, of Cambridge, was undoubtedly this man. He was very long past his prime and utterly forgotten. I brought him out the fiddle; he put it to his chin; in a moment I could see he had played—his touch, execution, all but his intonation were gone, but his style was first-rate and his expression admirable in intention.

From that day I and old Venua became close allies. He used to ask me to dine with him, generally on Sunday, and his ceaseless flow of anecdote and dramatic style of conversation amused me greatly.

He had known Paganini, he had seen Beethoven, he had chatted with Spohr, he remembered the first Napoleon. He mimicked Haydn's style of conversation, violin in hand, as though he had been intimate with him too. Yet this was in 1859 and Haydn died in 1808. “Gif me a sobjech,” says Haydn. “Zo!—here—Tra-la-doi-e-dee-dee, &c., &c. Zat will do, mein freund. Haydn—make you on zat sobjech—a beautiful melody, and work it wonderful gif you him a start off, he do all the rest. No quartet like the Haydn quartet, my young freund—he is the great master of the string instrument—he knows the just combinazione—he gif all their due. Spohr he all first fiddle—he make all de rest lacqueys to first fiddle. Mendelssohn he make an orchestra of his quartet. Beethoven vonderful always. Mozart he learn all of Haydn—he come after him and die before him. He never write quartet better zan de Papa Haydn—he find new ideas and he write new things—he great master of vat you call de form—of his composition—but in de string quartet Haydn ze great creator—a Brince—a real Brince and founder of ze quartet art!”

Venua loved the violin, and his impromptu lectures upon it taught me much—always characteristic, humorous, genial, and to the point.

“If you want to make a man irritable, discontented, restless, miserable, give him a violin.” “Why?” said I. “Because,” he replied, “the violin is the most exacting and inexorable of non-human

things. A loose joint somewhere and he goes 'tubby' (a term used to express a dull vibration), a worn finger-board and he squeaks, a bridge too high and his note grows hard and bitter, or too low and he whizzes, or too forward and one string goes loud, or too backward and two strings go soft and weak ; and the sound-post [*i.e.* the little peg which bears the strain on the belly and back], *mein Gott ! dat is de teffel.*" But, correcting himself, he added, "No, the French are right, they call it the soul of the violin ; and it is the soul—if that is not right, all the fiddle goes wrong. A man may sit all the morning worrying the sound-post a shade this way or that, and at last, in despair, he will give it up ; then he will go to the bridge and waste his whole afternoon fidgetting it about, and then he will give that up. A hair's-breadth this way with the bridge—oh ! the fourth string is lovely ; but, bah ! the second and third are killed ; a little back then, and now the fourth is dead, and the *chanterelle* [*i.e.* first string] sings like a lark—misery ! it is the only string vat sing at all. Give him a fiddle !" cried the old gentleman, gesticulating ; "yes, give him a fiddle, it will make him mad !"

Interspersed with such droll exaggerations were excellent hints, such as, "Leave your bridge and your sound-post alone if ever you get the fiddle to sound near right ; don't change your bridge unless you are absolutely obliged—sound-board, neck, head, nut, everything, but not the bridge ; a fiddle and a bridge that have lived for years together love each other as man and wife ; let them alone, my young friend, why make mischief?" and old Venua's eye twinkled as he chuckled at his own joke, and never ceased talking and flourishing his arms.

It was Venua who first taught me about the fabric of the violin what my old master, Oury—another pupil of Paganini—first made me feel about violin playing—a tender love and sympathy for the instrument as well as the art.

What was Venua's connection with Cambridge I never could make out. He seemed independent. He had long ceased to teach or play, yet he was frequently away, and appeared only at intervals, always retaining the same lodgings at Cambridge, and generally giving me a call when he was in town. When I came up, about a year after leaving the University, for my voluntary theological examination, I inquired for my old friend Venua, but he was gone, and no one could give me any news of him. I never saw him again. He remained to me simply a detached episode in my musical life.

I think it was in my second year at college that a few friends, more enterprising than discreet, revealed to me a design which pro-

mised to yield considerable amusement, if not profit. They proposed to get out large handbills in a town some fifteen miles away stating that a distinguished foreign company, consisting of Signor this, that, and the other, and Herr so-and-so, would appear on a certain evening at the Town Hall, and give a concert of an exceptionally attractive character. I agreed to be of the party, and we all disguised ourselves with false hair, I wearing a flowing beard and ample moustache. We cultivated broken English. Only one of us, who acted as agent and made arrangements at the inn, saw to the posters, and took the money, spoke our native tongue with anything like fluency. We arrived about six o'clock; the concert was at eight. We walked through the town in heavy great coats, well muffled up, although it was now the middle of summer, and admired the large bills on the hoardings; my own name was specially big, as the celebrated German violinist, Herr Ernstein. Things were going merrily, and it was rumoured that we should have a full room, when at six o'clock the news arrived in the town that one of the most respectable inhabitants of the place had been run over on the railway. This cast a sudden gloom over the place. There was talk about postponing the concert, but several people had taken tickets, and we felt bound to go through with it. Very few, however, turned up, and the attendance was so thin that it became a question whether we should not offer the audience their money back and suspend operations, out of deference to the widespread feeling. We ultimately compromised the matter by going through with the first part of the concert only. We none of us made our fortunes that night, and we returned to Cambridge by the last train rather crestfallen, and considerably after midnight.

The moon was shining brightly, the air was warm and balmy. We walked from the station to the old market-place. Not one of us had the courage to repair to our colleges; besides, we had all provided ourselves with *excats*, so that our reappearance about one o'clock in the morning would have looked, to say the least, odd.

The Cambridge market-place was deserted. We held a council of war. We were in no particular hurry, and as we could not make up our minds what to do, I took out my violin, sat down on a stone slab, and waked the echoes.

Out of a dark side street presently strode, or rather shuffled up, a strange-looking man. As I played on he sidled up to me and stood gazing at me in mute astonishment. When I ceased he gasped out, "Who be you, sir?" "Who should you think?" I said. "Dun-no, sir; never 'eered anything like it afore in all my born

days ! ” “ Fond of music ? ” I said cheerfully, and was preparing to give him another taste of my quality, when he laid his grimy hand on my arm, and peering into my face, said, “ You jist tell me one thing, sir. Be you one of the gents that’s a coming down next week with Mr. Jullien’s band ? ” “ Why ? If they’re only coming down next week, I should say not. ” My companion, our agent, here plucked me by the sleeve ; he had gained admittance to an inn hard by, and it being now nearly two o’clock we concluded to turn in. I have come to the conclusion that adventures of this kind are better before and afterwards ; at the time they are often but poorsport, but they are anticipated with pleasure and recalled with interest. I am not aware that our secret was ever betrayed or that our escapade was ever discovered.

Towards the close of my career at Cambridge a sort of rival to the Musical Society sprang up, which met at Sidney Hall and was largely choral.

Mrs. Ellicott (wife of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol) was the vocal star at Cambridge in my time, and her services were usually in request whenever the concert could by any stretch of imagination be called of a private or a collegiate character. On special occasions, however, the Fitzwilliam programme admitted instrumental music, and the last occasion on which I played in public at Cambridge was when I led Beethoven’s grand Septuor for the Fitzwilliam Society in Sidney Hall.

What my life at Cambridge might have been without my violin I cannot say. Had I worked harder at Latin, Greek, and mathematics, I sometimes ask myself, Who would have been the better for it now ? Had I even got a fellowship, should I have been the better for it then ? Had I read less miscellaneously, written less voluminously, played less habitually, and known half a dozen studious men only, instead of hundreds of all sorts, during those three years of college life, should I have been better or worse fitted for my after life than the studious men who went up with me were for theirs ? Where are those studious men ? One of the cleverest drank himself to death in India. Another senior wrangler became unfit for several years for all mental exertion, and is now a lawyer—like any other lawyer. Some have subsided into the Church and are forgotten in country livings, useful, obscure, happy. Others were expected to do great things, but have not done them. Some are professors ; others fellows of colleges, like other fellows of colleges ; many are married and in every sense done for, and many are dead ; a few have risen to eminence, but these were in no one instance the men who attained the very highest honours. Cecil

Raikes, who usually sat opposite me in hall and was freshman in my year, is, I suppose, in the running for the highest Parliamentary prizes. George Otto Trevelyan, who came up in my second year, always brilliant, many-sided, genial, has added to his versatile acquirements the qualities of a leading statesman. Fawcett, also my contemporary, is another remarkable instance of academical distinction and Parliamentary success. I cannot at this moment recall any distinguished writer. If I except George Otto Trevelyan, second classic, man of science, lawyer, or divine now before the world who also obtained the highest honours at Cambridge, in my time at least, but others might probably assist my memory.

Of this I am certain, that the academical course paralyses some, develops others, and exerts over a considerable number no sort of mental influence whatever. Over me the academical course exerted no sort of mental influence whatever. I knew as much mathematics when I went up as when I took my degree, and not quite so much Latin and Greek. If I knew more history and philosophy, that was not due to the University training—the history and philosophy which the University required was just the sort of history and philosophy I did not happen to know. Almost all the knowledge which has been of any real use to me in the world I have acquired since my University proclaimed me Master of Arts. All that sort of knowledge which has enabled me to make money by my pen, to write books, to preach sermons, to give Royal Institution lectures, to organise parishes, is of a kind which the University training not only does not impart but tends to discourage.

The highest University training wins the highest University prizes, but it does not fit men for the highest honours which the world has to give. These are won generally by your good all-round men, your fair classic, your senior optime or low wrangler; and sometimes—as in the case of Tennyson at Cambridge, or my late lamented friend J. R. Green at Oxford—by men who have attained little if any distinction in either classics or mathematics.

That I did not profit as I ought to have done by the studies of the place I freely admit.

That I fiddled away much of my time I cannot deny. But that I wholly *wasted* it I cannot allow, although an M.A. degree is all the academical result I have to show for three years of elaborate and expensive training at Trinity College, Cambridge.

H. R. HAWEIS.

(*To be continued.*)

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

FEW stories in English literature are more interesting and pathetic than that of Lady Caroline Lamb, the wife of the well-known statesman who afterwards became Lord Melbourne, and the friend of Byron, Madame de Staël, and other great luminaries of that brilliant period. Except for her romantic attachment to the author of "Childe Harold," who seems not only to have impressed her feelings, but fired her imagination for literary work, the world would probably have heard little of her in the domain of letters, though her name might have survived for a generation in the circles of fashionable society. But her extraordinary infatuation for Lord Byron, and the difficulties to which it led, together with her sketches of his lordship and her confessions, have invested her personal history and her literary efforts with a singular attractiveness. Moreover it is only within the last few years that letters have been published shedding additional light upon the most melancholy passages in her career.

On both sides, Lady Caroline Lamb (*née* Ponsonby) inherited blue blood. Her father was the Earl of Bessborough, and her mother was the daughter of Earl Spencer. She was born on November 13, 1785, and at an early age she began her education under the direct supervision of the Countess Dowager Spencer, a lady famed for her accomplishments. A critic—probably a friendly one—states that in sprightliness of style, the Countess's letters would rival those of Sévigné or Montagu's, while in solidity of thought and ethical purity they might rank with the epistles of Carter. But granting exaggerations where we could scarcely perhaps expect impartiality, her ladyship was no doubt a highly gifted woman, and had considerable store of erudition. Lady Caroline Ponsonby's maturer character was prefigured in childhood, for we are told that she was impatient of restraint, wild in her movements, rapid in impulses, generous and kind of heart. Such traits being so early perceived, it would have been well if, to the cultivation of her mind, there had been added strong moral and disciplinary treatment. It might have prevented the growth of that dangerous impulsiveness and

abandon, which, unchecked, led to future folly and consequent unhappiness.

A sketch of her at the time she met the Hon. William Lamb exhibits her in a very favourable light, at least as regards her abilities and culture. "She was mistress of several of the living as well as of the dead languages; as a reader she was greatly admired; and her style of reciting the noblest Greek odes was of the most graceful and impressive character. Yet with all this, not the slightest pedantry was apparent. Her powers of conversation were lively and brilliant; and her compositions, in verse as well as in prose, were evidently the emanations of an elegant and benevolent mind. She was an amateur and a patroness of the fine arts. Several of her pencil sketches, executed even in childhood, are strongly indicative of genius." Mr. McCullagh Torrens, in his "Life of Lord Melbourne," adds to these details that "she possessed many attainments then unusual in one so young, and a peculiar charm of manner that more than compensated for the want in some degree of other attractions. In person she was slight and graceful, but of somewhat less than the ordinary height; her features, small and regular, were not set off by any beauty of complexion; only her dark eyes, which contrasted strikingly with her golden hair, vindicated her claim to be reckoned among the distinguished and prepossessing." After spending some years in Italy, Lady Caroline, who was still a child, was sent to Devonshire House, to be brought up with her equally youthful cousins. Here, according to her own account, there were defects of training, for the children saw little of their parents, and they were allowed to go about as they pleased. When a child was accustomed to be served on silver in the morning, it is scarcely surprising that she should soon ignorantly assume that all people are either nobles or paupers, and that there is no end to the wealth of the rich. In a frank and amusing letter describing this period, and addressed to Lady Morgan, Lady Caroline many years afterwards wrote: "We had no idea that bread or butter was made; how it came we did not pause to think; but had no doubt that fine horses must be fed on beef. At ten years old I could not write. My kind aunt, Devonshire, had taken me when my mother's ill-health prevented my being at home. My cousin Hartington loved me better than himself, and everyone paid me the compliments shown to children likely to die. I wrote not, spelt not, but I made verses which they all thought beautiful. For myself, I preferred washing a dog, or polishing a piece of Derbyshire spar, or breaking in a horse, if they would let me. At ten years old I was taken to my godmother, Lady Spencer's,

where the housekeeper, in hoop and ruffles, reigned over seventy servants, and attended the ladies in the drawing-room. All my childhood I was a trouble, not a pleasure ; and my temper was so wayward that Lady Spencer got Dr. Warren to examine me. He said I was neither to learn anything nor see anyone, for fear the violent passions and strong whims formed in me should lead to madness ; of which, however, he said there were as yet no symptoms. I differ : my instinct was for music ; in it I delighted ; I cried when it was pathetic, and did all that Dryden made Alexander do. But of course I was not allowed to follow it up. The severity of my governess and the over-indulgence of my parents spoiled my temper, and the end was that until I was fifteen I learned nothing."

She abundantly made up for lost time, however, and in the course of a few years became accomplished beyond the average of her sex. But the above passage throws some light upon the psychological aspects of her character, and should tend to modify the harsh judgments usually passed upon her. Mr. Lamb, on being thrown into her society, was soon charmed with her. He found her very attractive and agreeable, and utterly unlike anyone else in conversation. She was, in fact, a little too unconventional, and was consequently misunderstood. But she speedily found herself as much attracted towards William Lamb as he was towards her, and those who ought to have been most concerned were not aware of the rapidly growing nature of the intimacy between them. At length, in the early part of 1805, Mr. Lamb became the accepted suitor of Lady Caroline, and on the 3rd of June they were married, the bride being but nineteen and a half years of age. As Lamb was now in the thick of political life, his house was frequented by the most influential personages of the time, the heir to the throne himself attending the assemblies given by Lady Caroline, and frequently staying afterwards to supper, in company with Sheridan and other of his intimate friends. For some time life was perfectly harmonious with the newly married couple, the young wife reading the classics with her husband, and taking a lively interest in his various studies. She also entered with zest into his political life, albeit she allowed a somewhat masculine bent of mind occasionally to show itself. On one occasion she made herself conspicuous by personally canvassing the householders of Westminster when her brother-in-law, the Hon. George Lamb, was a candidate to represent that city in Parliament. Two children were born to the Lambs—a daughter, who died in infancy, and a son, George Augustus Frederick, to whom the Prince of Wales stood sponsor.

As time went on, unfortunately, there began to be divergences between husband and wife. The latter ceased to take much interest in Lamb's work, while the flightiness and waywardness of her nature began to manifest themselves strongly. Clouds came where there had only been sunshine, and, unfortunately, when Byron burst like a meteor upon London society, Lady Caroline was one of those who became first strongly interested, and then deeply infatuated, by his gifts and appearance. Samuel Rogers told her she ought to know the new poet, and Lady Westmoreland introduced her to him. Her first impression, curiously enough, as recorded in her diary, was acute and prophetic. He was "mad, bad, and dangerous to know." The spirits of Byron and of Lady Caroline were too much alike to coalesce. Both loved the incense of flattery, and both were given to morbid thoughts about themselves. While many strove to bewitch Byron, Lady Caroline affirmed that she used no such arts. "She had called at Holland House after a morning ride through wind and rain ; he was unexpectedly announced, and she owns that she ran away to readjust her toilet before they met. His grave attention pleased her ; the interview ended in his asking leave to call, and the acquaintance thus begun quickly ripened into friendship." For some time the two got on remarkably well together. Byron was interested in one whom he saw to be more original than most women, and she returned his interest in the form of hero-worship. "The fascination wrought upon her susceptible and credulous fancy by his account of his youth and foreign adventures ; his dark hints at the hidden grief, the sorrows of his loneliness, the pain of his early disappointments, and his real or pretended indifference to passing success ; the ever-changing beauty of his features, and the glittering splendour of his verse—all these laid with a look and tone of ineffable gallantry at her feet by one whose nobility dated from the Conquest, fairly bewildered her." Naturally of a susceptible and impressionable temperament, it is scarcely surprising, under the circumstances, that Lady Caroline was mentally intoxicated by such homage. And there is no doubt that the preference shown him by a lady high in the ranks of the aristocracy flattered Byron, and pleased his egotism. "He preferred sentimental talk with a clever, wayward woman, whose self-idolatry, already too mature, ripened into fruit as bitter as his own. One who knew her long and well, and who was more than others lenient to her errors, has said of her that her conversation had all the charm of intellect, fancy, culture, and a low, musical voice ; it had but one fault—that it was all about herself. There was an affinity in this respect between them, which in itself became

gradually the cause of disappointment and vexation. Craving on the one side encountered exaction on the other ; and, as neither knew how to stifle ill-humour nor chagrin, he would grow moody and she fretful when their rival egotisms jarred. It was scarcely to be expected that the man who could write "*Manfred*" could affect a profound interest in Lady Caroline's feeble dallyings with the Muse ; and this became one of the potent causes in their estrangement. Their strained relations became apparent once at Lord Holland's. The host having taken an antique censer from a cabinet to show it to some learned guest, as he passed Byron and Lady Caroline he turned and said to her, "You see, I bear you incense." "Offer it to Lord Byron," she answered, "he is accustomed to it."

Mr. Lamb at first attached little importance to his wife's friendship with Byron ; he predicted a speedy rupture ; and, moreover, he knew of the poet's intention to take a wife and settle down at Newstead. Byron, says Mr. Torrens, married Miss Milbanke with the advice and approval of Lady Melbourne, but in spite of many petulant warnings of evil from Lady Caroline. But the real grievance was that he would no longer pay court to herself. To appease her, it is to be feared that, both in prose and verse, Byron greatly added to his list of false declarations to the fair, by asseverations of eternal constancy, &c., &c. Yet, during his unhappy union, Byron did not object to let it be stated that he still cared more for the society of Lady Caroline than that of his wife. "During Lady Caroline's temporary stay in Ireland a correspondence was kept up between them. At length, on learning that she was about to return to England, Byron resolved to put an end to all future communication ; and did so in a letter which bore on its seal the coronet and initials of Lady Oxford, whom he knew she disliked. Before she recovered from the illness that ensued he had quitted England, and they met no more." Now, without palliating for a moment the folly of Lady Caroline, there is no doubt that Lord Byron had a brutal manner of getting rid of a worn-out attachment when he chose. Captain Medwin himself says, of this particular intimacy, that Byron most cruelly and culpably trifled with the feelings of Lady Caroline.

Lord Beaconsfield, in "*Vivian Grey*," roughly sketched the portrait of the subject of our article in Mrs. Felix Lorraine. At the end of the first edition of that work (1827), now before us, there is a key to the novel, in which these disguised and real names, amongst others, are given—Marquis of Carabas, Marquis of Clanricarde ; Mr. Foaming Fudge, Mr. Brougham ; Mr. Charlatan Gas, Mr. Canning ; Lord Past Century, Earl of Eldon ; Mr. Liberal

Principles, Mr. Huskisson; the Duke of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington; Prince Hungary, Prince Esterhazy; the Marchioness of Almack, the Marchioness of Londonderry; Mrs. Felix Lorraine, Lady Caroline Lamb; Stanislaus Hoax, Theodore Hook; Lord Prima Donna, Lord William Lennox; and the Marquis of Grandgoût, the Marquis of Hertford. Lady Caroline's character and antecedents are very much disguised in the novel, though her impulsiveness and foolishness are well rendered. Her person is not flatteringly described, and as to her flirtations with Vivian Grey we read: "The lady sang beautiful French songs, and then she would take him beside the luminous lake in the park and vow it looked just like the dark blue Rhine! and then she remembered Germany and grew sad, and abused her husband; and then she taught Vivian the guitar and some other fooleries besides." On another occasion Vivian finds Mrs. Felix Lorraine at the feet of Mr. Cleveland, and doubtless in this scene Lord Beaconsfield had Lady Caroline and Byron in his mind. "Her countenance indicated the most contrary passions, contending, as it were, for mastery—supplication, anger, and, shall I call it, *love*? Her companion's countenance was hid, but it was evident that it was not wreathed with smiles: there were a few hurried sentences uttered, and then both quitted the room at different doors—the lady in despair and the gentleman in disgust." Mrs. Felix afterwards attempts to poison Vivian, and, when this has failed, an extraordinary scene passes between them, in which Mrs. Lorraine dwells upon the fascinations of Vivian, and adds, " 'Thou worshipping no omnipotent and ineffable essence; shrined in the secret chamber of your soul there is an image, before which you bow down in adoration, and that image is—*yourself*. And truly, when I do gaze upon thy radiant eyes,' and here the lady's tone became more terrestrial, 'and truly when I do look upon thy luxuriant curls,' and here the lady's small white hand played like lightning through Vivian's dark hair, 'and truly when I do remember the beauty of thy all-perfect form, I cannot deem thy self-worship—a false idolatry;' and here the lady's arms were locked round Vivian's neck, and her head rested on his bosom." We must refer the reader to the novel for the remainder of this interesting scene. It will, we think, justify the opinion expressed by another of the characters in this singular novel, " 'How's Mrs. Felix Lorraine? She's a d——d odd woman!'" But in the character drawn by Lord Beaconsfield and intended for Lady Caroline Lamb, we should say that there was a good deal that was libellous, if there was much otherwise.

Galt depicts a scene which occurred between Lady Caroline

Lamb and Byron, at a rout given by Lady Heathcote. Recriminations and an alleged attempted suicide play a part in it, as will be seen from the passage we reproduce.

“The insane attachment of this eccentric lady to his lordship was well known : insane is the only epithet that can be applied to the actions of a married woman, who, in the disguise of a page, flung herself to a man who, as she told a friend of mine, was ashamed to be in love with her because she was not beautiful—an expression at once curious and just, evincing a shrewd perception of the springs of his lordship’s conduct, and the acuteness blended with frenzy and talent which distinguished herself. Lord Byron unquestionably at that time cared little for her. In showing me her picture, some two or three days after the affair, and laughing at the absurdity of it, he bestowed on her the endearing diminutive of vixen, with a hard-hearted adjective that I judiciously omit.

“The immediate cause of this tragical flourish was never very well understood ; but in the course of the evening she had made several attempts to fasten on his lordship, and was shunned : certain it is, she had not, like Burke in the House of Commons, premeditatedly brought a dagger in her reticule, on purpose for the scene ; but, seeing herself an object of scorn, she seized the first weapon she could find—some said a pair of scissors—others more scandalously, a broken jelly-glass, and attempted an incision of the jugular, to the consternation of all the dowagers, and the pathetic admiration of every Miss, who witnessed or heard of the rupture.

“Lord Byron at the time was in another room talking with Prince K——, when Lord P—— came, with a face full of consternation, and told them what had happened ; the cruel poet, instead of being agitated by the tidings, or standing in the smallest degree in need of a smelling bottle, knitted his scowl, and said, with contemptuous indifference, ‘It is only a trick.’ All things considered, he was perhaps not uncharitable ; and a man of less vanity would have felt pretty much as his lordship appeared to do on the occasion. The whole affair was eminently ridiculous, and what increased the absurdity was a letter she addressed to a friend of mine on the subject, and which he thought too good to be reserved only for his own particular study.”

Lord Beaconsfield for a second time depicts Lady Caroline Lamb in the character of Lady Monteagle in “Venetia.” Here she is described as throwing herself into Byron’s rooms in masculine disguise, when she found his valet had been ordered to deny her admission.

The intimacy between the poet and Lady Caroline lasted for

about three years, and there is no doubt that the latter never entirely overcame the shock caused by the rupture. She fell into a condition of melancholy and despondency, and wrote her novel of "Glenarvon," in which she sketched the character of Byron, pointing her moral in the disastrous results of high gifts and ungovernable passions, without a sheet anchor to the soul. The novel is a curious medley as regards plot, and its style is faulty to the last degree almost ; but there are, nevertheless, some good things in it. Almost all the characters are portraits, and the following may be taken as a key to the work : Lord Glenarvon is Lord Byron ; Lord Avondale, Mr. Lamb ; Lady Calantha, Lady Caroline ; the Great Nabob, Lord Holland ; the Princess of Madagascar, Lady Holland ; the Duke of Myrtlegrove, the Duke of Devonshire ; Sir R. and Lady Mowbray, Lord and Lady Melbourne ; Lady Mandeville, Lady Oxford ; Lady Margaret Buchanan, the Duchess of Devon ; Lady Sophia, Lady Morpeth ; Lord Trelawny, Lord Granville ; Miss Monmouth, Lady Byron ; the yellow hyena, or pale poet, Samuel Rogers ; Hoiouskim, Mr. Allen ; Lord Dallas, Mr. Ward ; and Sir E. St. Clare, Sir W. Farquhar. The conduct of Lady Calantha, as described in the course of this novel, is certainly such as to warrant suspicions of her insanity. "Sometimes," we are told, "she would stand upon the summit of a cliff, hour after hour, to behold the immense ocean, watching its waves as they swelled to the size of mountains, then dashed with impetuous force against the rocks below ; or climbing the mountain's side, and gazing on the lofty summits of Heremon and Inis Tara, lost in idle visionary thought ; but at other times joyous and without fear, like a fairy riding on a sunbeam through the air, chasing the gay images of fancy, she would join in every active amusement, and suffer her spirits to lead her into the most extravagant excess." Here is a picture of Rogers at Holland House : "A poet of an emaciated and sallow complexion stood beside her ; of him it was affirmed that, in apparently the kindest and most engaging manner, he, at all times, said precisely that which was most unpleasant to the person he appeared to praise. This yellow hyena had, however, a heart noble, magnanimous, and generous ; and even his friends, could they but escape from his smile and his tongue, had no reason to complain."

There is a scene between Calantha and her husband which was not without its counterpart in the lives of Lamb and his eccentric wife. "'You treat me like a child—a fool,' she said. 'You forget that I am a reasonable creature.' 'I do, indeed, Calantha ; you so seldom do anything to remind me of it.' 'Well, Henry, one day

you shall find your error. I feel that within which tells me that I could be superior—ay, very superior—to those who cavil at my faults, and first encourage and then ridicule me for them. I love—I honour you, Henry. You never flatter me. Even if you neglect me, you have confidence in me—and, thank God, my heart is still worthy of some affection. It is yet time to amend.’” Byron is represented as having been driven by his crimes from a foreign country, and he arrives upon the shores of Ireland to pervert and mislead others, to disseminate his wicked doctrines amongst an innocent but weak people, and to spread the flames of rebellion, already kindled in other parts of the island. He turns the heads of all the people, especially those of the female sex, and by his conduct and speech throws a glamour over them. One young lady follows him everywhere throughout the country. He is credited with bravery and generosity, and a dangerous seductiveness. “Cattle walk out of the paddocks of themselves; women, children, pigs, wander after Glenarvon; and Miss Elinor, forgetful of her old father, my dear mad brother, her aunt, her religion, and all else, to the scandal of everyone in their senses, heads the rabble.” The poet poisons the whole of society, disaffects a whole nation by a single pamphlet, and puts himself at the head of an insurrectionary force. To all which, we can only say with Dominie Sampson, “Prodigious!”

Over Calantha, Glenarvon wields the power of the rattlesnake or the basilisk. “Never did the hand of the sculptor, in the full power of his art, produce a form and face more finely wrought, so full of soul, so ever-varying in expression. Was it possible to behold him unmoved? Oh! was it in woman’s nature to hear him and not to cherish every word he uttered? And having heard him, was it in the human heart ever again to forget those accents which awakened every interest, and quieted every apprehension? The day, the hour, that very moment of time, was marked and destined. It was Glenarvon—it was the spirit of evil whom she beheld; and her soul trembled within her, and felt its danger.” We shall not follow the philanderings of the infatuated couple, nor trace the melodramatic career of Glenarvon. In page after page of transpontine theatrical declamation, are not these duly set forth in the work from which we have been quoting? Whosoever will may turn to these curious volumes for himself.

But the writer has occasional sayings which are well worth extracting, and for a few of these we must make room. The ideas are not always new, but they are given a new expression. “Fate itself cannot snatch from us that which has once been.” “The

fallen are remembered only by their faults." "The name of Christians we have assumed ; the doctrine of our religion we have failed to study." "With what self-satisfaction everyone triumphs at the fall of those whose talents or situation raise them a little into observation." "A broken heart is a sepulchre in which the ruin of everything that is noble and fair is enshrined." "That which causes the tragic end of a woman's life is often but a moment of amusement and folly in the history of a man." "All hopes, all interests, all occupations, are vain ; to forget is the first great science ; and to enjoy, the only real object of life." "It is the common failure of an ambitious mind to overrate itself—to imagine that it has been by the caprices of fortune defrauded of the high honours due to its supposed superiority. It conceives itself to have been injured—to have fallen from its destination ; and these unfounded claims become the source of endless discontent." "Miserable is the being who turns from home for consolation. Desolate is the heart which has broken the ties that bound it there." "The affectation of generosity is common ; the reality is so rare that its constant and silent course passes along unperceived, whilst prodigality and ostentation bear away the praise of mankind."

Lady Holland meets with harsh treatment under the name of the Princess of Madagascar. On her death-bed, the Princess calls aloud piteously for some one to save her life. "As to confession of sins what have I to confess, Hoiouskim ? I appeal to you ; is there a scribbler, however contemptible, whose pen I feared might one day be turned against me, that I have not silenced by the grossest flattery ? Is there a man or woman of note in any kingdom that I have not crammed with dinners, and little attentions and presents, in hopes of gaining them over to my side ? And is there—unless the helpless, the fallen, and the idiot—to appear against me, anyone whom it was my interest to befriend that I have not sought for and won ? What minion of fashion, what dandy in distress, what woman of intrigue who had learned to deceive with ease, have I not assisted ? Oh ! say then what are my sins, Hoiouskim ? Even if self-denial be a virtue, though I have not practised it myself, have I not made you and others daily and hourly do so ? Obey my last command : send all my attendants after me, my eider-down quilts, my coffee-pots, my carriages, my confectioner ; and tell the cook—" The Princess expired as she uttered this monosyllable. No wonder that a novel written in so free a style should create a sensation.

What Byron himself thought of it will appear from this extract, to be found in Medwin's "*Conversations of Lord Byron*":—

“‘What did you mean,’ asked I, one day, ‘by that line in “Beppo” :—

‘Some play the devil, and then write a novel?’

“‘I alluded,’ replied he, ‘to a novel that had some fame in consequence of its being considered a history of my life and adventures, characters, and exploits, mixed up with innumerable lies and lampoons upon others. Madame de Staël asked me if the picture was like me, and the Germans think it is not a caricature. One of my foreign biographers has tacked name, place, and circumstance to the Florence fable, and gives me a principal instead of a subordinate part in a certain tragical history therein narrated. Unfortunately for my biographers, I was never at Florence for more than a few days in my life ; and Fiorabella’s beautiful flowers are not so quickly plucked or blighted. Hence, however, it has been alleged that murder is my instinct, and to make innocence my victim and my prey part of my nature. I imagine that this dark hint took its origin from one of my notes in ‘The Giaour,’ in which I said that the countenance of a person dying by stabs retained the character of ferocity, or of the particular passion imprinted on it at the moment of dissolution. A sage reviewer makes this comment on my remark : “It must have been the result of personal observation !”

“‘But I am made out a very amiable person in that novel ! The only thing belonging to me in it is part of a letter, but it is mixed up with much fictitious and poetical matter. Shelley told me he was offered by ——, the bookseller in Bond Street, no small sum if he would compile the notes of that book into a story, but that he declined the offer. . . . But if I know the authoress, I have seen letters of hers much better written than any part of that novel.’ This was a very just criticism on Byron’s part, Lady Caroline Lamb’s letters being in favourable contrast to her novels, both as regards style and matter.”

There seems little doubt that this eccentric woman possessed an open frankness to such a degree that, whilst it might be understood by her friends, led to much misconstruction on the part of others. Nor can she certainly be acquitted of a foolish levity. Yet she was extremely kind-hearted and generous. If her feelings were once touched, she would rush to the aid of a person, regardless of appearances inimical to her own reputation. The distressed always found in her a friend, and she has been compared with the character of Lady Orville in one of her own novels, who had this trait among others : “The knowledge that a human being was unhappy at once erased from her mind the recollection either of enmity or of error.”

Nathan, the friend of Lord Byron, and the composer who set so many of his stanzas to music, tells of the infinity of trouble she took in the case of a lady in distressed circumstances, to whom she was quite unknown ; and many similar incidents could have been cited.

The wound caused by Lord Byron's conduct towards her was not healed, but rather aggravated, by the issue of the well-known verses in which his lordship strove to depict what he declared to be the sorrows of his own broken heart. Lady Caroline's temper had always been uncertain ; but, after her quarrel with the noble poet, we are credibly assured that it became ungovernable. Her erratic conduct led to many wild and incredible reports, one of them being to the effect that in a fit of rage she had killed a page. Her own explanation of this report, together with some glimpses of her life at this period, are furnished in this letter, written by Lady Caroline to a friend :—

“The boy was a little *espiègle*, and would throw detonating balls into the fire. Lord Melbourne always scolded me for this, and I the boy. One day I was playing ball with him ; he threw a squib into the fire. I threw the ball at his head ; it hit him on the temple and he bled. He cried out, ‘Oh ! my lady, you have killed me !’ Out of my senses, I rushed into the hall and screamed, ‘Oh, God ! I have murdered the page !’ The servants and people in the street caught the sound, and it was soon spread about. William Lamb would live with me no longer. His family insisted on our separation. While instruments were drawing up, in one month I wrote and sent ‘Glenarvon’ to the press. It was written at night, without the knowledge of anyone but a governess—Miss Walsh. I sent for a copyist ; and when he came, she pointed to me, seated at a table and dressed in boy's clothes. He would not believe that a schoolboy could write such a thing. In a few days I received him dressed as usual. I told him the author, William Osmand, was dead. When printed, I sent it to my husband, who was delighted with it, and we became united just as the world thought we were parted for ever.”

This letter alone is sufficient to show that the lot of William Lamb could have been no pleasant one. To have his wife attracting the attention of the whole neighbourhood by affirming that she was a murderess, and to know also that that wife, without cogent reason, could dress herself up in boy's clothes merely for the sake of deceiving a copyist, could not be conducive to domestic happiness. As to the two having become united again, the explanation of this

is, that when the time came, Lamb, who could be very tender-hearted, really shrank from throwing off his indiscreet wife. He reflected that, perhaps, he had not given her that guidance which one of her peculiar nature ought to have received from her husband; and, great as were her eccentricities, the memory of his old love returned, and he relented. "Ought he to fling her, in the face of the hissing world, and from such a height of luxury and indulgence, down such a steep of ignominy, humiliation and reproach? He felt he could not do it, and readily clutched at the excuse her strange and foolish novel unexpectedly offered to reprieve the but half-accountable offender." So, although the deeds of separation were prepared, they were not signed. The storm blew over, "and she made all manner of promises to be tractable, obedient, and calm. But the spoilt child of fortune and affection, though for the hour sincere, was not to be so easily cured of spoiling. The evil spirit had departed for the moment, but, unhappily, it returned."

When "*Glenarvon*" appeared, there was naturally a good deal of interest to see the portrait of Byron as sketched by one whose name was in everybody's mouth. The book, as a whole, was found to be almost beneath criticism, and the leading character was a gross caricature of the popular poet. The work is, in truth, a curious conglomeration, as we have already seen, and it must have sorely tried her long-suffering husband. On leaving England, Byron addressed to Lady Caroline the stanzas commencing—

Farewell, if ever fondest prayer.

But at the same time he did not disguise his contempt for the novel. When she heard of his plans, and also of what he had said concerning herself, she had a bonfire prepared, and caused his lordship to be burned in effigy—a form of recreation which, while acting as a safety-valve to herself, certainly did not hurt Lord Byron, who must have smiled grimly when he heard of the incident. The fair incendiary took care that he had knowledge of his sentence and execution.

Lady Caroline again turned to authorship, and this time produced "*Graham Hamilton*," which was suggested to her by this remark of Ugo Foscolo: "Write a book which will offend nobody; women cannot afford to shock." The story, which is better written than its predecessor, fully answered to this description. But again she had a purpose. This time it was to show that an amiable disposition, if unaccompanied by firmness and resolution, is frequently productive of more misery to its owner and to others than even the most daring vice or

the most decided depravity. This is somewhat carefully worked out in the character of Lady Orville, who is supposed to stand for the author herself. The hero, in speaking of Lady Orville, says : “ Before I finish the sad history, upon which my imagination loves to dwell, of a being as fair as ever nature created, let me at least have the melancholy consolation of holding up to others those great and generous qualities, which it would be well if they would imitate, whilst they avoid her weaknesses and faults. Let me tell them that neither loveliness of person, nor taste in attire, nor grace of manner, nor even cultivation of mind, can give them that inexpressible charm which belonged to Lady Orville above all others, and which sprang from the heart of kindness that beat within her bosom. Thence that impression of sincere goodwill which at once she spread around ; thence that pleasing address, which, easy in itself, put all others at their ease ; thence that freedom from all mean and petty feelings—that superiority to vulgar contentions.” The aim of the novel, of which we have already spoken, is still more clearly insisted upon by one of the characters, who remarks that, “ Vice the most daring, depravity the most decided, do not always cause so much unhappiness in their course as results from an irresolute, inconsistent temper of mind ; such a character is most dangerous, and generally incapable of giving or enjoying happiness.” Sir Malcolm, another of the characters, gives this cynical advice to his heir : “ Aspire to nothing, then nothing can greatly humiliate you. Never love ; and whilst you assume power over every other, beware of putting yourself into the power of anyone. Keep your own secret, but master that of your neighbour. Call feeling hypocrisy, and sterling worth vulgarity. In speaking and in writing, cultivate a style of affected conciseness, acquire a ready command of ill-natured observations, and steer as far from truth as facts and dates permit. Detract from excellence ; by destroying high character you will shine yourself the brighter. Thus may you be a London ephemera—a man of fashion.” In this novel of “Graham Hamilton” are to be found the best stanzas Lady Caroline ever wrote—stanzas which were erroneously attributed to Mrs. Jordan. As the whole poem is very brief, we give it as an example of what the writer could do at her best in the matter of verse :—

If thou couldst know what 'tis to weep,
To weep unpitied and alone,
The livelong night, whilst others sleep,
Silent and mournful watch to keep,
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

If thou couldst know what 'tis to smile,
To smile whilst scorned by everyone,
To hide, by many an artful wile,
A heart that knows more grief than guile,
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

And, oh ! if thou couldst think how dear,
When friends are changed and health is gone,
The world would to thine eyes appear,
If thou, like me, to none wert dear,
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

Lady Caroline Lamb wrote many other things, both in prose and verse, but there is nothing to require further notice, save her third work in fiction, "*Ada Reis*," which the writer herself regarded as her best production. But it is as wild and inconsequent as "*Glenarvon*," the hero being a cross between Lord Byron and Paul Jones. *Ada Reis* is a daring adventurer, and everything he does is upon a great scale. As a thief and robber he is almost unparalleled for the thoroughness of his work ; but he makes his way amazingly, and when a very important personage applies for his daughter's hand, he is informed that "an imperial crown awaits her." The novel would run any other work with which we are acquainted very close as regards the amount of insane writing within a given space, but occasionally there is a penetrating gleam of very good sense. Observes one character to another : "Of what you call accident, misfortune, calamity, disaster, infliction, you will find the real names to be sloth, negligence, imprudence, despondency, and intemperance." But a reader might fairly include this work in the list of books he is necessitated to skip, in spite of the author's partiality for it.

This partiality was strongly apparent in a letter written to Lady Morgan by the author. "All I have asked of Murray," she said, "is a dull sale, or a still-birth. This may seem strange, and I assure you it is contrary to my own feelings of ambition ; but what can I do ? I am ordered peremptorily by my own family not to write. All you say is true, and so true, that I ask you if one descended in a right line from Spenser, not to speak of the Duke of Marlborough, with all the Cavendish and Ponsonby blood to boot, which you know were always rebellious, should feel a little strongly upon any occasion, and burst forth, and yet be told to hold one's tongue and not write, what is to happen ? You cannot do me a greater favour than to recommend and set abroad '*Ada Reis*.' I will send you three copies." And in return for the interest which she expects her friend to take in the work, she promises to do all she can for Lady Morgan's future

work on "Salvator Rosa." But literary work was soon thrown in the background, for in 1818, in consequence of a fall from her horse, Lady Caroline suffered from a severe attack of nervous fever, which at one time threatened to have a fatal termination. However, she arose from her couch, and said: "I seem to have buried my sins, grief, melancholy, and to have come out like a new-born babe, unable to walk, think, speak; but perfectly happy. . . . My mind is calm. I am pleased to be alive—grateful for the kindness shown me; and never mean to answer any questions further back than the 15th of this month, that being the day of this new Lady Caroline's birth; and I hate the old one. She had her good qualities, but she had grown into a sort of female Timon—not of Athens—bitter, and always going over old past scenes. She also imagined that people hated her."

Since the preceding pages were written, Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson's valuable work on "The Real Lord Byron" has appeared. The author deals somewhat fully with the intimacy between Lady Caroline and the poet. He speaks severely of the bad influence which the lady had upon Byron, and observes that the other side of the question has been discussed enough. He also dwells upon the reasons why Lady Melbourne was anxious for Byron to marry Miss Milbanke, Lady Caroline's cousin-in-law. "If the young lord who wrote such charming poetry, and had given promise of becoming an able debater, could only be led into loving and marrying her niece, he would have a wife with better opportunities for observing his friendship with Lady Caroline, and keeping it within proper limits, than any Lady Byron taken outside the Lamb family. Lady Melbourne had reason for confidence that her niece would act with her in keeping Lady Caroline in order." The latter unquestionably did make overtures to Byron to fly with her, and then he saw to what dangers his Platonic friendship with the woman of fashion was leading her. He accordingly wrote her a farewell letter, in which, declining to fly with her, he did his utmost to make her feel as though she were declining to fly with him. In fact, in this letter he generously put his reputation within her power. She never forgave him for marrying her cousin. But her relatives could not have thought Byron alone, or indeed chiefly, to blame in regard to this intimacy, seeing that they continued to regard the poet with undiminished confidence and affection. Mr. Jeaffreson maintains that Byron had no more to do with Lady Caroline's later than her earlier follies. She was a vain, flighty, violent creature long before she knew him, and she maintained that character to the end.

We now come to an interesting passage in Lady Caroline Lamb's career, viz., the one arising out of her relations with William Godwin. The acquaintance began on the occasion of the Westminster election in February 1819, when Mr. George Lamb, her ladyship's brother-in-law, was a candidate. Lady Caroline wrote a note to Godwin, soliciting his interest for Lamb, but fearing that his politics would incline him to refuse her request. The author of "Political Justice" replied: "You have mistaken me. Mr. G. Lamb has my sincere good wishes. My creed is a short one. I am in principle a Republican, but in practice a Whig. But I am a philosopher, that is a person desirous to become wise, and I aim at that object by reading, by writing, and a little by conversation. But I do not mix in the business of the world, and I am now too old to alter my course, even at the flattering invitation of Lady Caroline Lamb." Notwithstanding, a friendship began between the two. Lamb himself did not care much for Godwin, but he was pressed for an introduction to the philosopher by one who was afterwards destined to achieve celebrity in more than one field—Edward Lytton Bulwer.

Lady Caroline consequently wrote to Godwin a letter, from which we make the following extracts: "Mr. Lytton Bulwer, a very young man and an enthusiast, wishes to be introduced to you. He is taking his degree at Cambridge; on his return pray let me make him acquainted with you. I shall claim your promise of coming to Bocket; would your daughter or son accompany you? Hobhouse came to me last night; how strange it is I love Lord Byron so much now in my old age, in spite of all he is said to have said, and I also love Hobhouse because he so warmly takes his part. Pray write to me, for you see your advice has had some effect. I have been studying your little books with an ardour and a pleasure which would surprise you; but what has vexed me is that the two children and four young women to whom I endeavoured to read them, did not choose to attend.

"After all, what is the use of anything here below but to be enlightened and try to make others happy? From this day I will endeavour to conquer all my violence, all my passions; but you are destined to be my master. The only thing that checks my ardour is this: For what purpose, for whom should I endeavour to grow wise? What is the use of anything? What is the end of life? When we die, what difference is there between a black-beetle and me? . . . The only thoughts that ever can make me lose my senses are these:—A want of knowledge as to what is really true; a certainty that I am useless; a fear that I am worthless; a belief

that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, and that there is nothing new under the sun. The only prayer I ever say besides the sinner's, and the only life I shall ever leave written by myself of myself is, that I have done those things which I ought not to have done, and have left undone those that I ought to have done." There is something pathetic in these confessions, with their hopeless views of life.

As time went on, unfortunately, she was not cured of her Byronism. While she would now and again bitterly upbraid the poet, on other occasions she turned fiercely upon those whom she credited with having sown the seeds of discord between them. Her overstrained imagination conjured up scenes which had never occurred, and her brother even had no influence over her in her states of unhealthy mental excitement. Amongst her notes to Godwin was one reminding him of his promised visit to Bocket, and a few weeks afterwards this was followed by another, in which she thus described her own feelings : "All I know is, that I was happy, well, rich, joyful, and surrounded by friends. I have now one faithful, kind friend in William Lamb, two others in my father and brother, but health, spirits, and all else is gone—gone how? Oh, assuredly, not by the visitation of God, but slowly and gradually by my own fault! You said you would like to see me and speak to me. I shall, if possible, be in town in a few days. When I come I will let you know. The last time I was in town I was on my bed three days, rode out and came off here on the 4th. God preserve you." To another correspondent she said : "I am satisfied with all I have. My husband has been to me a guardian angel. I love him most dearly; and my boy, though afflicted, is clever, amiable, and cheerful. Let me not be judged by hasty words and hasty letters. My heart is calm as a lake on a fine summer day; and I am as grateful to God for His mercy and blessing as it is possible to be." But her moments of contentment were quite as evanescent as she here wished it to be believed was the case with her melancholy. And her son, now nearly seventeen, added to her anxiety and increased her despondency. There was something psychologically wrong with him, but medical skill had failed to detect what, and Lady Caroline conceived a strong impression that a metaphysician like Godwin would be able accurately to diagnose the disease. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to have Godwin down to Bocket; and Lady Caroline wrote him this extraordinary letter :

"From the moment when I saw you last under such excessive agitation, until the present moment, I have been—you said I might be if I would—calm and perfectly well, and tolerably happy. Is it

not strange, then, that I can suffer my mind to be so overpowered, and mostly about trifles? Can you think of me with anything but contempt? Tell me, would you dislike paying me a little visit? I will not allure you by descriptions of a country life. If you come, I imagine it is to pay me a friendly visit, and if you do not, I shall feel secure you have good reason for not coming. The whole of what passed, which set me so beside myself, I forget and forgive; for my own faults are so great that I can see and remember nothing beside. Yet I am tormented with such superabundance of activity, and have so little to do, that I want you to tell me how to go on.

“It is all very well if one died at the end of a tragic scene, after playing a desperate part; but if one lives, instead of growing wiser, one remains the same victim of every folly and passion, without the excuse of folly and inexperience. What then? Pray say a few wise words to me. There is no one more deeply sensible than myself of kindness from persons of high intellect, and at this period of my life I need it. I have nothing to do—I mean necessarily. There is no particular reason why I should exist; it conduces to no one’s happiness, and, on the contrary, I stand in the way of many. Besides, I seem to have lived five hundred years, and feel I am neither better nor worse than when I began. My experience gives me no satisfaction; all my opinions and beliefs and feelings are shaken, as if suffering from frequent little shocks of earthquake. I am like a boat in a calm, in an unknown, and, to me, unsought-for, sea, without compass to guide or even a knowledge whither I am destined. Now, this is probably the case of millions, but that does not mend the matter, and while a fly exists it seeks to save itself, therefore excuse me if I try to do the same. Pray write to me, and tell me also what you have done about my journal. Thank you for the frame; will you pay for it, and send me in any account we have at your house? I am very anxious about my dear boy. I must speak to you of him. Everyone, as usual, is kind to me; I want for nothing this earth can offer but self-control.”

A letter like this from a wife with a husband whom she understood, and who understood her, would be an impossibility. She would shrink from thus opening her heart to a third person, even though it might be a much dearer friend than Godwin was to Caroline Lamb. William Lamb himself had a nature that was peculiarly susceptible to such things; he regarded the affections as much too sacred matters to be talked about, and every incident of this kind only drove him into a condition of impassive reserve. He had no antipathy to Godwin, however, but rather, on the contrary,

was inclined to be friendly towards him. In the matter of Lamb's son, of course, Godwin was unable to render the least assistance. Lamb himself, besides the ever-present trouble of his wife, had many things to harass and worry him ; not the least being the chronic hopelessness of his pecuniary affairs. His creditors could get nothing out of him ; and at last one of them instructed his solicitor to serve the statesman with a writ, " to see what that would do ; but d—— it, nothing further ! "

In July 1824 a strange incident disturbed the life at Broomfield Hall. The hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron through Hertfordshire to Newstead Abbey was met by Mr. and Lady Caroline Lamb (who were driving in an open carriage) at their own park gates. Her ladyship asked whose funeral it was, and, on being informed, the shock was so great that she was conveyed home insensible. A long and severe illness ensued, and when she recovered in great measure from the physical strain, her caprice, irritability, and utter disregard of the opinion of others became far more pronounced than ever. Several medical men deemed her partially insane, but such a supposition made her outrageously indignant. " There was no whim of gesture or attire, no inconsistency of manner, no breach of conventional rule regarding time or place, which those about her could feel confident she might not commit." Many instances of her strange and certainly semi-insane conduct could be cited. And at this juncture Medwin's " Conversations " appeared, containing revelations which were very painful to the long-suffering husband. The yoke had now become unbearable for Lamb—who had borne more than most men would under similar circumstances—and he told her they must part. But although he left her, he still continued to visit her, and to correspond with her. His leaving her caused her to send to him the lines which we have already quoted.

Byronism, that morbid egotism which would ruin any nature if persisted in, had, it is to be feared, a complete triumph over Lady Caroline, whose mind was never very strong in some respects. Her conduct would seem to imply that that mind became at times completely unhinged ; but her husband, under these trying circumstances, took a very judicious course. He allowed the spasms of aberration to expend their force, and in his letters and his converse with the unhappy woman never allowed it to be perceived that he had a suspicion of her sanity. Public opinion, as well as that of friends, went thoroughly with Lamb in his resolve to separate. The necessity for the step was clearly perceived even by her ladyship's own relatives.

Life was now a miserable thing for both husband and wife, but it must be borne, patiently or impatiently, for three years longer. In the autumn of 1827, however, Lady Caroline's physical condition became serious. Foreseeing the end, she seemed suddenly to attain to a calm she had never before known. Her letters to her husband, observes one writer, "might have been written by one who had never known a troubled hour. They were full of affection, fortitude, and tenderness; not a word of recurrence to sad memories, or of repining at her actual lot. It seemed as if the unquiet spirit which had so long lamentably possessed her was at length cast out, and that she reverted calmly to the days of early love and admiration for the man to whom in girlhood she had given her heart and hand." This is at least the bright spot in her melancholy history. The disease from which she was suffering was dropsy, and she came to town for medical assistance. An operation was performed, which gave her relief for a month or two; but by the beginning of January 1828 it was perceived that her case was hopeless.

Lamb, who was in Ireland, at once came over to Melbourne House. He was pained to find her worse than he expected, and behaved most tenderly to her. His brother has testified to the gentleness and affectionateness of his demeanour. And the sufferer, too, she had been anxious that her husband should be with her at the last, and her wish was gratified. She died on the 25th, after some days of but flickering consciousness. Long after her death, and in spite of the sorrow and anxiety she had caused him, Lamb cherished her memory tenderly. "Shall we meet in another world?" was the question he would ask his friends, while unable to control his emotion.

In person Lady Caroline Lamb is represented to have been rather small; but, notwithstanding Byron's depreciation of her, she was perfectly formed, although she had no claims to beauty beyond that of expression. This charm she possessed to a large degree. Her eyes were dark, but her hair and complexion fair; her manners had an apparent affectation, and yet a fascination which none but those who encountered her could understand. "Perhaps, however, they were more attractive to those beneath her than to her equals; for as their chief merit was their kindness and endearment, so their chief deficiency was a want of that quiet and composed dignity which is the most orthodox requisite in the manners of what we term, *par* emphasis, society. Her character it is difficult to analyse, because, owing to the extreme susceptibility of her imagination, and the unhesitating and rapid manner in which she followed its impulses, her conduct was one perpetual kaleidoscope of changes."

She had strong passions, but lacked guiding principles. Her nature was one not fit to stand alone, as it was apt to be played upon by means of her imagination. No doubt her friendship with Lord Byron did much to render both her heart and mind unstable. She could not resist the fascination of such a character. Had she never met him, the channels of her life would in all probability have been turned into a more salutary direction. She needed a kind, but firm, controlling hand, and this was not soon enough perceived by her husband, who did not give sufficient weight to her impressionable character. He trusted her good heart implicitly, when he should have strengthened her weak mind. Yet he doubtless acted as he thought for the best, and he certainly erred on the side of kindness. Not one word, therefore, can be said against him. The moral of Lady Caroline Lamb's self-blighted and melancholy career—if it has a moral—is that referred to in a line of Tennyson's, when he says,

They are dangerous guides, the feelings.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

THE KING OF BEASTS.

(A SKETCH FROM OUR POETS.)

THERE are many who deprecate the lion's coronation as the King of Beasts. But, after all, it should not be forgotten by the lion's critics that it is only contended on its behalf that it is the King of *Beasts*; and, remembering this, it is very difficult I think to dispute its claim to monarchy. It may have vassals actually as strong as itself, powerful Warwicks or Burgundies, but it is still, I think, their liege lord. Its gait, eye, voice, and uplift of head all make it royal in presence—and, as for its character, it is no worse than that of any other beast. Its personal advantages therefore are all so much “to the good,” while in its natural life, and in its traditional glories the lion is indisputably majestic.

But though I am content that this beast should receive a lion's share of honour, I am not prepared to play jackal to its lion.

There are two lions, the real and the imaginary. The former exists in nature only; the latter in heraldry, myths, and poetry. But both are royal; the former from attributes of person, the latter from attributes of mind.

A writer, for whom I have a great respect, calls the King of Beasts “a great carnivorous impostor,” challenges its claim to majesty, and asks proof of its “supposed magnanimity and generosity beyond the blandness of its Harold Skimpole countenance, and the disdainful manner in which it throws back its mane as if it were quite incapable of the pettiness (of which it is, nevertheless, frequently guilty) of picking up and eating a humble black-beetle.” But though it is quite true that it is excelled in size and ferocity by the tiger, in elegance of form by the leopard and jaguar, and in beauty of colouring by most of the great cats, “yet it would” (as Professor Kitchen Parker says) “be useless, even if it were advisable, to try to depose the lion from the throne it has, by the universal consent of mankind, so long occupied.” It would be useless, because the magnificent presence and kingly voice of the lion would always suffice to rethrone it as often as it was deposed. And it would be unadvisable, as no other beast could be crowned in its stead. The

ermine would hardly become the unwieldy elephant with its preposterous antipathies to pigs and porcupines and mosquitoes, its secluded herbivorous habits; and there is too much blood on the tiger's claws for a sceptre. The violent rhinoceros with its vicious little eyes might force its way to temporary dictatorship during a popular revolution, or the tusky wild boar by pertinacity of courage enforce a general respect. But neither of them could be presented with sufficient dignity to the people as the anointed and elect. So, failing a successor worthy to fill its place, the lion must remain king.

Its glorious head and full intelligent eye, the terrible composure of its bearing, the impressive ease of its step, the awe-compelling voice, are all kingly. But in many of its habits it declines from this high standard. It is not courageous. It avoids conflict with formidable antagonists, and dreads man and all his works. It haunts well-wooded and, if possible, rocky places, where it can lie hidden and pounce upon passing prey. If it misses its aim it sulks, but does not pursue.

Of course, the imaginary lion, the lion of the poets, is a very different animal. It is a king of "deserts" and "sandy deserts," reigning in a majestic solitude. It courts danger by provoking men to combat, and never knows when it is beaten.¹ It scorns a weak foe, and generously overlooks everything not its equal—and it has only one equal, Spenser's "prowd, rebellious unicorn."

But much of the poets' mistaken eulogy is condoned by their fidelity to tradition, for the result is that, while the lion is credited with noble qualities that he does not possess, he is also debited with many very culpable human weaknesses. So though the poets must be held largely responsible for the perpetuation of the ideas of the royalty, magnanimity, and general never-do-wrongness of the lion, there can be no doubt that, taken as a whole, their presentation of the "King of the Beasts" is a tolerably fair one. It is not, perhaps, quite so impartial as the American poets' exposition of their country's "Eagle" (but then that, as I have said elsewhere, is what might be called in vulgar English "altogether phenomenal"); but it will stand, nevertheless, as being fully as accurate a statement of the lion's case as either Landseer's bronzes or Gordon Cumming's narrative. For the poets assume the attitude of historians rather than of courtiers towards "the forest king," and—following the old fabulists faithfully—compound a sovereign that has both the virtues of royalty and the weaknesses. Thus, though the lion is

¹ Solomon himself says that it is "the strongest among beasts, and turneth not away from any." But Solomon probably did not know of the tiger.

regal, it is at times tyrannical, and, though usually magnanimous, it is also on occasion "inhuman." It is "the awful lion's royal shape" in one place; in another we meet only "the shaggy terror of the wood." While Cowper portrays the beast sparing a victim "on the terms of royal mercy and through generous scorn to rend a victim trembling at his foot," Armstrong writes of "the ruthless king of beasts that on blood and slaughter only lives." In spite too of its prodigious strength, it is well worth noting that no incident of man's triumph over the lion is neglected, and—as Pausanias tells us that Polydamas, the athlete, killed a lion, "although he was unarmed"—it is particularly recorded (whenever such was the case) that the man was quite unarmed during the encounter. In the same spirit the Assyrian king has left the proud chronicle on stone how "I, Assar-Banipul, king of multitudes, by my might, on my two legs, a fierce lion, which I seized behind the ears, in the service of Istar, goddess of war, with my two hands I killed."¹ In the same spirit of pride at such a conquest, the son of Jesse makes his boast before the king and afterwards, himself king, places among his "mighty men," and before "the Thirty," that man of calm courage Benaiah, who "went down and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow," and who also slew, terrible as himself, two lion-like men of Moab. Our own Richard ("he who robbed the lion of his heart") was especially glorified by the ballad singers of his day, because he had torn a lion to pieces with his hands, and this, too, "without his weapons in his hands." So Samson ("and he had nothing in his hand," Judges xiv.), who

Withouten wepen save his handes twey
He slow and all to-rente the leon
Toward his wedding walking by the way.

And David (in Cowley)

Saw a lion and leapt down to it;
As eas'ly there the royal beast he tore,
As that itself did kids or lambs before.

And Hercules (in Drayton)—

There where Nemea's howling forests wave
He drives the lion to his dusky cave,
Seized by the throat the growling fiend disarms
And tears his gaping jaws with sinewy arms.

So in Glover's "Leonidas": "This unconquered hand hath from the lion rent his shaggy mane." So Drayton has a hero smashing two

¹ "Who drew the lion vanquished? 'twas a man."—*Pope*. "Avec plus de raison nous aurions le dessus si mes confrères savaient peindre," says the lion in *La Fontaine*.

lions' heads together "against the hardened earth" till "their jaws and shoulders burst" (reminding us of St. George's feats with a diversity of dragonish things); and Montgomery peoples the world before the flood with beings who pulled lions about as if they had been rabbits, and who were themselves ruled over by giant kings whose robes were "spoils of lions." Cervantes speaks of Don Quixote's adventure with the lions as "the last and highest point at which the unheard-of courage of the Knight ever did, or could, arrive," and Don Quixote himself was of the same opinion, as thenceforward he called himself the Knight of the Lions. So perhaps "the lion is not so fierce as painted," as Fuller—plagiarising from Herbert's "Jacula prudentum" (itself a plagiarism)—allows.

In most cases the poets represent the lions calling, like the Earl of Chatham (or Mr. Winkle), for the other to "come on," but occasionally, as in straight-thrusting Quarles—

They faint, and show
Their fearful heels if Chaunticleer do crow.¹

Though usually so chivalrous as to refuse to take advantage of "equal foes"—

'Mid the sad flock at dead of night he prowls
With murder gluttoned, and in carnage rolls;
Insatiate still through teeming herds he roams,
In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.²

Though, as a rule, "courteous" to their subjects, we read in Butler that

Lions are kings of beasts, and yet their power
Is not to rule and govern but devour.
Such savage kings all tyrants are.

Again, though the sovereignty is one that "makes all nature glad," and the beasts unanimous in loyal submission (the fox says "Thee all the animals with fear adore"), yet we find the lion's subjects abused

¹ "In our time in the Court of the Prince of Bavaria one of the lions leaped down into a neighbour's yard where, nothing regarding the crowing or noise of the cocks, he eat them up, with many hens." (Note to Sir Thos. Browne's works.) The lions in the Tower used to be regaled occasionally with cocks.

² Byron. Phineas Fletcher has the following, identical in spirit:—

"As when a greedy lion, long unfed,
Breaks in at length into the harmlesse fold—
So hungry rage commands—with fearful dread
He drags the silly beasts; nothing controlls
The victor proud; he spoils, devours, and tears.
In vain the shepherd calls his peers."—*The Purple Island.*

for submitting to his supremacy. "No better than mere beasts that do obey," says Butler, and Pope—

If a king's a lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed beast.

So that, even from these few quotations, it is evident that the poets had not arrived at any such unanimous opinion as to the lion idea as they have about many other beasts. As the King of Beasts it is merely the correlate of the eagle. But as the fabulist's lion, done into verse, it remains the same mock-heroic animal that the folk-lore of the world has bequeathed to us.

Above all, of course, the Lion is royal. Not so superlative, perhaps, in sovereignty as the eagle, but still very emphatically the King of Beasts. "The sovereign lion"—"the forest king"—"the kingly beast"—"the lion-king"—"dread king"—"imperious lion," and so forth, are to be collected for the gathering by bushels. Nor, seeing how unanimously the past has conspired to crown the lion, is it easy to quarrel with the poets for perpetuating the monarchical idea. But it is essentially a poetical form of procedure to accept a fiction on the statement of professed fables and myths, and then to build upon it according to individual imagination. Thus, nothing is so popular with poets as the image of a lion, like some chivalrous knight of the Crusades, challenging attack from overwhelming numbers, and defying superior strength. No lion in the flesh behaves as Dryden's, that "provokes the hunters from afar, and dares them to the fray," and that "roars out with loud disdain, and slowly moves, unknowing to give place ;" or, as Thomson's beast does—

Despising flight
The roused-up lion, resolute and slow
Advancing full on the protended spear,

or as many other lions of poetry do that scorn to turn from a foe. As a matter of fact, the lion, of all beasts of prey, is one of the readiest to avoid a scrimmage. King James used to try to divert his friends with lion-fights in the Tower, but (according to Howe's Chronicle) His Majesty always failed, owing to the lions' objections to fighting. "Then were divers other lions put into that place one after another, but they showed no more sport nor valour than the first ; and every of them, so soon as they espied the trap-doors open, ran hastily into their dens. Lastly, there were put forth together the two young lusty lions which were bred in that yard, and were now grown great. These at first began to march proudly towards the bear, which the bear perceiving came hastily out of a corner to meet them, but both

lion and lioness skipped up and down and fearfully fled from the bear ; and so these, like the former lions, not willing to endure any fight, sought the next way into their den." But perhaps this forbearance is like that of the late Mr. T. Sayers, who, it is said, "never liked to hit a man who didn't know who he was." He was afraid of killing him in all his ignorance. So before he hit him he always told the victim that he was Sayers. In the same way the poets' lion always "roars" before attacking.

Now, to complete the poetical lion it is necessary that in all its moods it should be classic. Not only in those that are heroic but those that are pathetic also. For are not strong passions merely strong feelings? So the lion in grief is the most grievous beast imaginable. No parents created (except eagles) feel the loss of their young so keenly as lions and lionesses ; none are so quickly apprehensive of danger to their hearths and cradles ; none are so frantic in revenge. Therefore, from Spenser, with his "felle" lion that "mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone," to Burns, who (anxious to give expression to an overwhelming melancholy) cries out for the voice of a lioness "that mourns her darling cubs' undoing," we find the poets punctually magnifying the tenderness of the species. It was necessary, of course, that this should be done—just as one hears it said, describing some utter ruffian, that, "after all, his heart is in the right place." Thus, some of Ouida's maned heroines are very leonine. They crunch up bronze candlesticks between their fingers in agonies of suppressed passion. But their violet eyes overflow with liquidity at the first appeal of pathos.

The "stately lion," that "stalks with fiery glare" and "dauntless strides along," offers in its majestic gait an obvious simile that is abundantly and handsomely availed of. Omitting the interminable series of individuals that have been leonine in deportment, the surpassing dignity and sense of power that ennoble the lion's pace have been admirably transferred to, among other objects, an army (Mrs. Hemans)—

With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands ;

and by Wordsworth to primeval man—

His native dignity no forms debase,
The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace :
The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord.

When tranquil in mind, there is a simplicity and ease in the lion's movements, though full of a tremendous consciousness of strength,

that is eminently beautiful. When slightly out of temper this stateliness increases by the addition of a splendid sullenness—"with sullen majesty he stalks away" (*Broome*)—but the simplicity is lost. When it flies into a passion both stateliness and simplicity are gone, for the lion reverts at once to a furious rough-and-tumble wild beast.

But the poets measure its kingliness by its fury, and the more "woode" it becomes the more royal. This is an error, not only of fact, but of grace. When Jove gets angry he grows undignified. Gods and kings should always keep their tempers, for sceptres do not become furious hands. Subjects begin to question divinity when they see such passions *in cœlestibus animis*.

Sometimes, but very seldom, he is merely "the shaggy lion" (*Prior*), "the forest prowler" (*Byron*), "bristly savage" (*Young*), "terror of the wood" (*Broome*), that "grins dreadfully"—the lion of nature pure and simple, "lapping at the palm-edged pool"; the husband of the "tawny" lioness that, robbed of whelps, "forgets to fear"; the father of the brindled cubs "blood-nurtured in their grisly den." And it is worth noting that, just as the cock comes off, both in poetry and proverb, with such honours, while the hen is left behind to cackle and be generally ridiculous, so the lioness fails to receive from her spouse any adequate reflection of his dignities. She is desperately cruel and, in defence of her young, exceptionally fierce. But the poets know little else of her. Pope calls her "stubborn," Spenser, King, and several others, "fell," Montgomery, in the sense of mad with rage, "wild," and all the rest as the incarnation of maternal fury. But the poets should not call the lioness or her cubs "brindled," nor speak of "lionets" (or as heraldry calls little lions "lioncels"¹) "shrieking." Lion-kittens are spotted, and mew.

But their home, the grisly den, all strewn with victim-remnants, cannot be too dreadfully rendered, and the poets' grimness² rises to the subject.

The air as in a lion's den
Is close and hot.

.

Terrific as the lair
Where the young lions couch.

.

Giant rocks at distance piled
Cast their deep shadows o'er the wild.
Darkly they rise.

¹ "The Lyoncel from sweltrie countries braughte,
He looketh with an eie of flames of fyre."—*Chatterton*.

² *Inter alios* Wordsworth, Thomson, Hemans, Montgomery, Young.

Away ! within those awful cells
The savage lion of Afric dwells.

In weary length
The enormous lion rests his strength.
For blood in dreams of hunting burns ;
Or, chased himself, to fight returns,
Growls in his sleep, a dreary sound,
Grinds his wedged teeth and spurns the ground.

There, bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And couched in dreadful ambush, pant for blood ;
Or stretched on broken limbs, consume the day
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey.

But, as a rule, the lion is not merely the natural beast. It is the "dread King," autocrat of the forest and desert, the "blood-nurtured monarch of the wood" (*Southey*), with terrific attributes of eye and voice and stride—

The lordly lion stalks
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks.
When round he glares, all living creatures fly.
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.

Each special feature in turn engages the poets' deference, and each in turn is cited—like the birth-marks on the Christian Champions, on the Fatal Children, or Eastern Messiahs of all kinds, and heroes generally—as an indisputable proof of natural dominion and a birth-right of sovereignty. Thus of the lion's eye—(*Montgomery*)

A lion o'er his wild domains
Rules with the terror of his eye.

And the undoubted majesty of the lion's gaze when startled into apprehension or anger is a frequent metaphor.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare.

As a leon he his looking caste.

Chaucer.

A lion's noble rage sits in their face.
Terrible comely ! arm'd with dreadful grace.

Cowley.

Its voice, "the prowling lion's Here I am" (*Wordsworth*) : that "doubles the horrors of the midnight hours" (*Broome*) : "how fearful to the desert wide,"—is one of the poets' finest resources whenever terror is needed in a stanza or panic-striking catastrophe requires a simile from nature.

Not with more dismay
When o'er Caffraria's wooded hills
Echoes the lion's roar, the timid herd
Fly the death-boding sound,

than do enemies before the battle-cry of heroes of the lion ramp, conspirators before the discovering lantern-flash, evil-doers at the voice of God, courtiers at the nod of kings ; and, in short, everything in Nature that at one time or another may be suddenly startled into the propriety of precipitate self-preservation.

As a rule it is heard roaring at night—"midnight listens to the lion's roar" (*Byron*) ; but sometimes in broad daylight, "the lion's sullen roar at noon resounds along the lonely banks of ancient Tigris" (*Akenside*). As a rule, too, the lion roars only when alone, when, that is, it is calling to its mate or seeking one—"the solitary lion's roar" (*Montgomery*)—but occasionally travellers have heard them roaring in company, and justifying therefore Montgomery's fine simile of—

Mad as a Lybian wilderness by night
With all its lions up.

So that the poets have no room for error, and make none. But it is not a fact, as Prior supposes,¹ that lions go about roaring seeking for hunters to rend.

Yet, reverent as the majority are, there are poets who (in spite of Eliza Cook's warning²) have been found audacious enough to "talk as familiarly of roaring lions, as maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs," and even to make fun of the tremendous voice.

Bombastes : So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar.
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.
Artax. : So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore.

Or, as in Swift's delightful "hyperbole on a lion" :

He roar'd so loud and looked so wondrous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him.

The prodigious fervour of the lion's attack—or rather the

¹ "So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war.
In sullen fury traverses the plain
To find the vent'rous foe, and battle him again."

Ode to the Queen.

² "Let the lion be stirred by too daring a word,
And beware of his echoing growl."

exaggerated ideas once entertained of the general fierceness of the animal—has stereotyped the comparison “as feres as a lion”—“as lions fierce.”

Ne in Belmarie there n’is so fell leon
That hunted is, or for his hunger wood.
Ne of his prey desireth so the blood
As Palamon.

And again—

This Palamon
In his fighting were as a wood leon.

So Thomson and Parnell—

On just reason, once his fury roused,
No lion springs more eager to his prey.
Blood is a pastime.
So proud, inhuman, numberless and strong,
Like desert lions on their prey they go.

Hence numerous metaphors taken from the same aspect of the animal have become almost proverbs with the poets—“she’ll take a blow like a lion turned to bay”—“go face the hungry lion in his path,” &c.¹ But the ferocity idea is certainly elongated to absurdity when we read that—

The lion may yield, let him sink, let him bleed,
But seek not to tame him, to bind and to lead.

For as a matter of fact the lion has been very frequently tamed. Among the ancients it was considered a regular appendage of the hunting cortège, being trained for the chase just as the lynx and cheetah are trained still. Nor were the Assyrians singular in keeping this beast as a pet, for several heroes and kings, both to east and west of Nineveh, are reported to have kept tame lions ; while in art the docile species is by no means infrequent—

About that king ran many a tame leon and leopart.

And so we find, among others, St. Mark, St. John, and St. Jerome, Sir Gwain de Galles, De Latour, Saladin, Hildebrand, and the Fairie Queene, all maintaining lions as pets or servants, while in the various classics, Cybele—

Four maned lions hale
The sluggish wheels ; solemn their toothed maws,
Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
Cowering their tawny brushes—

¹ In, as it were, “proverbial” phrases or by oblique suggestion this ferocity is, of course, very frequently pointed to, as “the lion’s den who dares intrude”—“ask the lion why he laps not milk,” and so forth.

and Bacchus, and Love, Indras, Prakrit, and Bala share with other divinities and personages the luxury of a lion-steed.

Again, in popular works of fiction, from the "Arabian Nights" to the "Pilgrim's Progress" the lion appears as a janitor or guardian, faithfully ferocious to the suspicious-looking stranger and the evil-doer, but as tame to its own household and friends as Una's companion or Androcles' acquaintance.

Nor in this "ferocious" connection is it impertinent to note how carefully the poets credited the fiction of the lion finding it necessary to exasperate itself up to the necessary point of fury by lashing its own body with its tail,¹ just as Picrochole had to goad himself into courage against Grandgousier by self-reproaches. "Roused by the lash of his own stubborn tail," says Dryden, happily hitting off British characteristic of abusing ourselves into action, while Waller is more precise—

A lion so with self-provoking smart
(His rebel tail scourging his noble part)
Calls up his courage.

That the lion wags its tail when angry has passed into a proverb, and those who have hunted the splendid animal, either in Asia or Africa, always record the preliminary "lashing of the tail" of a lion that has made up its mind to charge. So Darwin's "indignant lions rear their bristling mail, and lash their sides with undulating tail." Byron's "lion, that, ere he seeks his prey, lashes his sides and roars and then away," and others are within "the literal verity." But the extension of so common a feline gesture into a leonine singularity—above all, for so absurd a purpose as stinging itself into courage—is a prolongation of the idea that is decidedly poetical, but certainly little else.

Indeed, the poets seem to recognise the dilemma in which undue insistence on the unmitigated ferocity of the lion would place them—

Fie
Upon a lord that wol have no mercie
But be a leon both in word and dede !

ejaculates Chaucer, after having exhausted the lion-idea to magnify the heroic fury of Palamon. For if the lion is not magnanimous it is evidently unworthy of the royal title. So the poets "hedge," so to speak, on all their ferocity by explaining that under certain particular circumstances the lion is quite lamblike, and with certain very special

¹ This fiction no doubt arose from the curious claw-like prickle, or "thorn," found sometimes at the tip of the animal's tail, and for which naturalists are still puzzled to provide an explanation.

classes of persons “roars you as gently as any sucking dove.” You are never, of course, to be in any doubt as to the capacity of the lion for being terrible on occasion—“Mind you, Todgers can do it when it likes.” But, on the other hand, Hercules can calm down to the distaff, and Mars play with pet sparrows. Did not Cœur-de-Lion himself withdraw his hand on one or two occasions from committing unnecessary murders? So just as the partial historian tempers the crimson story of the first Richard with dabs and specks of white clemency, so the poet, afraid of finding his monarch-beast a complete Nero, qualifies its bloodthirstiness with legendary and mythical suggestions of an occasional magnanimity. So Moore diverges from his usual importraiture to call it “generous lion,” and Dryden (using generous in the best sense, as Prior has “the hungry lion’s gen’rous rage”), goes on to say—

So when the gen’rous lion has in sight
His equal match, he rouses for the fight.
But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain
He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas’d with bloodless honours of the day,
Walks over, and disdains th’ inglorious prey.

Which is industriously untrue to fact. The *bear* really does act in this way. But not the lion. “The royal disposition of that beast to prey on nothing that doth seem as dead” is a fiction. It will even prey on things that are obviously and outrageously defunct. Its opportunity comes when “the foe lies prostrate on the plain.” Above all, it prefers to surprise its “equal match” when he is asleep by the camp fire. The same agreeable fiction is very frequently repeated. In one of the oldest of our ballads we find—

As the lyonne which is of bestes kynge,
Unto thy subjects be kurteis and benyngne ;

whereas in nature the lion will even condescend to pick up off its royal path such inconsiderable “subjects” as mice, lizards, frogs, and even cockroaches. The larger ones keep out of sight, knowing His Majesty’s omnivorous propensities, and disregard Wyatt’s assurance that “the lion in his raging hour forbears that sueth,” or Broome’s, that “the fierce lion will hunt no yelden things.” Dr. Livingstone once saw a very fine lion in Africa that had just captured a fawn only a few hours old. Yet Quarles tells the fawns that “hungry lions, woo’d with tears, will spare,” and Spenser the lady—

The lyon lord of everie beast in field
His princely puissance will abate
And mightie proud to humble weak does yield.
Forgetful of the hunger which late
Him prickt.

But women were the special objects of leonine forbearance, particularly if they were chaste—

'Tis said that a lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity.

And again—

Harpers have sung and poets told
That he, in fury uncontrolled,
The shaggy monarch of the wood
Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified the savage mood ;

so that, if Byron, Scott and the rest be correct, “a lion among ladies” need not after all be so “dreadful” a thing as Snug supposed: Nor if they are of royal blood will the royal beast do them hurt—

Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over.
If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion
Will do her reverence ; else, he'll tear her.

As a matter of (poetical) fact, lions will not hurt princes under any consideration. Nor are many individual instances of leonine generosity wanting. To say nothing of the frequent allusions to Androcles his lion, Shakespeare, Waller, Blake, Fairfax, Cowper, and others cite examples of the lion's unexpected clemency to such as were in misfortune, or those who had befriended it.

Thoroughly consonant with this theory of the occasional gentleness of “the terror of the wood,” is the poet's cheerfulness in endorsing its amiable familiarity with the lamb. Everybody, probably, remembers the astonishment of the Seven Champions of Christendom (even though they were accustomed to “untamed lions” laying their heads in the laps of Angelicas) when they saw lions and lambs together. But the poets are not to be surprised by such trifles. The Orpheus and Amphion myths redound to the credit of the muse,¹ and it is not therefore altogether unnatural that lions “by tuneful magic tamed,” “by verses charmed” and “led by the ear,” should now and then be found “dandling the kid,” or “gambolling with the bounding roe.” They write, however, on a point of a high prescription, for in the earliest past, as we know from Holy Writ (and as Mary Howitt says), “the lion gambolled with the kid” in Paradise.

The lyon there did with the lambe consort,
And eke the dove sate by the faulcon's side ;
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride.²

¹ Poets claim both as of their craft : also Arion.

² Spenser, *Faerie Queene*.

We can also surmise, from sacred promises of a future of universal peace and idyllic amiability, what Shelley, dreaming of the hereafter, foresees:—

The lion now forgets to thirst for blood :
 There might you see him sporting in the sun
 Beside the dreadless kid ; his claws are sheathed,
 His teeth are harmless ; custom's force has made
 His nature as the nature of a lamb ;

and that then, blessed as in Montgomery's Pelican Island,¹

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrims' feet.

The weary Progress will then be over : the chained lions and the loose ones will have no further terrors for Faithful, and the beasts that came along " at a great padding pace," will have been forgotten by Christian.

In heraldry it is a more conspicuous beast than even the ordinary familiarity with the armorial lion would lead the uninitiated to suppose, for (as Planché tells us ²) it was once upon a time the *only* beast thought worthy to be worn on shields and helmets. Thus, kings of England, Scotland, Norway, and Denmark, Princes of Wales and Dukes of Normandy, Counts of Flanders, Earls of Arundel, Lincoln, Leicester, Shrewsbury, Pembroke, Salisbury, and Hereford, all bore lions—indeed, up to the twelfth century, heraldic zoology begins and ends with the King of Beasts. Later on, the leopard came upon the heraldic field, not only to divide honours with the lion but to usurp its place. For leopard and lion—notably in the arms of England—are the one and same animal, the difference of attitude alone deciding the nominal species. In other words, " leopard " is used in heraldry, not to represent a specific beast, but only a particular attitude of the lion. Thus lion-leopard means a lion passing and seen in profile, while a leoparded-lion means a lion full-faced. For the lion, pure and simple, heraldry insists that it shall be " rampant." That attitude belongs to it, as a matter of course. According to further details of position, couching, standing, stalking, &c., the lion symbolises sovereignty, circumspection, sagacity, magnanimity, valour, counsel. But heraldry has played strange pranks with the animal, for it has degenerated into many unworthy varieties, double-headed and

¹ " Lion nor tiger here shed innocent blood."—*Pelican Island*.

² Planché, " *The Pursuivant of Arms*." Chatto & Windus,

double-tailed, fork-tongued and winged, blue and red, silver and gold, black and white—and even spotted.

As our national emblem the lion cannot fail of course to meet with abundant and flattering recognition. But there has been, on the whole, a generous forbearance from the topic that deserves our gratitude. Nevertheless, whenever treaties are signed, “the British lion kisses the feet of peace,” and whenever they are broken “our lion roars.” In subsequent battle “the lion-glance appals the foe,” and after the victory it “learns to spare the fallen foe.” But many other countries claim the lion for their cognisance, or have at one time or other earned the leonine epithet, for, besides “the Anglian lion, the terror of France,”¹ there is “the ruddy lion ramped in gold” in “proud Scotland’s royal shield”; “the winged lion of St. Mark,”² where “Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles,” but now

St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood,
Stand but in mockery of his wither’d power.

There is “Belgia,” with her lions “roaring by her side,” and “the Assyrian lyonesse,” and “the lion of Neustria,” and (whatever that was) the Tartar lion, and “Salem’s lion-banner,” “Judah’s lion,” and others of more or less celebrity.

For, with all their homage, the poets can hardly exceed the measure of this animal’s dignity in prose. It is the ensign of Hercules, Hector, and Achilles; the Egyptian hieroglyph of divine strength; the ‘vehicle’ of many gods both of the East and West, and of the heroic all the world over, from Scandinavian Rollo to Ethiopian Candace. The gods of Greece borrowed its form, and the chiefest of Olympus and of the earth accepted its spoils as the insignia of imperial strength. To describe or paint Jove himself, men have had to take the lion as their model, and in the imaginative Orient the figure is repeated in the forces of nature and the pageantry of the Pantheon. It stands, the mere name alone—“Sinha,” lion—as the honourable office of every member of the noblest nation of Hindostan, whose king all the world knew as Runjeet Singh, “the lion of the Punjab.” But what a roll of heroes that title summons up to the fancy—“the lion of Persia,”³ Ali, “the lion of God,” “the lions of Judah,” “the lion-

¹ That “taught by the bright Caledonian lance, learned to fear in his own native wood.”—*Burns*.

² “Sullen old lion of grand St. Mark
Lordeth and lifteth his front.”—*Joachim Miller*.

³ That splendid prince who met his death, unhappily, while chasing an ass.

kings of Assyria," "the lion of the north," "the lion of the Prophet," "the lion of Bavaria"—and so forth in endless list, till we have enough Cœur-de-Lions and Leos to re-establish a Lemberg or a Leontopolis, and to justify the redemption of "that sweet land of Lyonnaise" now lying forty fathom under Cornish water. To take its name was the crowning affectation of the chivalrous, just as to have killed a lion was so often—from Hercules to Don Quixote—considered the climax of their courage. It adds a dignity to the light offence of the fleet maiden and her lover that for their disregard of her groves they joined Cybele's chariot-team, and even the firmament borrows a splendour from its terrific lion-constellation. Homer himself is the grander for his lions, and what notable blanks there would have been on the gates and walls of fortress and palace and city had there been no lion for the sculptor, and what beauties been missing on canvas and in literature.

Individuals dignified with lion compliments are too numerous "for specification." But they include British sailors ("the lion-spirits that tread the deck,") and British soldiers ("the lion-heart of British fortitude"); most British kings, from Richard I. to George III., and a very large number of heroes from St. George to Nelson, as also most European celebrities—Henri IV., Napoleon, Tell, Charles XII., Luther, and others; "classical" notables, varying in degrees of merit, from Hercules to Tarquin, and all the heroes of poets' fancy, the Douglasses, Alberts, and Tracy de Veres, besides a prodigious series of miscellaneous personages of very diversified character, ranging from Cain to Jonathan, and from the Messiah to Satan.

The singular elasticity of the lion idea is thus abundantly illustrated. But when we remember that in Holy Writ the animal stands as the symbol of such very different things as dignity and falsehood, courage and craft, the enemies of truth and wickedness: that in one part of Holy Writ it typifies the devil, in another is a type of the Saviour; also, that in all fables the lion is presented to us in every possible variety of character, from supreme grandeur to ridiculous meanness, we perceive that the poets have been faithful to their sources of information.

But it is in the metaphors and morals which the King of Beasts affords that his many-sided nature is perhaps best illustrated. Independence is (in Smollett) "Lord of the lion-heart"; Ambition is "the lion-star"; Truth, "lion-bold"; Danger, has a "lion-walk"; Wrath—

And him beside rides fierce avenging Wrath
Upon a lion, loth for to be led.

Passion, and War, "fierce as the lion roaring for his prey, or lioness of royal whelps foredone," are on one side, while Peace, Cruelty, and Self-Interest may be cited on the other.

The sea is often a lion, and sometimes with admirable force. Thus, in Hood, "Three monstrous seas came roaring on like lions leagued together;" or, in Hemans, "Like angry lions wasting all their might." In Jean Ingelow, Time, "A grim old lion gnawing lay, and mumbled with his teeth a regal tomb." Into innumerable other facets is the lion-stone cut. It does homage (in Grahame) to the announcing angels of Bethlehem—

The prowling lion stops
Awe-struck, with mane upreared, and flattened head,
And, without turning, backward on his steps
Recoils, aghast, into the desert gloom ;

it spares the prophet (thus characteristically "Emblem"-ed by Quarles)—

Fierce Lyons roaring for their prey ! and then
Daniel throwne in ! and Daniel yet remaine
Alive ! There was a Lion in the Den
Was Daniel's friend, or Daniel had been slaine.
Among ten thousand Lions, I'd not feare
Had I but only Daniel's Lion there ;

it is soothed by music—

So playful Love on Ida's flowery sides
With ribbon rein the indignant lion guides ;
Pleased on his brinded back the lyre he rings
And shakes delirious rapture from the strings.
Slow as the pausing monarch stalks along
Sheaths his retractile claws and drinks the song—

and is a pattern of connubial constancy. This may be true of the lion—for nature has enforced monogamy upon nearly all dangerous or noxious (male) beasts—but it is far from the truth with regard to the lioness. She is a very Messalina, at once faithless and cruel.

"In consequence of the great mortality of female cubs during the process of dentition, she possesses over European ladies the advantage of not being 'redundant,' as Mr. Greg calls it—nay, of being, on the contrary, at a high premium. Every third lion prowls about the desert sands, roaring vainly for a mate ; and the consequence is, of course, an immense exaltation of value, and perhaps, also, some additional cruelty on the side of the lioness." The author then goes on to give a terrible illustration of this cruelty—but the facts are, perhaps, too familiar to need repetition. Suffice it to say that

the lioness manages by her coquetry to bring rival suitors into each other's presence, and, having excited them to combat, leaves them to bleed to death for her sake while she strolls away in search of fresh conquests.

"The lion," says Professor Kitchen Parker, "enjoys the honourable distinction of being strictly faithful to his spouse, although report says she is by no means so virtuous, but only cleaves to her mate until a stronger and handsomer one turns up."

PHIL. ROBINSON.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE EARLY PART OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

SITTING beneath the limes in the pleasant grounds of St. John's College, Cambridge, on the occasion of a garden-party given by the Master and Fellows, I overheard the following conversation. The speakers had left the crowd of brightly-dressed lawn-tennis players, and were resting till ready to begin again.

SHE (*contemplating his gaily-striped blazer with approbation*): "Awfully nice stuff."

HE (*gratified*): "Ah, awf'ly nice."

SHE (*with an air of economy*): "What did it cost?"

HE: "Really don't know; oh, yes! the man said it would be a guinea; very cheap!"

SHE (*as one struck with amazement*): "That's awfully cheap!"

HE (*taking up the chorus*): "Oh yes! awf'ly cheap!"

SHE (*bent on fully appreciating this marvellous phenomenon*): "It must cut into a great deal of stuff, you know."

HE (*rather more languidly*): "Yes; awful deal stuff."

HE and SHE (*recurring instinctively to the original proposition*): "Oh! *very* cheap; yes! *awfully* cheap!"

This set me wondering whether an undergraduate two hundred and fifty years ago would have looked at things in such an airy manner; and the incident may serve as a peg on which to hang a few details of University life in the days when living and education at Cambridge really *were* "awfully cheap."

When we read in the Paston Letters that Walter Paston's half-year's expenses at Oxford, about the year 1478, were some £6. 5s. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., we are apt to dismiss the fact from our minds as relating to a period so remote that it can hardly be brought into comparison with our own times. That, we say, was before Columbus sailed for America; before English printing had spread further than Caxton's press-room; in short, before the dissolution of the monas-

series, the rise of trading communities to power and the development of sheep-farming had revolutionised English notions of prices. Only some three-quarters of a century had passed since the death of Chaucer—the Chaucer who could truthfully depict his two Cambridge scholars, Alayn and Johan, as riding to Trumpington Mill with the sack of College grain for the gristing. It was in fact a primitive time, when the whip was still a valued academical instrument, not only of discipline, but of direct tuition. For did not Agnes Paston desire her son Clement's tutor, in 1458, to “trewly belassch hym”? adding, “for so did the last maystr and the best that ever he had att Caumbrege.”¹

Leaving such remote times, we shall find that although the great movements above referred to, and which marked the close of the feudal period, had a great effect on the value of money, especially in large centres such as London, yet comparatively cheap rates obtained in the country even after Drake and Raleigh had made the Spanish Indies an old tale in men's mouths. Prices rose erratically and by fits in London itself. This appears from a curious complaint of the Garden of the Fleet Prison about the year 1621.²

In defending himself from the charge of extortion brought against him by some of his unruly collegiates, he instances the dietary rules fixed some sixty years previously, by which he was bound to supply gentlemen prisoners with their diet (including a gallon of wine) at the rate of 10s. a week.³

When this rate was fixed, he says, gentlemen of the Inns of Court paid but 20*d.* or 2*s.* for their commons, whereas their prices are now (1621) raised to 7*s.* or 8*s.* a week. Although this latter sum is far from extortionate, we shall find that those bent on economy could do considerably better at Cambridge a few years later.

Let us commence with an instance not falling into the very cheapest category. In 1611, Sir Thomas Knyvet, of Ashwell Thorp in Norfolk, sent his grandson Thomas to Emanuel College, Cambridge; and we may suppose that the young man's dignity would require to be kept up at a little more expense than that of a plain country squire's son. Yet from the correspondence that passed between Lady Knyvet and the tutor, Mr. Elias Travers, which has been preserved for us in the hitherto unpublished Gawdy MSS.,⁴ it appears that £40 was his yearly allowance, and that this sum was expected

¹ “Paston Letters” (Gairdner's Edition), No. 311, Vol. I. p. 422.

² “The Economy of the Fleete.” Camden Society's Publications, p. 93.

³ Knights paid 18*s.* 6*d.*, and yeomen (who got but a pott of wine) 5*s.* 6*d.* a week.

⁴ “Gawdy MSS.” *penes* Mr. Walter Rye, Vol. III. Nos. 470-486.

to cover everything. It is true that the "house of pure Emanuel" (which is not now considered a particularly fast College) was noted in those days for its Puritan doctrine and precise discipline.¹

The tutor rejoices that young Knyvet will find no example of gaming set him there, and the statutes expressly forbid hunting and the wearing of great ruffs,² both symptoms of what Mr. Travers calls "the humorous lust of boastfull expence."

From these letters we gather the following miscellaneous facts. Winter quarters were more expensive than others, and the "excessive rate of things" made it difficult for the youth, though studiously inclined, to keep within his "stint" or allowance. The rent of his chamber, to be divided between himself and his chamber-fellow, was only 12s. a year, and 7s. 4d. supplied him with coal and candles from the end of long vacation till the beginning of March (1614-5). But perhaps the most interesting document is a more or less complete half-yearly account of young Knyvet's outgoings, ordinary and extraordinary. Of this I will now give an analysis, and wish I could print side by side with it as perfect a statement of some other undergraduates' bills, let us say for the years 1715 and 1815.

"Commons" for six months amount to £2. 10s. ; "Sising"³ for the same period, £3. 9s. 6d. ; light and firing (as already mentioned), 7s. 4d. ; and, among minor items, we have cash advanced to him by his tutor on two separate occasions, £1. 1s. ; his hatter's bill, 2s. 6d. ; two pairs of cuffs, 1s. 2d. ; incidental expenses, £1 ; and a contribution towards the entertainment of King James I., on his visit to the University that year, of seven shillings ! The one act of extravagance appears in the following six items, which are marked in the margin as Mr. Cradock's little bill for things got at Sturbridge fair :—

	s.	d.
Four dozen of long buttons	8	8
Black galoun lace	1	3
3 dozen of black buttons	1	
Coloured silk (half-ounce)	2	4
A sattin Coller	9	
A yeard of green Cotton	2	6

With his chamber rent the total only amounts to the modest sum of £9. 3s. 7½d.

¹ As late as 1669 the College records show that offenders were "whipt in the buttry."

² "Fourth Report Historical MSS. Commissioners," p. 420.

³ "Sising" is now said to be confined to extras got from the buttry, such as cream, eggs, &c. For an instance of the older, wider acceptation of the word see *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 4 : "'Tis not in thee . . . to scant my sizes."

How was this economy rendered practicable? The key to the enigma lies in the large power which was reposed in the tutor by the home authorities. All remittances passed through his hands, he was informed of the rate at which his pupil was to live, and expected to see that the allowance was not exceeded. The hatter's bill of half-a-crown is entered as having been paid by the tutor, and Mr. Elias Travers did not think it beneath him to guard against the tailor's perennial propensities towards overcharging and "cabbaging." Poor and irregular as were the modes of conveyance in those days, anxious mothers did not omit to keep their absent sons supplied with parcels from home. Lady Knyvet, on one occasion, sent Tom a piece of cloth for a gown, of the same stuff as his grandfather's new gown, and did not fail to apprise the tutor what ought be paid for the making. Several letters must have passed on this momentous subject, the pedagogue finally ageeing with her ladyship's wonder that the Cambridge "snip" should make so little difference in price between the old gentleman's ample robe and the (presumably) scanter gown of the undergraduate: "wherfore I thinck it were not amiss if you willed him to deferr ye making up of it till his comming home, wch may happily save yt wch ye Taylor here made a reckoning to have had for his share."

That this overseeing of the clothes formed part of a recognised system is clear from the fact that they fell under the tutor's immediate charge at Oxford as well as at Cambridge. Lady Brilliana Harley, in 1639, wrote to her son Edward at Magdalen Hall, "I like it well that your tutor has made you hamsome clothes;" and, again, "I like the stufe for your cloths well; but the cullor of thos for euery day I doo not like so well; the silke chamlet I like very well, both cullor and stuff. Let your stokens be allways of the same culler of your cloths, and I hope you now weare Spanisch leather shouwes. *If your tutor does not intend to bye you silke stokens to weare with your silke shute . . .* I will bestow a peare on you."¹ The interesting correspondence in which this occurs also supplies us with examples of the hampers from home, now mostly confined to scholars of tenderer years. Lady Harley sends Ned a kid pie, believing that "you have not that meat ordinarily at Oxford," and adding appetisingly, "on halfe of the pye is seasned with one kinde of seasening and the other with another."² A baked loin of veal, and a "turky pye with two turkys in it," also come his way, but they are sent at first with some diffidence, one

¹ "Lady B. Harley's Letters." Camden Society's Publications, 1854, pp. 22 and 50.

² *Ibid.* p. 53.

Mrs. Pirson (apparently a local Mrs. Grundy) having informed Lady Harley that when she sent such things to *her* son at Oxford he prayed her she would not.¹

Considerable trust being thus reposed in the tutor, we find that parents kept a close eye on him, often writing, and embracing convenient opportunities to have him visit them during vacation time, when they could become personally acquainted. In one letter Mr. Elias Travers becomes quite apologetic over certain faults and shortcomings for which Lady Knyvet had reprimanded him. He winds up : " If the tobacco I have sometimes taken be a iust grievance to any, I desire them to know yt if ye forbearance or utter avoidance of it will give vm content, I shall quickly quite ridd myself of it."²

Let us now read a similar series of letters from another tutor, Nathanael Dod, of Gonville and Caius College, to Framlingham Gawdy, of Norfolk, in the years 1626-7, concerning the latter's kinsman Anthony. They will be found to confirm our views of the position of a tutor, and the responsibility, financial and otherwise, which he undertook for his pupil. The first we cite runs as follows³ :—

May it please you Sir, I receyved your letters by your kinsman Anthony Gaudy dated Septemb. 17th. Your and his request for the discharging of his expenses to the Colledge I am ready to pforme, And if there were any other thing wherein I might doe him any freindly office, he shoulde not find me backward, for his orderly behaivour in the house and loving affection to me challenge moore at my handes. According to your desire I have and will further advise him to all frugality, wishing that he may be no lesse pleasing to you, then (as I understand) you are loving and helping to him. This inclosed note⁴ shoves you his expences for this last halfe yeare from our lady to Michaelmas. I desire you would be pleased to send up these monies soe soone as may be for I am already called upon by the Colledge officers. There is due to Mr. Michells of ould reckonings 1^{li} 5^s 0^d w^{ch} he requested me to receive for him. Your kinsman (as he tells me) hath certified you of the particulars I desire (if it please you) to receive all together & even thus wth my best love I commit you to god

Your unknowne freind

Caius Coll :

NATHANAEL DOD

Novemb. 8

1626

The next news that Mr. Dod has to send is not so pleasant, and probably caused some heartache at Harling Hall :—

Worthy Sir, I am now necessarily enforced in regard of my relation to acquaint you with a buisnes that concerns your kinsman and my Pupill Anthony

¹ "Lady B. Harley's Letters." Camden Society's Publications, 1854, p. 13.

² "Gawdy MSS." *ubi sup.* No. 474.

³ *Ibid.* (509).

⁴ Not extant.

Gaudy. I could wish it lay upon an other man's tounge or penn, not mine. The story is this. Not long since your kinsman beeing in the Colledge Buttry at Beaver¹ at the pmitted hower betweene 8 and 9 of y^e clock at night, the Deane came in, chargd him to be gone, he tould him he would & was presently deptyng. The Deane tells him, unlesse S^r Gaudy you had forthwith gone I should have sett you out : upon that your kinsman not brooking those speaches, turnes back, and pulls one his hatt & tells him, seeings (*sic*, colloquially for "seeing *as*") he used him soe, he would not yet out, upon that the Deane strikes him with his fist in the face. Hee beeing a man and of a spirit could not forbear, but repaies the Deane with interest ; for this he was convented before the Master & fellowes, and a severe Censure passed one him, he was deprived of his scollershipp and warned wthin a monthes space to provide for himselfe elsewhere. He is now therefore come to you his best father, wth whom I doubt not he shall find wellcome, and I hope you will passe a milder censure one him then others have done. I assure you I find him to be one of such a Nature and disposition as I highly approve of. And I hope hee himselfe will be able to give a testimony of his time well spent. I pray you entertaine not a thought of blaming me for what is done, after the fact it lay not in my power to remedie the successe ; and who can tell how to prevent such a fact as ariseth from a sudden passion ? And thus having made way in his behalfe by a true narration of that accident, I must present you wth a bill of all his expences, w^{ch} you shall receive herein inclosed. I pray you (Sir) be pleased to helpe me with these monies soe soone as with conveniencie you can. Much whereof is out of my purse already, & y^e rest very suddenly to be paid. I make noe benefitt by your kinsman, I pray you let me sustain noe damage. And thus wth y^e kind remembrance of my love unto you, I take my leave and rest

Your very loving freind to his power

Caius Coll.

NATH : DOD.

Aprilis 17, 1627²

Then occurs the cheapest instance of living which I have yet come across, and it will be allowed that Mr. Dod really did his best for his country patrons in procuring their relation such extremely reasonable quarters :—

May it please you Sir I rec. your letter by your kinsman Anthony Gaudy whom I have now placed in an honest private house, *where he hath his Dyet, his Chamber & washing for 5^s y^e weeke* In w^{ch} place I my selfe onc lived a little before I was a fellow of the Colledge. I truly conceive good hopes of his wellfare, neither am I wanting to him in my advice for his Studdies. They with whom he boards desire to be payd weekely. I pray you therefore to send up his quarteridge beforehand that I may pay it accordingly. The bearer hereof, Peter Aspinal, is one whom I thinke you will trust with those monies I should receive from you, if it please you to send them to me by him at his next returne they will be wellcome. And even soe in great hast I take my leave and rest

Your loving freind

Caius Coll :

NATH. DOD

May 2^{do} 1627³

The evening meal.

² "Gawdy MSS." *ubi sup.* No. 517.

³ *Ibid.* No. 519.

The next letter acknowledges the receipt of certain gold pieces and quarter pieces by the carrier, with a note of the number of grains they were found deficient in weight. The carrier is also to be paid by the person remitting the money for his trouble. We will pass over this and give one more letter bearing on our main subject.

Sir, A quarter of a yeare is now expired since your kinsman entered into Commons in y^e towne, for whom according to your desire I stand ingaged. My desire now is that you would be pleased to send unto me y^e monies due at y^r next conveniency, for I am called upon for them. Besides the 3^{li} due for his board, He hath runn some few necessarie expences upon other occasions, viz. for new shoes & mending 4^s 8^d the Taylor for mending his ould apparrell 2^s 4^d Barber 1^s —the whole summe of all is 3^{li} 8^s w^{ch} summe I expect at y^e carriers next returne. In your kinsman's behalfe I can say that I have seene him often at o^r religious exercises. I have mett him sometimes walking alone into y^e fields w^{ch} I can noe otherwise interrett but wth an intent to his studdies and meditations I have likewise observed that he is out of apparell notwthstanding his care & thriftines in the p̄servation of those clothes you have already bestowed upon him. I conceive good hopes for his ree-entrance into y^e Colledge soone after Michaelmas

In hast I take my leave & rest

In all due respect

Caius Coll.

NATHAN : DOD

Aug. 8. 1627.¹

The above rate of living does not seem to have been exceptional, as in his next letter (April 9, 1628) Mr. Dod asks for £7. 11s. for young Gaudy's expenses for the half-year from Michaelmas to Lady-day. Beyond this I am not able at present to trace the course of Anthony's fortunes at Cambridge.

What was the style of living at Gonville and Caius College from which "Sir Gawdy" was thus harshly expelled? The following jottings from the Bursar's books of the period, which have never been published, will give us some idea of the manners of the time.²

The Fellows drank out of silver "potts," each man having his own. In 1622 "Mr. Cruso's pott" was mended at a cost of two shillings, and several entries of old cups changed for new ones (the Fellow who had the use of it contributing out of his private means so as to get a larger or finer goblet) show how it is that old silver ware is so hard to find nowadays. But they did not always drink out of the nobler metal, "a little iugg and pott for the fellowes in y^e halle and parlour" being bought for 17d. in 1644. Silver spoons, got ten years previously from London (a shilling being given to the person that

¹ "Gawdy MSS." *ubi sup.* No. 522.

² "MSS. Books 695 and 692, Gonville and Caius College Library, 1609-1661." My thanks are due to R. C. Bensly, Esq., M.A., the Librarian, for permission to make these extracts.

brought them), must also have been meant for the upper table. In 1612 there was a regular overhauling of the College sideboard, and 37s. 5d. had to be paid the goldsmith for mending the plate that was found to be "spoyled and battered at the going out of Sir Utting out of his buttlership." But if it is bad to have plate battered, it is worse to have it stolen, and in 1658 we find that this has happened, and fifteen shillings is paid Mr. Marsh for "putting the lost plate into the *Divrnull*," and "other charges in pursuance of the stoll'n plate" come to £1. 10s. 6d.

The undergraduates drank and ate out of pewter, an arrangement which saved breakage, and had the additional advantage that when the mugs and platters got bent out of all shape, the pewterer took them back as old metal, and a new stock of "dishes, sawces, and porringers" was laid in, the cost being ninepence-halfpenny a pound. The duty of looking after the pewter, and collecting and counting it after each meal, fell on "young Ablinson," the cook's son, who got a trifle every quarter for his pains. He could not expect much, seeing that his father (shades of Soyer forgive us for exposing the humiliating fact!) only got ten shillings a half-year for his salary, and the "sub-coquo" a miserable 3s. 4d.

What Ablinson and his sculleryman cooked is not so clear, for the details of the viands are not given in the accounts, except an item of exceptional "cheere" in which the Fellows indulged in the treasury, "the same night the counts were made up." Two shillings' worth of pigeon pies, eight pennyworth of puddings, cheese to the extent of fourpence, and a "pottle of clarret wine," which cost sixteen pence, formed the solace after that evening's reckoning. Entries of gratuities to the messenger who brought the brawn at Christmas (at Emanuel College they were careful to call it "Christ-tide") from one of the College tenants, and of a special payment for fuel for boiling that delicacy, remind us to note that the rents were still paid, partly at least, in kind. Out of a rent of £20, for instance, thirty-three shillings and fourpence would be taken in wheat and malt, while wethers, capons and hens were not unfrequently received as well.

Porridge was eaten, as appears by the charge of twenty pence for an "oatemeale box." One dozen fruit dishes, got in 1618, were probably reserved for the dons, who also indulged in oysters. The succulent bivalve when it arrived at Cambridge was cried through the streets, and an occasional fourpence to the "oyster crier" was evidently not grudged. What they drank with their natives is not recorded, but that they took care of their cellar is clear from the entry in 1647 of the purchase of a lock "of the Hart of Oake, and some iron to it, for Steuen Burt's wyne."

Good food deserves to be neatly served, and the College was extravagant in the matter of table-napery, if in nothing else. "Three dossen of diaper according to 8^s 6^d the dossen" made up into two dozen napkins and three towels, and they cannot have been reserved for the seniors, as at the same time no less than seven dozen more napkins were bought at prices varying from 7s. to 8s. 4d. That the purchasers were particular appears from their paying 2s. 3d. for the carriage to and fro of the stuff "upon the liking or not liking." When they bought damask napkins in 1629, the price was 22s. a dozen; white tablecloths, of "elbroad cloath," for the upper table, cost 17d. a yard; and "schollers" tablecloths, 10d. and 11d. From curiosity I picked out all the items relating to table linen for four years (1634-1638), and found in that space of time 192 yards of table cloth, and 27 dozen and ten napkins were laid in. Linen was bought at Sturbridge fair, and in 1649 they went as far afield as Lancashire to purchase it, for which I can suggest no reason. There is a pleasant clean homely scent about the entry of twelpence paid to "Goodwyfe Lavender for heming and double-marking the table-cloths, and darning up some small holes in them," with which we will close the door of the linen-closet.

Let us pass on to the library, lest, like Master Anthony Gawdy, we should be accused of loitering over-long about the buttery hatch. In the half-year ending Michaelmas 1620, "Grauer the Smith" got half-a-crown for taking off the chains that were fastened to the books, and a scholar was paid 6d. for helping him—no doubt a labour of love. The next year we trace the "chaines and the iron barres y^t were taken from the bookes and of(f)-the deskes" being carried up into the treasury, and the new order of things marked by a "figuring" of the printed books in the library to the number of 1742. In 1631 the MSS. were first catalogued; in 1650 the College contributed £20 towards the University Library then being established. The last entry relating to the library is the purchase in 1661 of an Anglo-Saxon Dictionary for two pounds, which the librarian has still to show for the money.

The parlour was refurnished in 1657 with a dozen russian leather chairs at 7s. 6d. each, and three great chairs, £2. 8s.; six "tulip velure" cushions, £1. 4s.; and three leather carpets containing 42 skins, which cost £3. 3s.; besides 12s. for packing. When Simkins the "Scauinger" had finished his sanitary work hard by, sedge and frankincense were burnt in the parlour to correct the resulting evil odours. The fuel burnt there in the winter of 1608-9 came to three pounds, and it was probably in that room that Dr. Caius' portrait

hung, which was repaired at a charge of 13s. 4d. in 1636. As late as 1642 there were certain cushions extant (and in need of mending), which were known by the name of that worthy benefactor.

Perhaps the best known of the architectural works of Dr. Caius is the "Honor Gate," which was built, according to Fergusson, in 1574, from the designs of Theodore Have, of Cleves. It has been figured and described many times as the earliest specimen of so-called Greek architecture in England. In sober verity it is a picturesque *mélange* of debased Tudor style and prettily-applied classical pillars and ornaments. I am able to trace some curious incidents of its early career, which, so far as I know, have not found their way into print hitherto. Its toy-like mouldings and delicate detail were evidently singularly liable to fracture, as appears by several items of account.

But we must first notice an additional beauty it then possessed of which no traces are now left. In 1615 the College paid "for coloring all the stone worke of Porta Honoris and gilting ye armes and roses there." At the same time a Pegasus, possibly an appendage to a sun-dial, had four pounds of lead expended to "fasten his basis," and was also gilt. In 1624 a new pillar at Honoris Gate cost eight shillings for stone and workmanship, which got broken again in 1631, and had to be set up afresh. The very next year one of the "Pyramides" of the gate had to be mended; unless one of the pediments is meant I do not understand this, as there are no pyramids to be seen on any part of the structure now. It then enjoyed a rest till 1646, when Thomas Grombold, a freemason, had the job of new making and setting up one of its pillars. He also did some "playster of paris" work in the chapel, and his moderate charge for his time and another's, three days, was only 10s. 6d. The lessons to be deduced seem to be that from the very first immoral Renaissance work (as a disciple of Mr. Ruskin would doubtless consider it) did not prosper, and that the students, who *must* have made the gate their clambering thoroughfare to surmount the walls by when locked out, were the unwitting instruments of this judgment.

In 1609 four pennyworth of frankincense was got for the chapel, perhaps for disinfecting purposes, as I do not find the entry repeated. The communion cloths were made of diaper in 1619, and cost fifteen shillings each; in 1632 the "copwebbs" were swept out of the chapel, and Woodroffe, the joiner, did carving work there in 1634, and again in 1661, the last time to the amount of £7. 10s. In 1642 a much more expensive damask covering for the communion table was got,

two yards coming to 24s. Finally, we notice in 1637 an expenditure of eighteen shillings for twelve brass candlesticks for the chapel.

In conclusion, let us see how the College practised what they learned in their Chapel, for the duties of charitable hospitality had not then entirely lapsed into disuse. Indeed, I should presume that the Steward dispensed refreshment to poor wayfarers pretty much as a matter of course, so that no special entry appears of these acts of kindness. At least this is the construction I put upon the item of five shillings given to "a distress'd Lady in the Steward's absence," which occurs in 1660. The next year a blind scholar, by the Master's order, received 10s., and the same sum was given in 1649 to "Barnabee Ame, heretofore a lining-drapeer, now growne very poore, by consent." The entry in 1621 of two shillings to "two poore women that weeded ye garden two dayes" will prove that the authorities were not unduly lavish in this branch of their expenditure.

Here we will close the Bursar's books of Gonville and Caius College, not refusing our admiration for the simple tastes and inexpensive habits of our forefathers as we find them recorded in those pages.

FRANCIS RYE.

*THE NEW ABELARD.**A ROMANCE.*

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CATASTROPHE.

; "After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well!"

THE few days following the one on which the spiritualistic *séance* was held were passed by Bradley in a sort of dream. The more he thought of what he had heard and seen, the more puzzled he became. At times he seemed half inclined to believe in supernatural collaboration, then he flouted his belief and laughed contemptuously at himself. Of course it was all imposture, and he had been a dupe.

Then he thought of Eustasia, and the interest which she had at first aroused in him rapidly changed to indignation and contempt.

Very soon these people ceased to occupy his thoughts at all; so self-absorbed was he, indeed, in his own trouble that he forgot them as completely as if they had never been. After all they were but shadows which had flitted across his path and faded. Had he been left to himself he would assuredly never have summoned them up again.

But he was evidently too valuable a convert to be let go in that way. One morning he received the following note, written on delicate paper, in the most fairylike of fragile hands:

"MY DEAR MR. BRADLEY,—We hold a *séance* to-morrow night at six, and hope you'll come; at least, *I* do! Salem don't particularly want you, since you broke the conditions, and he regards you as a disturbing influence. *I know better*: the spirits like you, and I feel that with you I could do great things; so I hope you'll be here.

"EUSTASIA MAPLELEAFE."

Bradley read the letter through twice, then he gazed at it for a time in trembling hesitation. Should he go? Why not? Suppose the people were humbugs, were they worse than dozens of others he had met? and they had at least the merit of bringing back to him the presence of the one being who was all in all to him. His hesitation lasted only for a moment—the repulsion came. He threw the letter aside.

A few days later a much more significant incident occurred. As Bradley was leaving his house one morning he came face to face with a veiled woman who stood before his door. He was about to pass : the lady laid a retaining hand upon his arm and raised her veil.

It was Eustasia.

“Guess you’re surprised to see me,” she said, noticing his start ; “suppose I may come in, though, now I’m here?”

Bradley pushed open the door, and led the way to his study. Eustasia followed him ; having reached the room, she sat down and eyed him wistfully.

“Did you get my letter?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“You didn’t answer it?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

Bradley hesitated.

“Do you want me to tell you?” he said.

“Why, certainly—else why do I ask you ; but I see you don’t wish to tell me. Why?”

“Because I dislike giving unnecessary pain.”

“Ah ! in other words you believe me to be a humbug, but you haven’t the cruelty to say so. Well, that don’t trouble me. *Prove* me to be one, and you may call me one, but give me a fair trial first.”

“What do you mean?”

“Come to some more of our *séances*, will you? *do* say you’ll come !”

She laid her hand gently upon his arm, and fixed her eyes almost entreatingly upon him. He stared at her like one fascinated, then shrank before her glance.

“Why do you wish me to come?” he said. “You know my thoughts and feelings on this subject. You and I are cast in different moulds ; we must go different ways.”

She smiled sadly.

“The spirits will it otherwise,” she said ; while under her breath she added, “and so do I.”

But he was in no mood to yield that day. As soon as Eustasia saw this she rose to go. When her thin hand lay in his, she said softly :

“Mr. Bradley, if ever you are in trouble come to *us* ; you will find it is not all humbug *then* !”

Eustasia returned home full of hope. “He will come,” she said ; “yes, he will assuredly come.” But days passed, and he neither came nor sent ; at last, growing impatient, she called again at his house ; then she learned that he had left London.

“He has flown from me,” she thought ; “he feels my influence and fears it.”

But in this Eustasia was quite wrong. He was flying not from her but from himself. The wretched life of self-reproach and misery which he was compelled to lead was crushing him down so utterly that unless he made some effort he would sink and sicken. Die? Well, after all, that would not have been so hard ; but the thought of leaving Alma was more than he could bear. He must live for the sake of the days which might yet be in store for them both.

He needed change, however, and he sought it for a few days on foreign soil. He went over one morning to Boulogne, took rooms in the Hôtel de Paris, and became one of the swarm of tourists which was there filling the place.

The bathing season was then at its height, and people were all too busy to notice him ; he walked about like one in a dream, watching the pleasure-seekers, but pondering for ever on the old theme.

After all it was well for him that he had left England, he thought—the busy garrulous life of this place came as a relief after the dreary monotony of town. In the evenings he strolled out to the concerts or open-air dances, and watched the fisher girls with their lovers moving about in the gaslight ; while in the mornings he strolled about the sand watching with listless amusement the bathers who crowded down to the water's edge like bees in swarming time.

One morning, feeling more sick at heart than usual, he issued from the hotel and bent his steps towards the strand. On that day the scene was unusually animated. Flocks of fantastically-dressed children amused themselves by making houses in the sand, while their *bonnes* watched over them, and their mammas, clad in equally fantastic costumes, besieged the bathing-machines. Bradley walked for a time on the sands watching the variegated crowd ; it was amusing and distracting, and he was about to look around for a quiet spot

in which he could spend an hour or so, when he was suddenly startled by an apparition.

A party of three were making their way towards the bathing-machines, and were even then within a few yards of him. One was a child dressed in a showy costume of serge, with long curls falling upon his shoulders ; on one side of him was a French *bonne*, on the other a lady extravagantly attired in the most gorgeous of sea-side costumes. Her cheeks and lips were painted a bright red, but her skin was white as alabaster. She was laughing heartily at something which the little boy had said, when suddenly her eyes fell upon Bradley, who stood now within two yards of her.

It was his wife.

She did not pause nor shrink, but she ceased laughing, and a peculiar look of thinly veiled contempt passed over her face as she walked on.

"*Maman*," said the child, in French, " who is that man, and why did he stare so at you ? "

The lady shrugged her shoulders, and laughed again.

" He stared because he had nothing better to look at, I suppose, *chéri* ; but come, I shall miss my bath ; you had best stay here with Augustine, and make sand-hills till I rejoin you. *Au revoir*, Bébé."

She left the child with the nurse, hastened on and entered one of the bathing-machines, which was immediately drawn down into the sea.

Bradley still stood where she had left him, and his eyes remained fixed upon the machine which held the woman whose very presence poisoned the air he breathed. All his old feelings of repulsion returned tenfold ; the very sight of the woman seemed to degrade and drag him down.

As he stood there the door of the machine opened, and she came forth again. This time she was the wonder of all. Her shapely limbs were partly naked, and her body was covered with a quaintly cut bathing-dress of red. She called out some instructions to her nurse ; then she walked down and entered the sea.

Bradley turned and walked away. He passed up the strand and sat down listlessly on one of the seats on the terrace facing the water. He took out Alma's last letter and read it through, and the bitterness of his soul increased tenfold.

When would his misery end? he thought. Why did not death come and claim his own, and leave him free? Wherever he went his existence was poisoned by this miserable woman.

"So it must ever be," he said bitterly. "I must leave this place, for the very sight of her almost drives me mad."

He rose and was about to move away, when he became conscious, for the first time, that something unusual was taking place. He heard sounds of crying and moaning, and everybody seemed to be rushing excitedly towards the sand. What it was all about Bradley could not understand, for he could see nothing. He stood and watched; every moment the cries grew louder, and the crowd upon the sands increased. He seized upon a passing Frenchman, and asked what the commotion meant.

"*Ras de marée, monsieur!*" rapidly explained the man as he rushed onward.

Thoroughly mystified now, Bradley resolved to discover by personal inspection what it all meant. Leaving the terrace he leapt upon the shore, and gained the waiting crowd upon the sand. To get an explanation from anyone here seemed to be impossible, for every individual member of the crowd seemed to have gone crazy. The women threw up their hands and moaned, the children screamed, while the men rushed half wildly about the sands.

Bradley touched the arm of a passing Englishman.

"What is all this panic about?" he said.

"The *ras de marée!*"

"Yes, but what is the *ras de marée?*"

"Don't you know! It is a sudden rising of the tide; it comes only once in three years. It has surprised the bathers, many of whom are drowning. See, several machines have gone to pieces, and the others are floating like driftwood! Yonder are two boats out picking up the people, but if the waves continue to rise like this they will never save them all. One woman from that boat has fainted; no, good heavens, she is dead."

The scene now became one of intense excitement. The water rising higher and higher was breaking now into waves of foam; most of the machines were dashed about like corks upon the ocean, their frightened occupants giving forth the most fearful shrieks and cries. Suddenly there was a cry for the lifeboat; immediately after it dashed down the sand, drawn by two horses, and was launched out upon the sea; while Bradley and others occupied themselves in attending to those who were laid fainting upon the shore.

But the boats, rapidly as they went to work, proved insufficient to save the mass of frightened humanity still struggling with the waves. The screams and cries became heartrending as one after another sank to rise no more. Suddenly there was another rush,

“Leave the women to attend to the rescued,” cried several voices. “Let the men swim out to the rescue of those who are exhausted in the sea.”

There was a rush to the water ; among the first was Bradley, who, throwing off his coat, plunged boldly into the water. Many of those who followed him were soon overcome by the force of the waves and driven back to shore ; but Bradley was a powerful swimmer and went on.

He made straight for a figure which, seemingly overlooked by everyone else, was drifting rapidly out to sea. On coming nearer he saw, by the long black hair which floated around her on the water, that the figure was that of a woman. How she supported herself Bradley could not see ; she was neither swimming nor floating ; her back was towards him, and she might have fainted, for she made no sound.

On coming nearer he saw that she was supporting herself by means of a plank, part of the *débris* which had drifted from the broken machines. By this time he was quite near to her ;—she turned her face towards him, and he almost cried out in pain.

He recognised his wife !

Yes, there she was, helpless and almost fainting—her eyes were heavy, her lips blue ; and he seemed to be looking straight into the face of death. Bradley paused, and the two gazed into each other’s eyes. He saw that her strength was going, but he made no attempt to put out a hand to save her. He thought of the past, of the curse this woman had been to him ; and he knew that by merely doing nothing she would be taken from him.

Should he let her die ? Why not ? If he had not swum out she most assuredly would have sunk and been heard of no more. Again he looked at her and she looked at him : her eyes were almost closed now : having once looked into his face she seemed to have resigned all hopes of rescue.

No, he could not save her—the temptation was too great. He turned and swam in the direction of another figure which was floating helplessly upon the waves. He had only taken three strokes when a violent revulsion of feeling came ; with a terrible cry he turned again to the spot where he had left the fainting and drowning woman. But she was not there—the plank was floating upon the water—that was all.

Bradley dived, and reappeared holding the woman in his arms. Then he struck out with her to the shore.

It was a matter of some difficulty to get there, for she lay like

lead in his hold. Having reached the shore, he carried her up the beach, and placed her upon the sand.

Then he looked to see if she was conscious.

Yes, she still breathed ;—he gave her some brandy and did all in his power to restore her to life. After a while she opened her eyes, and looked into Bradley's face.

"Ah, it is *you*!" she murmured faintly, then, with a long-drawn sigh, she sank back, dead !

Still dripping from his encounter with the sea, his face as white as the dead face before him, Bradley stood like one turned to stone. Suddenly he was aroused by a heartrending shriek. The little boy whom he had seen with the dead woman broke from the hands of his nurse, and sobbing violently threw himself upon the dead body.

"*Maman ! maman !*" he moaned.

The helpless cries of the child forced upon Bradley the necessity for immediate action. Having learned from the nurse the address of the house where "Mrs. Montmorency" was staying, he had the body put upon a stretcher and conveyed there. He himself walked beside it, and the child followed, screaming and crying, in his nurse's arms.

Having reached the house, the body was taken into a room to be properly dressed, while Bradley tried every means in his power to console the child. After a while he was told that all was done, and he went into the chamber of death.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LAST LOOK.

Dead woman, shrouded white as snow
 While Death the shade broods darkly nigh,
 Place thy cold hand in mine, and so—
 “Good-bye.”

No prayer or blessing born of breath
 Came from thy lips as thou didst die ;
 I loath'd thee living, but in death—
 “Good-bye !”

So close together after all,
 After long strife, stand thou and I,
 I bless thee, while I faintly call—
 “Good-bye !”

Good-bye the past and all its pain,
 Kissing thy poor dead hand, I cry—
 Again, again, and yet again—
 “Good-bye !”

The Exile: a Poem.

It would have been difficult to analyse accurately the emotions which filled the bosom of Ambrose Bradley, as he stood and looked upon the dead face of the woman who, according to the law of the land and the sacrament of the Church, had justly claimed to be his wife. He could not conceal from himself that the knowledge of her death brought relief to him and even joy ; but mingled with that relief were other feelings less reassuring—pity, remorse even, and a strange sense of humiliation. He had never really loved the woman, and her conduct, previous to their long separation, had been such as to kill all sympathy in the heart of a less sensitive man, while what might be termed her unexpected resurrection had roused in him a bitterness and a loathing beyond expression. Yet now that the last word was said, the last atonement made, now that he beheld the eyes that would never open again, and the lips that would never again utter speech or sound, his soul was stirred to infinite compassion.

After all, he thought, the blame had not been hers that they had been so ill-suited to each other, and afterwards, when they met in after years, she had not wilfully sought to destroy his peace. It had all been a cruel fatality, from the first : another proof of the pitiless laws which govern human nature, and make men and women suffer as sorely for errors of ignorance and inexperience as for crimes of knowledge.

He knelt by the bedside, and taking her cold hand kissed it solemnly. Peace was between them, he thought, then and for ever. *She* too, with all her faults and all her follies, had been a fellow-pilgrim by his side towards the great bourne whence no pilgrim returns, and she had reached it first. He remembered now, not the woman who had flaunted her shamelessness before his eyes, but the pretty girl, almost a child, whom he had first known and fancied that he loved. In the intensity of his compassion and self-reproach he even exaggerated the tenderness he had once felt for her; the ignoble episode of their first intercourse catching a sad brightness reflected from the heavens of death. And in this mood, penitent and pitying, he prayed that God might forgive them both.

When he descended from the room, his eyes were red with tears. He found the little boy sobbing wildly in the room below, attended by the kindly Frenchwoman who kept the house. He tried to soothe him, but found it impossible, his grief being most painful to witness, and violent in the extreme.

"Ah, monsieur, it is indeed a calamity!" cried the woman. "Madame was so good a mother, devoted to her child. But God is good—the little one has a father still!"

Bradley understood the meaning of her words, but did not attempt to undeceive her. His heart was welling over with tenderness towards the pretty orphan, and he was thinking too of his own harsh judgments on the dead, who, it was clear, had possessed many redeeming virtues, not the least of them being her attachment to her boy.

"You are right, madame," he replied, sadly, "and the little one shall not lack fatherly love and care. Will you come with me for a few moments? I wish to speak to you alone."

He placed his hand tenderly on the child's head, and again tried to soothe him, but he shrank away with petulant screams and cries. Walking to the front entrance he waited till he was joined there by the landlady, and they stood talking in the open air.

"How long had she been here, madame?" he asked.

"For a month, monsieur," was the reply. "She came late in the season for the baths, with her *bonne* and the little boy, and took my rooms. Pardon, but I did not know madame had a husband living, and so near."

"We have been separated for many years. I came to Boulogne yesterday quite by accident, not dreaming the lady was here. Can you tell me if she has friends in Boulogne?"

"I do not think so, monsieur. She lived quite alone, seeing no

one, and her only thought and care was for the little boy. She was a proud lady, very rich and proud ; nothing was too good for her, or for the child ; she lived, as the saying is, *en princesse*. But no, she had no friends ! Doubtless, being an English lady, though she spoke and looked like a *compatriote*, all her friends were in her own land."

"Just so," returned Bradley, turning his head away to hide his tears ; for he thought to himself, "Poor Mary ! After all, she was desolate, like myself ! How pitiful that I, of all men, should close her eyes and follow her to her last repose !"

"Pardon, monsieur," said the woman, "but madame, perhaps, was not of our Church ? She was, no doubt, Protestant ?"

It was a simple question, but simple as it was Bradley was startled by it. He knew about as much of his dead wife's professed belief as of the source whence she had drawn her subsistence. But he replied :

"Yes, certainly. Protestant, of course."

"Then monsieur will speak to the English clergyman, who dwells there on the hill" (here she pointed townward), "close to the English church. He is a good man, Monsieur Robertson, and monsieur will find——"

"I will speak to him," interrupted Bradley. "But I myself am an English clergyman, and shall doubtless perform the last offices, when the time comes."

The woman looked at him in some astonishment, for his presence was the reverse of clerical, and his struggle in and with the sea had left his attire in most admired disorder ; but she remembered the eccentricities of the nation to which he belonged, and her wonder abated. After giving the woman a few more general instructions, Bradley walked slowly and thoughtfully to his hotel.

More than once already his thoughts had turned towards Alma, but he had checked such thoughts and crushed them down in the presence of death ; left to himself, however, he could not conquer them, nor restrain a certain feeling of satisfaction in his newly-found freedom. He would write to Alma, as in duty bound, at once, and tell her of all that had happened. And then ? It was too late, perhaps, to make full amends, to expect full forgiveness ; but it was his duty to give to her in the sight of the world the name he had once given to her secretly and in vain.

But the man's troubled spirit, sensitive to a degree, shrank from the idea of building up any new happiness on the grave of the poor woman whose corpse he had just quitted. Although he was now a

free man legally, he still felt morally bound and fettered. All his wish and prayer was to atone for the evil he had brought on the one being he revered and loved. He did not dare, at least as yet, to think of uniting his unworthy life with a life so infinitely more beautiful and pure.

Yes, he would write to her. The question was, where his letter would find her, and how soon?

When he had last heard from her she was at Milan, but that was several weeks ago; and since then, though he had written twice, there had been no response. She was possibly travelling farther southward; in all possibility, to Rome.

The next few days passed drearily enough. An examination of some letters recently received by the deceased discovered two facts—first, that she had a sister, living in Oxford, with whom she corresponded; and, second, that her means of subsistence came quarterly from a firm of solicitors in Bedford Row, London. He communicated by telegraph with the sister and with the solicitors. Next day the sister arrived by steamboat, accompanied by her husband, a small tradesman. Bradley interviewed the pair, and found them decent people, well acquainted with their relative's real position. The same day he received a communication from the solicitors, notifying that the annuity enjoyed by "Mrs. Montmorency" lapsed with her decease, but that a large sum of money had been settled by the late Lord Ombermere upon the child, the interest of the sum to be used for his maintenance and education, and the gross amount, with additions and under certain reservations, to be at his disposal on attaining his majority.

On seeking an interview with the Rev. Mr. Robertson, the minister of the English church, Bradley soon found that his reputation had preceded him.

"Do I address the famous Mr. Bradley, who some time ago seceded from the English Church?" asked the minister, a pale, elderly, clean-shaven man, bearing no little resemblance to a Roman Catholic priest.

Bradley nodded, and at once saw the not too cordial manner of the other sink to freezing point.

"The unfortunate lady was your wife?"

"Yes; but we had been separated for many years."

"Ah, indeed!" sighed the clergyman with a long-drawn sigh, a furtive glance of repulsion, and an inward exclamation of "no wonder!"

"Although we lived apart, and although, to be frank, there was

great misunderstanding between us, all that is over for ever, you understand. It is in a spirit of the greatest tenderness and compassion that I wish to conduct the funeral service—to which I presume there is no objection.”

Mr. Robertson started in amazement, as if a bomb had exploded under his feet.

“To conduct the funeral service! But you have seceded from the Church of England.”

“In a sense, yes; but I have never done so formally. I am still an English clergyman.”

“I could never consent to such a thing,” cried the other, indignantly. “I should look upon it as profanity. Your published opinions are known to me, sir; they have shocked me inexpressibly; and not only in my opinion, but in that of my spiritual superiors, they are utterly unworthy of one calling himself a Christian.”

“Then you refuse me permission to officiate?”

“Most emphatically. More than that, I shall require some assurance that the lady did not share your heresies, before I will suffer the interment to take place in the precincts of my church.”

“Is not my assurance sufficient?”

“No, sir, it is *not*!” exclaimed the clergyman with scornful dignity. “I do not wish to say anything offensive, but, speaking as a Christian and a pastor of the English Church, I can attach no weight whatever to the assurances of one who is, in the public estimation, nothing better than an avowed infidel. Good morning!”

So saying, with a last withering look, the clergyman turned on his heel and walked away.

Seeing that remonstrance was useless, and might even cause public scandal, Bradley forthwith abandoned his design; but at his suggestion his wife’s sister saw the incumbent, and succeeded in convincing him that Mrs. Montmorency had died in the true faith. The result of Mr. Robertson’s pious indignation was soon apparent. The sister and her husband, who had hitherto treated Bradley with marked respect, now regarded him with sullen dislike and suspicion. They could not prevent him, however, from following as chief mourner, when the day of the funeral came.

That funeral was a dismal enough experience for Ambrose Bradley. Never before had he felt so keenly the vanity of his own creed and the isolation of his own opinions, as when he stood by the graveside and listened to the last solemn words of the English burial service. He seemed like a black shadow in the sacred place. The words of promise and resurrection had little meaning for one who

had come to regard the promise as only beautiful "poetry," and the resurrection as only a poet's dream. And though the sense of his own sin lay on his heart like lead, he saw no benign Presence blessing the miserable woman who had departed, upraising her on wings of gladness; all he perceived was death's infinite desolation, and the blackness of that open grave.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE NOTES.

SCIENCE AND PEDANTRY.

A WRITER in a scientific magazine of high standing, reviewing an introductory book on chemistry, says that "it is questionable whether young persons do well in attempting to study chemistry," and proceeds to remark that "should, however, any youth desire information regarding material changes which he observes around him," the book in question is good enough, but not so "should he be desirous to study chemistry," and that "without steady work in a laboratory no real progress in chemistry can be looked for."

I know nothing of the book in question beyond what is told in the review, but quote the above as an example of the direction in which modern pedantry is drifting, to the serious detriment of true science and sound philosophy.

In our laboratories we have a considerable number of scientific workmen who have served their apprenticeship in these chemical workshops, and do much useful mechanical work in the way of analyses and the manufacture of new organic compounds, &c. They contribute to the progress of science by working out the minor details, which the philosopher afterwards grasps and collates for the induction of general laws. Until such generalisation is completed these details are but superficial trivialities, though to the small mind of the technical pedant they appear to constitute the profoundest depths of science, only attainable by superior creatures like himself.

Men of this class are incapable of understanding that the true profundities of science are the great general laws which are so firmly established and so clearly defined that they may be taught to little children in any ordinary school, and illustrated effectively by the most simple and familiar facts. This is especially the case with chemistry, as it deals with visible, tangible, audible, smellable, and tasteable phenomena, and thus appeals to the senses, which are so specially active in children.

The technical pedant imagines that chemical science is something that is only to be found in laboratories, transactions of learned societies,

and technical treatises ; his intellect is too narrowly specialized to enable him to understand that these "material changes" which the child "observes around him" are as purely chemical and as strictly scientific as any possible laboratory performances, and that the rationale of such vulgar every-day proceedings as are described in Faraday's lectures on "The Chemical History of a Candle," is of much greater philosophical interest than the hypothetical formula of diammoniumpentranitrodiazomidomonoxyhomofluorescein, or that of anhydroortho-chlorobenzometamidoparatoluide (*see* Science Note on Chemical Transformations, *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1880), or tetramethyldiamiododiphenylaminezincchloride, recently concocted from the colouring matter of saffron by R. Nietzki, or any of the other similar organic compounds that may be produced *ad infinitum* in the manner described in the above-quoted note.

I have taught chemistry to children of five years of age and upwards, and find that the chemical elements—the letters of Nature's alphabet—are quite as intelligible to them as the letters of the literary alphabet, and that the ordinary combinations of chemical elements are as easily understood and remembered as the spelling of common English words. Chemistry is far more intelligible to young children than English grammar as usually taught, simply because chemical phenomena are facts presentable to the senses, which are more active in children than in adults, while the rules of grammar are intangible, invisible abstractions.

It is perfectly true that if I had attempted to expound to children the latest fashions in atomic hypotheses, and of rational and empirical formulæ, I should have deservedly failed to teach anything. Faraday himself, in spite of his unrivalled powers of exposition, would have similarly failed had he exalted the outside surface of unsettled embryo science above its clearly demonstrated and easily understood fundamental elements.

The moral and intellectual value of science is simply commensurate with the breadth of its diffusion as the common heritage of all human beings. Shut up in laboratories and the archives of learned societies as the exclusive property of experts it is worse than worthless, it is positively demoralising, by encouraging the institution of a sort of intellectual priesthood, composed of pedantic charlatans with affectations of scientific infallibility, whose dictum is to be accepted on the bare authority of university degrees or cabalistic capitals cheaply appended to their names.

True science is essentially democratic ; its devotees are students always, from the beginning to the end of their career ; intellectual

modesty is forced upon them by their perception of the overwhelming magnitude of the problems presented by the mechanism of creation and the feebleness of the human intellect in its efforts to solve them.

THE DISCOVERY OF COAL IN BELGIUM.

"*NON Angli sed Angeli*," said the gallant Pope Gregory when the beautiful captives from Britain were brought before him. That British women, undeformed by stays or fichus or high-heeled boots, should be thus described, was natural enough, but that an Englishman concerned in coal-mining should be mistaken for an angel is curious.

According to a paper read by M. Edouard de Laveleye to the recent meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers at Liège, this appears to have been the case.

A legend, authenticated by ancient documents, tells of a blacksmith of the village of Plaineveaux, near Liège, named Houillos, who was complaining of the dearness of his wood fuel, when an angel appeared and advised him to go to the heights of Publémont hard by, where he would find a black earth that might be used as fuel. He did so, found it, and used it so successfully that it thenceforth bore his name, "*houille*," and bears it still in France and Belgium. But Father Bouille, who transmits the legend, suggests that in the old Latin manuscript there is a copyist's error of *Angelus* for *Anglus*, a version that greatly improves the credibility of the story.

ARTIFICIAL EARTH-WAVES.

WHEN I lived in Sheffield my abode was at the top of Woodhill, about a quarter of a mile from the centre of the Atlas Iron Works, and about 150 feet above their level. At this distance and elevation I could feel the thumps of the largest steam hammer by the vibrations or shakings of the house.

What was the nature of these shakings? What must have happened to produce them? It is evident that the whole of Woodhill, with all the houses built thereon, must have vibrated or have risen and fallen bodily in response to these thumps in order to effect the sensible tremour. A heavy-laden waggon passing over a lumpy stone-paved road causes the houses on both sides of the road to move in like manner with every down-jolt of its wheels, on their dropping from the middle of each paving stone to the depression between it and the next.

Professor H. M. Paul, of the Seismological Society of Japan, placed a box containing about 20 lbs. of mercury, thickened by amalgamation with tin, upon a post sunk $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep in the ground. An express train passing at a distance of one-third of a mile set the surface of the mercury in confused vibration for two or three minutes, and a one-horse vehicle passing along a gravelled road 400 or 500 feet distant agitated the mercury whenever the wheels struck a small stone.

Those who have accepted the current conceptions concerning the solid foundations of the earth should reflect on these simple facts and consider how they happen. The hammer must make an indent or depression on the face of the earth at every blow, so must the waggon wheel. If the surface were inelastic clay, the depression would remain, and no sensible effects would be produced at even a few yards' distance.

On a surface of stony material, such as constitutes the chief material of the earth's crust, the effect of such a thump is similar to that produced on water when it is struck in a similar manner. Let us consider what happens in this case.

The blow may be struck by a falling stone, but in order to simplify, I suppose it to be by something which immediately after making its depression is lifted or withdrawn, as in the case of the steam hammer. The water, of course, will "find its level" by yielding to the inequalities of fluid pressure, and this recovery of level is effected by an upward motion of the depressed portion of the water, towards its position of equilibrium (*i.e.* the general level), just as a pendulum moves towards its perpendicular equilibrium. But, like the pendulum, the water will not make a sudden halt when it has reached this point; the momentum it has acquired in moving thus far will carry it farther, in the same upward course, and thus the depression is converted into a mound,—the concavity into a convexity. This falls again, not merely to the mean level, but beyond it, like the returning pendulum, and thus depression, mound, depression, mound, and so on, succeed each other at the spot where the first depression was made, each of these gradually diminishing until equilibrium and consequent rest is regained.

And this is not all. The first shock on the surface not only made a depression where it struck, but pushed aside the waters all around it, forming a circular ridge or wave. This heap, by its falling, was a contributor to the first uplifting of the original depression, and it pushed outwards as well as inwards, thus making its circle larger and larger, as shown so visibly when a stone thrown on the water is the prime mover of such a series.

The actions of the hammer and the cart wheel are similar, and a circular outspreading wave of actual superficial deformation, due to the partial fluidity of the so-called solid earth, is one of the results, though the action is not so simple as in the case of the freely fluid water, where the wave action is merely a rise and fall due to gravitation. A little reflection will show that the primary indentation of the resisting rock must effect a compression of the matter lying on the boundary of the indent, if such matter be at all compressible, and if it be likewise elastic it must react expansively, and transmit this compression and expansive reaction outwards like sound-waves in the air.

The steam-hammer blows must, therefore, have not only moved Woodhill and all the houses upon it up and down, but have also moved them in horizontal tremors, as the wave of condensation travelled in horizontal outspread. These waves of superficial deformation or uplifting, combined with waves of lateral vibration, constitute true earthquakes on a small scale.

NATURAL EARTH-WAVES.

IF the thump of a steam hammer is sufficient to disturb the solid foundation of the earth, and produce outspreading waves upon its surface and in its substance, what must happen when the incomparably greater violence of eruptive volcanic force operates in the manner of striking a sudden blow?

In thinking out this problem, keep well before the mind the distinction between an ordinary eruption of Mount Vesuvius, Stromboli, and other similar volcanoes, and that which recently occurred with such terrible consequences on the island of Krakatoa.

Stromboli (Lipari Islands) is so constantly in eruption that it serves as a lighthouse just where a lighthouse is required. I passed it in the night some years ago, and it then flashed out at intervals of about half a minute. Although very variable (so much so that it serves as a weather warning to the fishermen, being more active on the approach of stormy weather), it is never quite quiescent. Vesuvius has usually a small open cone at the bottom of the great crater, and from this there is sufficient emission to produce a trail of cloud stretching away at varying distances to windward. The same with Etna and many other active volcanoes.

It is evident that where such open vents exist an increase of eruptive energy below may effect a gradual widening of this vent, which thus acts as a safety-valve, and prevents the sudden explosive

shock that must occur when the expansive steam, &c., have to break through new ground or through the sealed mouth of an old and long quiescent volcano. The most calamitous eruptions of Vesuvius have been those which, like that which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, occurred after a long period of repose.

It is easy to understand how the safety-valve must become shut down during such a period. The steep sides of the crater are lined with loose powdered ash and pumice-like fragments. It is conical, with the vent below. Every shower of rain must wash the loose matter down into the vent, and in tropical regions where the showers are torrents this action must speedily pile up a great thickness of stratified deposit that will practically seal the opening, and keep down the expanding materials below until their expansive energies accumulate sufficiently to break through the barrier with sudden explosive outburst.

This evidently happened at the recent eruption. All accounts agree in describing the old crater as having been explosively shattered. Some say that the whole of the island was blown up and disappeared, but better information proves this to be an exaggeration built upon the actual shattering of the crater.

This wreckage of the body of the volcano itself appears to be one of the usual results of the greater volcanic outbreaks of this region. Thus at the great eruption of Papandayang in 1772 "the whole of the upper part of the mountain was blown away." All the accounts of these eruptions describe *explosions*.

It is evident that such sudden and violent shocks must produce earth-waves similar to those described in the preceding note, but on a scale of vastly greater magnitude. The upthrow that could blow away a mountain must produce a huge earth-wave, a billow that would travel far and wide with fearful effects.

Where would these effects be most evident and most disastrous?

Evidently on the sea-coast, where it would be displayed by the difference of level of the land and the sea. As the advancing earth-billow reached the sea margin the waters would recede down its advancing slope, or, otherwise stated, the bottom of the sea would be uplifted to the height of the crest of the earth-wave. Then as it progressed the seashore would fall, and become the hollow or trough of the earth-wave, into which the waters would now rush and advance inland to a distance proportionate to its magnitude, and this with a force and suddenness that must sweep every moveable object before it.

In this recent eruption, as in so many of its predecessors, the

destruction of life and property by the rush of waters over the land (the "tidal wave," as the newspapers have called it) has far exceeded that effected by the direct action of the eruption itself.

In this case the wave was 98 feet high when it reached the opposite coast of Java, 25 miles distant from the shattered island. It swept along more than 50 miles of the coast of Java, totally destroying the towns of Anjer, Merak, and Tjiringin. At Taujong Priok, 58 miles from the source of disturbance, "a sea $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet higher than the ordinary highest level suddenly rushed in and overwhelmed the place. Immediately afterwards it as suddenly sank $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the high-water mark, the effect being most destructive." On the same day, August 27, series of waves, supposed to be an extension of this, reached the harbour of San Francisco, on the other side of the Pacific Ocean.

The great wave of the great earthquake of Iquique, on the coast of Peru, spread over the Pacific as far north as the Sandwich Islands, and south to New Zealand and Australia.

In Vol. I. of *Nature* (November 11, 1869) is a carefully collected statement by Mr. Proctor of the course of the waves produced by another Peruvian earthquake which started from Arica and overswept the whole of the Pacific. The shores of Lower California, at a distance of between three and four thousand miles, were swept by a wave 63 feet high. The Sandwich Islands, the Marquesas Islands, Yokohama (nearly half way round the globe from Arica), the Fiji Islands, New Zealand, and Australia, and all the multitude of intermediate islands as far as Australia, were visited by monster waves, between five in the afternoon of August 13 and half-past six on the following morning.

Mr. Proctor says that at the Sandwich Isles the sea around rose and fell in a surprising manner; that "it appeared as though the islands were first slowly raised as by some irresistible subterranean forces, and then suffered to subside until they seemed about to disappear for ever beneath the waves; nor was it easy to believe that in reality the sea around them was in motion."

I am disposed to conclude that the islands actually did rise and fall, that the primary action was that of earth-waves, the sea-waves being merely secondary and comparatively small.

This view is confirmed by the facts connected with the Lisbon Earthquake of 1755. There the greatest destruction was effected by the wave which swept away the multitude that had fled from their falling houses to the new marble quay. This was certainly a land-wave, for the quay and all upon it subsided bodily, and has never since been

seen. During the Calabrian earthquake of 1783, the Prince of Scilla, with 1,430 of his people, encamped on a plain near the sea. "The earth rocked," and "*immediately afterwards*, the sea rising more than twenty feet above the level of this low tract, rolled foaming over it and swept away the multitude" (Lyell).

The crucial facts upon which I mainly rely are the movements of inland lakes. At Loch Lomond in 1755, as Lyell says, "the water, without the least apparent cause, rose against its banks, and then subsided below its lowest usual level. The greatest perpendicular height of this swell was two feet four inches." The lake of Neufchatel was similarly disturbed to about the same extent, and also the lakes of Norway. Great waves were observed on some of the canals of Holland, waves that had not entered from the sea.

All these phenomena are easily explained as results of an outspreading earth-wave, or a series of such waves, the only difficulty in admitting this theory being that of the supposed absolute solidity of the earth's crust. An absolute solid has no objective existence on this earth. Its only place is in the human imagination.

Those mysterious proceedings of the Canadian lakes, the lakes of Constance, Geneva, &c., to which the name of *seiches* has been given, are explained at once when the possibility of earth-waves is admitted. Otherwise the rising and falling of the waters on the shore of such a lake as that of Geneva to a height of four or five feet several times in the course of a few hours is utterly inexplicable, especially as it happens at irregular periods and after long intervals.

HOMOGENEOUS IRON.

THE effects of such substances as silicon, carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus upon iron, when combined with it in small quantities, are very remarkable. In the first place, they render it more fusible. Pure iron is practically infusible under ordinary circumstances of exposure to the atmosphere, for ere it reaches the very high temperature demanded for its fusion it becomes vigorously combustible, and is thus burned into oxide.

The addition of only $\frac{1}{400}$ part of carbon changes all this. The melting point is lowered and the carbon protects the iron from oxidation by taking the oxygen to itself.

By skilfully turning these laws to account we have become the possessors of what is practically a new metal, viz., "homogeneous iron," bearing also other names such as "mild steel," "Bessemer

metal," &c. It is a cast iron, but it differs from ordinary or old-fashioned cast iron quite as widely as copper differs from brass.

Silicon, sulphur, and phosphorus, like carbon, lower the melting point of iron, and in similar manner and degree. All the four increase its hardness and brittleness. In ordinary cast iron all are there, and hence we have a fusible, hard, and brittle compound, almost glass-like in its hardness and brittleness when the quantities of these are excessive.

The infusibility of iron would have deprived mankind of the vast services it has rendered but for the beneficent compensation due to another property, viz., its *weldability*. This, and the regelation of water, as I have long since contended, is simply a result of softening before melting, after the familiar manner of sealing wax, so that pieces in this soft or viscous condition adhere when pressed together.

Any ordinary mass of wrought iron is composed of a multitude of particles that have been welded together by hammering, and by squeezing between cylindrical rollers. As these particles may vary considerably in regard to their purity, and some of them may be imperfectly united together, or may enclose impurities between them, the iron thus produced is heterogeneous in its structure, a defect that is removed in the new material, which is rendered fusible in modern furnaces and melting pots by its quarter per cent. of carbon, and becomes homogeneous in consequence of its fluidity.

The reader not learned in ironmaking may ask for the origin of this "multitude of particles." They are produced in the puddling furnace, where crude and very fusible pig iron (*i.e.* a compound of iron with silicon, carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus) is melted, and the impurities which render it fusible are oxidised and washed away, leaving the iron itself precipitated in the midst of the liquid impurities as small granules. These are gathered by the puddler into a pasty yellow-hot ball, which is hammered and squeezed until the particles of iron cohere; the residual liquid impurities that lie between them are then squeezed out from the spongy mass.

A NEW ALLOY.

IN the preceding note I described the modern soft cast iron or mild steel as practically a new metal. Something newer still is now promised.

M. J. Garnier asserts in the "Comptes Rendus" that $\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. of phosphorus added to nickel remedies its brittleness, which

he ascribes to the oxygen that the nickel otherwise holds in combination. If this is correct, the deoxidizing action of the phosphorus is similar to that of carbon on "burnt iron," *i.e.* iron rendered rotten by the entanglement of pulverent oxide with its substance.

He further states that this phosphorised nickel may be alloyed with iron, and that the alloy thus obtained is soft and malleable. If there is no mistake here, the results are likely to be most important, seeing that one of the greatest of metallurgical desiderata is a metal or alloy that shall possess the tenacity and hardness of iron without its oxidising propensities, which the nickel is said to cure.

The demand for phosphorus by M. Garnier's alloy simplifies rather than complicates the problem of producing it, as phosphorus is one of the most obstinate and mischievous impurities of iron. It exists largely in the cheapest and most abundant of British iron ores, and therefore we can supply at very low cost any required quantity of the phosphorised iron demanded for making this alloy.

I have included an "if" or two in the above, partly because M. Garnier's results have been disputed, and further from a general mistrust in the conclusions of French chemists concerning iron. While they have taught us how to construct our soda works, and the general theory and practice of our greatest of chemical industries—soap-making—their contributions to the metallurgy of iron have been, with few exceptions, merely a series of mistakes and contradictions. The following quotation from "Gmelin's Handbook," vol. v. p. 207, is an example of the contradictions. "According to Clouet steel contains, on an average, 3.1 per cent. of carbon; according to Vauquelin, 0.71."

I have been for some time engaged in writing a "History of Invention in the Manufacture of Iron," for "*Iron*," and find among the specifications communicated from France some wonderful examples of practical metallurgical blunders expressed in language of lofty chemical erudition. The German chemists are but little better than the French, and the total contributions of both of these great nations to the progress of the metallurgy of iron when added together are equivalent to but a small fraction of those of Sweden, which stands next to our own country, but very far behind it. Every great step that has been made in the progress of this remarkably progressive industry from the time of Dud Dudley (1620) to the present time is of British invention and elaboration.

It is scarcely necessary to add that I shall be heartily glad to be cured of this scepticism by witnessing the complete fulfilment of M. Garnier's expectations. A metallic and fusible alloy of iron and

nickel should be not only of vast utility but very beautiful, if we may judge by the effect of nickel when alloyed with other metals; it should combine the beauty of silver with that of polished steel, and afford a splendid basis for the highest efforts of artistic design in metal work.

PEA-STALKS AS FODDER.

ENSILAGE is progressing generally, but least of all in England. The reason of our backwardness is doubtless that which I assigned in a previous note (January last). A successful and very important experiment has been made in the western part of the State of Savannah, and the results officially recorded.

The proprietor of a dairy farm packed during the summer some tons of pea-vines, and on opening it at the end of November, found that it had formed excellent forage. It was given to the cows, and they preferred it to any other food.

Some years ago analyses were made (by Lawes and Gilbert, if I recollect rightly) of the constituents of pea-stalks and leaves, and they were found to contain a large amount of nitrogenous flesh-forming material, but the great drawback to their use as forage is that when the peas are mature the stalks have become woody and indigestible. Now this is exactly the defect that is remedied by ensilage, which effects a slow cookery or semi-digestion of the packed vegetable matter.

I know by vexatious experience that cattle relish pea-vines, having had all the peas growing in my garden demolished in a single night by an errant epicurean cow that perpetrated its trespass in spite of having rich pasture under its feet in its own field. In this case the vines were in the blossoming stage and succulent. In their last stage, after the maturing and gathering of the peas, they would have offered but small temptation. This is well known to our farmers, but they know nothing about the value of the same fodder after a few months of ensilage.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

M. RENAN AND THE PROBLEM OF THE VALUE OF LIFE.

A CROSS a long tract M. Renan reaches hands to grasp the responsive palm of Milton. In his noble epic the English poet asks :—

Who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
These thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion ?

To this clarion utterance has succeeded a wail over the worthlessness and sadness of life to which most modern poets contribute something. Mr. Swinburne is, of course, the laureate of this school. He it is who has given to the world in "Atalanta in Calydon" the solemn arraignment of Deity, to which in its way nothing in modern poetry is quite equal. He, too, it is who says :—

We know not whether death be good,
But life at least it will not be.

Modern youths and maidens echo the curse or the complaint, and the question, Is life worth living? is constantly discussed in the ball-room in the intervals of the dances, or in the smoking-room when a series of festivous influences have predisposed the mind to metaphysical speculation. If only as a restatement of an old belief it is pleasant to find M. Renan, in his address to the pupils of the Lycée Louis le Grand, maintaining that existence is a benefit, encouraging the young to make the most of the life through the portals of which they have not long entered, and dwelling with pleasure upon the enjoyment life has brought to him. Apart from all question of speculation, such teaching is healthy for us. I do not know where it is that Goethe says that speculations on subjects to which no answer is obtainable are fitted only for the *dilettante*. He had, however, a full belief not only in the present life, but in that to come, and he would have rejoiced heartily to hear this declaration of the foremost critic of France.

OLIVER MADOX BROWN.

IN the short memoir of Oliver Madox Brown which has been published by Mr. John H. Ingram,¹ some insight is afforded into the character of one who had he lived would have been a voice and not an echo. Nineteen years constitute a short period in which to build up a reputation as a painter, a novelist, and a poet, and to manifest a striking individuality. Those who knew best the shy, strange youth with his solemn yet inspired face, his mysterious sympathy with whatever in the animal creation is regarded by men with least favour, and his profound enthusiasm for the workers he met at his father's table, foresaw a career of signal brilliancy which but for preventible disease must have been fulfilled. As it is, the work Oliver Madox Brown has accomplished, marred as it is by the conditions attendant upon publication, constitutes solid and remarkable accomplishment. That Brown did not "beat his music out," but died before he had disclosed his full capacity, is a subject for deep regret. He was not, however, of the race of men who are snuffed out by an article, and the complaint from which he suffered was purely physical. Some contempt for the "Philistines" who sat in judgment on youthful effort asserts itself through his letters, but the tone of his mind was robust, and unfavourable criticism would in the end have stirred him to higher effort. From such slight materials as the life of a boy can furnish, we get the idea of a very striking and interesting individuality.

THE TAUNTON BUST OF FIELDING.

SO few are English memorials of any form of greatness not connected with such dominant professions as statesmanship and war, that the erection of a bust to Fielding in the Shire Hall of Taunton must be held to reflect high credit on the western capital of the Sumorsætan. With some grudging, I think that Fielding, had he been born in France, would have had a statue worthy of the name, and would have been celebrated in Paris as well as in the country town which chooses to associate itself with his name. Glastonbury has in fact a better claim to Fielding than Taunton. Still, the lesson has to be learned now, as in the time of Molière: "Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a ;" and I am thankful for the recognition Taunton has paid to the man whom Byron called "the prose Homer of human nature." With characteristic readiness to associate himself with any honourable work, the United States Minister under-

¹ Elliot Stock,

took to unveil the bust. His address had the justness of thought and the happiness of expression which make him one of the first public speakers of the day. Some latitude must be allowed a man on an occasion such as was presented at Taunton. I should hesitate, however, to ascribe to Fielding, as did Mr. Lowell, the invention of the realistic novel. That honour surely belongs rather to the author of "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Memoirs of a Cavalier."

LORD BYRON AND HIS CRITICS.

EVIDENCE accumulates that the story concerning the quarrel between Lord and Lady Byron which was given to the world by Mrs. Beecher Stowe is an hysterical invention. A result of the publication by Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson of "The Real Lord Byron" has been to bring to light a correspondence between Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh, held back until now. This is in itself enough to blow the story of Mrs. Stowe to the winds. In time it will be supplemented by other correspondence equally clear and convincing. An appearance of *ex parte* statements was given to Mr. Jeaffreson's assertions in consequence of permission to print his authorities being withheld. In due course the whole of the recently explored correspondence will be published, and the accuracy of the view Mr. Jeaffreson has put forth will be proven. Meantime, Mr. Hayward, venturing rather rashly and with the assumption of special knowledge which is a portion of editorial training, to dispute Mr. Jeaffreson's facts, has got himself into the most uncomfortable corner he has ever in the course of a long life been unfortunate enough to occupy. Mr. Jeaffreson is not exactly an Apollo. Mr. Hayward, however, after the perusal of the two answers which his injudicious article called forth, must have a vivid idea of the sufferings of Marsyas. The dispute between Mr. Froude and Mr. Jeaffreson, conducted in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Athenæum*, stands on a different footing. In this, however, Mr. Froude appears as a special pleader.

OPENING OF THE VATICAN ARCHIVES.

IT is difficult as yet to estimate aright the value of the contribution to knowledge that is involved in the opening out of the historical records contained in the Vatican. That restrictions will be placed upon access to these important papers need surprise no one. "Learned men skilled in the art of writing history" are, according to

the letter of Pope Leo to Cardinal Petra and his associates, to obtain access to the treasures, and the world is at length to learn whether the existence of the See of Rome has been a blessing or the reverse to Italy and to Europe. If the men thus skilled in history are to be the mere agents of the Church, the value of the contribution will be signally diminished. Caution with regard to those who are admitted is, however, not only to be pardoned but to be counselled. Those in charge of our national MSS. are well aware that many important documents have been tampered with, and know that men of high position have not been above inserting deliberate forgeries in works which one would suppose every cultivated man would regard as sacred. If practices like these are conceivable when the motive is simply a little personal vanity, the desire to back up the authority of a view, or to establish the value of a discovery, what might not be expected when theological rancour is brought to bear, and when evidence in favour of an obnoxious dogma, or against it, might be brought to light? That the danger is real is proven by the fact that, under past conditions even, forged documents of the utmost importance concerning ecclesiastical matters have obtained circulation and credit. In the Vatican itself is a manuscript of the forged decretals of the so-called Isidore Mercator, a collection which during seven centuries took in a large portion of Europe, and was quoted again and again as authoritative by successive popes. To the opening of the archives of Simancas, in which Señor Gayangos has made invaluable researches, and those of Venice, the able explorer of which, Mr. Rawdon Brown, is just dead, we owe it that much of the history of England has to be rewritten. It will be curious but not surprising if our histories of the Papacy have to undergo a similar reconsideration. Meanwhile, we may at least accept with gratitude the opening out of the great and all-important archives, the contents of which are at length to be brought to light.

AN "OPEN SPACE" TO BE MAINTAINED.

AMONG the objects to which the Charity Commissioners and the Assistant-Commissioners assigned them are allowed to devote the immense sum to be derived from the Act dealing with the City parochial charities, is the maintenance of open spaces in London. Already many suggestions have been made as to the spaces it is desirable to secure. I wish to put forward a view of my own, and, as I am very earnest, I hope I shall inspire some interest in the subject. Of all the lungs of London I regard Hampstead

Heath as the most important. From this breezy and swarthy moor the wind blows in a fashion that clears away the smoke from a third of London. In every direction, however, houses are commencing to hem in the open space, and in consequence of infamous neglect portions of the Heath itself have been covered with bricks and mortar. No greater mistake can be made than to allow Hampstead Heath to degenerate, as shortly it will, into a mere park. Immediately contiguous to Hampstead, and forming practically a portion of it, with the same indescribably lovely undulation of ground, is the estate belonging to Lord Mansfield. If it can be obtained at a reasonable price, this should be purchased and thrown into the public property. Hampstead Heath should then comprise all the land bounded by the North London Railway, Millfield Lane, the last green lane surviving, and Caen Wood Lane, or whatever is the name of the road between Highgate and the "Spaniards" at Hampstead. The Highgate ponds would then be public property, and a tract of land more picturesque than any capital possesses would be secured for London. It will be desecration to allow the land in question to be employed for building purposes, and the horrible structures now stretching up Parliament Hill should be pulled down. On sentimental ground I could make out an excellent case for my project. I take, however, higher ground, and I say that if once we allow the Mansfield property to be covered with buildings, we shall do more to close in London than has been done by any recent alteration. As the enormous capital grows bigger and bigger, inlets such as this district affords become of increasing importance. I am altogether sure that those who know the place will say that I am not advancing one word too much in favour of the scheme.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1883.

*THE CAPITAL OF THE GREAT
NORTH-WEST.*

NO one can fully realise the concentrated essence of satisfaction in receiving home-letters, or the dull disappointment of knowing that the long-looked-for monthly mail has come in, and has brought nothing for us, till he has lived for a while on some remote island or in an almost equally inaccessible inland region in some far country. If only all dwellers "at home" could remember this, how much oftener would the letters (so freely lavished on friends and acquaintances to whom they come as momentary interests in the daily budget) be rather despatched to the kinsman or kinswoman whose lot is cast in some distant land, and to whom good news from the old home is, in truth, precious as cold water to a thirsty soul!

So I thought many a time when sojourning on beautiful isles, where the extreme uncertainty of receiving any letters at all made their possible coming a matter of general excitement to the whole community, as keen as the result of any Derby or Epsom Day to its pleasure-seeking crowds.

So, too, I thought, during a prolonged stay in the beautiful Californian Sierras, where the coming of the daily coach, and the sorting of its mail-bag, was the one point of breathless interest in each day's life, when every soul from far and near assembled, crowding around to see whether any distant friend had perchance sent some kindly token of remembrance in the form of letter or precious newspaper.

Never shall I forget my own pleasure in thus receiving home-letters which were *only* a month old! I carried off my treasures to be read undisturbed in the luxurious solitude of my favourite "Forest Sanctuary"—an enchanting nook, where several boulders, moss-grown and fringed with ferns, lie in a little glade of greenest grass, encircled

by groups of solemn pines, and with an undergrowth of fragrant azaleas, dear to the busy buzzing bees, whose droning blends with the murmur of unseen waters, in "sweet and slumbrous melody"—most soothing and captivating. Half the charm of this lovely sanctuary lay in the selfish delight of calling it my own ; for it was but one of ten thousand corners equally sheltered and lovely, and all carpeted with exquisite wild flowers "in wasteful showered unseen of men," for few travellers allow themselves time to enjoy such minor details of the world's loveliness, and the few scattered inhabitants are too busy, or too thoroughly sated with beauty, to explore all the lovely nooks around their homes.

One morning, while waiting for the coach, an old Californian miner gave me a very vivid description of the postal service as he remembered it twenty years ago. Not in the wild mountain regions where we were—for these were at that time an unknown wilderness—but on the great plains, where the Pacific railroad now runs so smoothly.

In those days, a heavily-laden waggon starting from the Eastern States took six months to cross the great continent, and emigrants travelled in large companies for security. So it was reckoned a great feat (equal to Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days") when a party of keen, hard-riding, fearless men resolved to carry letters from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific, in fourteen days, and carried out their promise in the teeth of all difficulties. A company was formed, known as the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express. Almost the entire distance from ocean to ocean was divided into runs of sixty miles each, and at all such points, rude log huts were erected, as stations for the Pony Express. Here the most experienced scouts and trappers—men noted for their horsemanship and courage—were placed in charge of strong, swift ponies, selected, like their riders, for their powers of endurance and general hardiness. They were a cross between the stout, sure-footed Indian pony and the swift American horse.

Perilous lives these men led, in constant danger of attack by highway robbers or wild Indians, but the wages paid by the Company were sufficient to secure a staff of determined men, hard as nails, and accustomed to face danger and death without shrinking. Twelve hundred dollars, equal to two hundred and forty pounds, was the monthly wage of an express rider. Of course, under such circumstances, postage was high ; the charge for a quarter-ounce letter being five dollars in gold, equal to one sovereign. The total weight carried was ten pounds. As a commercial speculation, the experiment proved

a failure, and, after running steadily for two years, the Express Company was found to have lost two hundred thousand dollars, at which period it collapsed, leaving no trace of its existence, save a few ruinous log huts. The telegraph being then completed, its continuance was no longer deemed necessary.

On the east, the railway was already constructed as far as St. Joseph, which, consequently, was the first pony station on the New York side. The vast expanse of the prairie and mountain lying between St. Joseph and San Francisco had to be traversed in 240 hours, which was reckoned "good time," and no mistake about it, the distance being fully two thousand miles.

Once a week, a messenger started from either shore of the Great Continent. Spurring his steed to its utmost capacity, he galloped over hill and dale for sixty miles at a stretch, till he reached his destination, where the next express-man was waiting, ready to start without the delay of one moment—the incomer not waiting even to dismount, but tossing the precious letter-bag to its next guardian. Then man and beast enjoyed a well-earned rest till the arrival of the messenger from the other direction, when they started on the return journey.

So marvellously punctual was this mail service, that the last man generally delivered up his charge within a few moments of the time fixed, notwithstanding all the troublous chances it might have encountered on its journey of two thousand miles, of what might truly be called a "great lonely land."

The general post, with heavier bags, reached California *viâ* the Isthmus of Panama, to which point steamers ran twice a week, from New York and San Francisco. From one city to the other was a whole month's journey. The arrival of the eastern mail was a signal for wild excitement in San Francisco. Merchants eager for their business letters, miners longing for a word from home, rushed to the post-office, the moment the gun was fired to announce that the steamer was in harbour, each eager to take up a position as near as possible to the post-office window. In a few moments a line was formed, perhaps literally half a mile long, of anxious letter-seekers, and late arrivals knew that hours might elapse before they could hope to get near the window.

Then a sort of auction commenced, and men who had rushed in and secured good places in the front of the line (often without the smallest expectation of a letter, but simply as a speculation,) sold their position to the highest bidder. Five, ten, twenty pounds were sometimes paid down by eager men, flush of gold, rather than wait five or six hours for the letters they longed for, but which, too often, were

expected in vain, and grievous was the disappointment with which, at last, they turned away. Some were even so anxious that they took up a post at the window, hours before the steamer arrived, even waiting through the night, and, after all, were compelled to abandon their position and go in search of needful food.

Perhaps at that very moment the firing of the mail gun called them back, to find a long line rapidly forming, at the end of which they had to take their places, with the prospect of again waiting for hours.

What a different scene from the San Francisco of to-day ; the busy, bustling, vast city with its intricate postal service, and daily mountains of mail-bags, brought from, and despatched to, all corners of the earth, by railways, steamers, and sailing ships !

I do not think that in all my life I have ever felt more surprised than by my first week in this huge young city. I say "week" advisedly, for it takes several days of pretty hard travel to form any idea of the extent of the wide-spread suburbs, or rather large towns of villas, which have sprung up in every direction, all around the business centre, like chickens clustering round the maternal hen. Such are Brooklyn, Oakland, Sancelito, Alameda, Belmont, Milbrae, Redwood City, San Miguel, San Bruno, San Mateo, San Lorenzo, San Leandro, San Pablo, San Rafael, and various others, all of which lie within about an hour by steamboat or rail, and are the homes of a great multitude of men, whose business requires their daily attendance in San Francisco, but whose wealth enables them to create exceedingly luxurious homes amid far more pleasant surroundings. Of course these wealthy homes speedily attract an army of tradesmen of every description, so that each of these suburbs becomes practically a large country town, though dependent on San Francisco as the great central artery.

I suppose most people are somewhat slow to change any idea which has once taken a definite hold of their mind, and I certainly found that I was no exception to this rule, for my general impressions, founded on the accounts of a very few years ago, were, that I should see a hastily-run-up, second-rate, and very rowdy town, chiefly peopled by the ne'er-do-weels of many lands, who, having drifted to California in the years of the great gold rush, had either anchored or been stranded at its newly-created capital.

Great, then, was my amazement, when arriving for the first time on a glorious Easter morning, I heard on every side, ere yet we left the harbour, the musical sound of Easter chimes pealing from a multitude of church bells, and on landing, found the streets thronged

with crowds of church-goers, chiefly remarkable for the richness of their attire. A traveller's instinct and curiosity led me in the course of that day to visit many of the principal churches of different denominations, and in all two features struck me forcibly—namely, the excellence of the admirably-trained choirs, and the wonderful beauty of the floral decorations.

Never before had I dreamt of such profusion of exquisite blossoms as are here lavished on every corner of every church. Indeed, each vies with all its neighbours in the endeavour to excel in beauty on this great festival. In one I saw a most fairy-like reredos of delicate maiden-hair fern, inlaid with lilies of the valley, while above the altar stood a magnificent cross of white camellias and tuberoses. From the chancel arch hung a gigantic cross of pure white calla lilies (which we call arum) in a circle of glossy green, beneath which (each letter separately suspended, so as to seem to float in mid air) hung the Angel's greeting, "HE IS RISEN." This was in plain evergreens, and all the more conspicuous, inasmuch as lectern, pulpit, organ, and walls were all profusely adorned with texts and emblems in roses and lilies, while for the chancel and the font were reserved the most precious hothouse treasures.

The evening of Easter Day is the children's floral festival, and in every church multitudes of little ones assemble, duly marshalled by their teachers. They march in procession, carrying silken banners and singing carols, each child laden with flowers in pretty baskets, or lovely bouquets, floral offerings which each little one in turn presents to the clergyman, to be laid on the altar, which soon is literally buried beneath a mountain of these fragrant gifts, all of which are then distributed to the hospitals and to the poorest homes in the great city, that they may carry their Easter message to many a sorrowful sufferer in its dull, crowded streets.

Many of the little ones bring more permanent offerings, in small gifts of money which they have collected during the year for various charitable objects. These, too, are reverently laid upon the altar, and then the happy children march to their places in the church, to take part in their special service, which consists chiefly of carol singing. It is a very bright and happy scene.

On Easter Monday the voluminous daily papers devote several pages to elaborate descriptions of the principal features of the decorations in all the principal churches (descriptions as minute as the accounts of Court dresses furnished by dressmakers after a drawing-room!) It certainly savours of prosaic detail to find a detailed record of how many thousand white roses, red roses, lilies, gardenias,

&c., &c., were used in each church. I was struck by the enormous preponderance of the great white arum, or calla lily, of which four or five thousand blossoms form one item in the flower list of some churches.

It gave one the impression that San Francisco and its surroundings must be one vast flower garden, which indeed proves to be the case, as every one of the multitudinous wealthy homes, surrounding it for miles, is embowered in luxurious foliage and bright blossoms, all the reward of most careful cultivation, and of incessant watering, without which the whole land would speedily return to its pristine condition of dry dust and sand. So every garden is provided with one or more movable fountains connected with the water system of the city by long coils of India-rubber tubing, and all day long these refreshing fountains (which are constantly moved from place to place) play over the lawns and flower-beds, which repay the well-bestowed drink by a wealth of rich blossom and fresh green, in striking contrast with the dried-up, yellow dust of any neglected corner. Of course such a water-supply is a serious item in domestic expenditure, and we need scarcely wonder to learn that many citizens who take pride in their gardens spend far more on "daily water" than on "daily bread." Moreover, the heavy water-rates must of necessity be paid monthly, in advance.

The enormous supply is provided for by several reservoirs in the Coast Range Mountains, whence the water is led, a distance of many miles. Only one great reservoir lies near the city, and this but a few years ago was a quiet lake, the lonely haunt of a multitude of snipe and other wild fowl.

It is indeed hard to realise, while driving hour after hour through the great, interminable city, that it is all a mushroom growth of the last thirty years!—that till the great gold-rush in 1849 San Francisco was simply one of the small stations of the old Spanish mission to the Indian tribes, and its only church was a plain building of adobe (*i.e.* sun-dried bricks), dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi. In its quiet little graveyard were laid such wanderers from far lands as chanced to end their days on this desolate shore of desert sand-hills, where only a few poor Indians built their bark huts. But when, with the mid-century, the gold fever set in, a rapid change commenced. Groups of tents quickly covered the sandy dunes, and clusters of rough wooden shanties were run up, and expanded into most disorderly settlements, which soon over-ran all the available land.

With amazing velocity the lone sand-hills were transformed into a densely peopled beehive, if I may venture so to malign the bees,

by borrowing the word to describe the centre to which, week by week, thousands of rough men crowded from the diggings, to waste in reckless dissipation the golden stores acquired with so much hard labour. The chronicle of San Francisco in those early days was one wild tale of anarchy—every man's hand against his neighbour, and the whole atmosphere tainted with drink and mad gambling.

Ten years later a reaction had fairly set in. Vigilance committees and Lynch law had cleared off the worst of the scum. Such notorious evil-doers as escaped summary justice deemed it prudent to depart to more remote quarters. Miners, weary of uncertain profits, began to settle down to more secure industries. The city assumed a business-like appearance. Handsome, permanent streets were built, where but a few years previously there had only been desolate, shifting sands. Land became valuable, and the fortunate owners of sites on the seaboard, becoming fully alive to their value, built houses on piles, filling up the space between them, and so reclaimed acre after acre of the shallow harbour, so that the sea-wall which guards the land, thus filched from ocean, is now built up from a depth of thirteen feet below high-water mark !

Whether such property is absolutely safe is a very doubtful question. Occasional slight earthquake shocks remind the inhabitants from time to time that their tenure is "at will" of volcanic forces which may some day bring a swift tidal wave to reclaim the land. There are boiling springs at no great distance, suggesting a connection with the great volcanoes which lie to the north ; and that the danger of earthquakes is fully recognised is proved by the fact that nearly all the city is built of wood. The homes of the wealthiest citizens, on which are lavished all the gorgeous decoration that art can desire, or money buy, are all built of wood. To the eye they seem to be princely mansions, or pleasant villas of beautiful white stone, but on closer inspection you learn that all this illusion is produced by a sprinkling of fine sand over cream-coloured paint, and then you first learn that San Francisco's "skeleton in the cupboard" is the constant fear of possible earthquakes.

Nevertheless this does not appear to be a very imminent danger, and latterly, some of the great firms, which deem the risk of fire more serious than that of earthquakes, have taken courage, and built for themselves stone houses. But as a precaution against the acknowledged risk, hotels, warehouses, and shops have an inner skeleton made of strong bands of wrought iron, fastened together by iron bolts of immense size and strength. Over this framework is built the outer casing of brick or stone, which is supposed to be fire-proof.

It is said that in building the Palace Hotel three thousand tons of iron were used in preparing the bands for the skeleton, besides the enormous amount required for the great iron columns which support the vast building. Of these there are upwards of sixty, round the central quadrangle alone, and, above this, rise seven stories, tier above tier, each with a similar row of columns. Of the amount of ironwork in other parts of the building I can form no notion, but as the building covers about three acres, you can imagine it is considerable.

There is also a fire-proof iron staircase, cased in solid brick and stone, extending to the very summit of the hotel, and with iron doors opening on to each floor, so as to ensure a retreat in case of need. I can only say "Heaven help all who have to trust to it!" Of course there are all manner of other staircases, besides the five "elevators," which are ceaselessly ascending and descending, to convey all the inhabitants of the 750 suites of rooms (one thousand bedrooms!) to their several apartments. These are graduated on a varying scale of luxury, "an apartment" generally including at least bedroom, bathroom, and sitting-room, and as every one of the 750 lodgers would feel aggrieved were he not provided with a bay window, this and all the other hotels are closely studded with these from top to bottom, presenting a very curious appearance externally.

The number of these gigantic hotels is one of the most surprising features of the great young city. A multitude of families have no other home, and thus dispense with all household worries, leaving to paid officials all the cares of housekeeping and of servants. Everything is done on the most luxurious scale, but it stands to reason that the cosiness of home life must be wholly wanting in such a system.

How many of us look back to the opening of the great International Exhibition of 1851—the First Crystal Palace—as a day never to be forgotten, a landmark in our lives, which, to some of us, appears not very remote! Is it not hard to realise that, at that time, the site of this great city was a barren expanse of most desolate, shifting sand-hills? The friend who drove me through the city pointed out various busy business centres, which, in those days, were his favourite shooting haunts, and as we drove through some of the most important streets, he told me how often he had been afloat in the harbour, above their present site.

Now the gigantic mushroom city covers a space of forty-two square miles, and has a population of 300,000 inhabitants. It has churches, chapels, and schools of every denomination, episcopal and Roman

Catholic cathedrals, Jewish synagogues, and Chinese temples, excellent government schools, the free birthright of all citizens, splendid public libraries, *free to all citizens above fifteen years of age*. It has a great city hall, theatres, and an opera house, and foremost among its public buildings is the great mint of the United States, which is said to be the most perfect in the world. Here Californian gold is coined into five-dollar pieces, which are the practical equivalents of English sovereigns, but the gold is so much purer that the British coin only passes at a discount—rather annoying to travellers from the east, who found their English gold at a premium in India and Ceylon. Unlike our British mint, guarded by armed sentries, and only to be seen by such visitors as have been provided with a formal permit, this great American mint is daily open to all comers all the forenoon, and strangers and citizens alike find free admission to inspect the whole process of coining.

As to other details, the numerous markets are all that can be desired, offering every possible temptation to housekeepers; the Turkish baths are gorgeous; one wide tract of reclaimed sand-hills has been transformed into a most fairylike park and garden, while another, equally attractive as a garden, forms the great "God's acre," where already sleep a vast multitude of once restless, eager mortals, attracted hither from all corners of the earth in quest of fortune, and who here have found a grave.

In the great working districts of the city, every conceivable industry is represented; there are lumber-merchants' yards, smelting works, foundries, artificial stone works, woollen factories, potteries; in short, everything you can put a name upon.

Of course in a town of which so large a portion is built of wood, the utmost importance attaches to the perfecting of every detail of fire-extinguishing organisation. The ever-present danger is sufficiently proven by the fact that no less than ninety-five insurance companies have found it worth their while to establish agencies in this city.

These companies are obliged by the State to support a fire brigade of their own, to supplement the work of the City Fire Brigade. It is called the Underwriters' Fire Patrol, and, so perfect is the organisation of these corps, that they literally move by electricity, and at any hour of day or night, they are warranted to start a fully equipped fire engine within ten seconds of the time when the electric alarm sounds.

In a large proportion of the citizens' houses there are electric signals by which the first outbreak of fire can instantly be communi-

cated to the centre of the district, whence the alarm is immediately transmitted to every fire station, the same electric current being employed to set in motion a series of most ingenious mechanical contrivances, which awaken both officers and men, light the gas, open the doors, and adjust the harness.

At every station, the engines (which are worked by steam) are always ready, fires kindled, water boiling, and the splendid horses stand ready harnessed in their stalls, the weight of the collar being supported by a rope attached to the ceiling. The electric stroke which sounds the alarm, works a mechanism which drops the collars, detaches the halters, and brings down a stroke of a light whip, a signal which causes each well-trained horse instantly to spring to his appointed place to right or left of the pole. An instantaneous movement simultaneously attaches the pole-chains to the collar, fastens the reins, and slips in the bit, while the other portions of the harness are similarly fastened to the engine.

While this is going on downstairs, the beds in the dormitory overhead are jerked up, so as to turn out the sleepers, who are literally *thrown* into their fire-dress, with boots attached. Up flashes the gas, and the doors are thrown open, all by the same electric current. Straight stairs lead from the dormitories to the engine-room, but even to rush down these would lose a second, so slides are fixed, parallel with each, and down these the firemen glide with a velocity which emulates that of the lightning !

In some of the great public buildings, such as the huge Palace Hotel, there are self-acting electric fire-alarms, which, *without any human agency*, call the attention of the central office to any unusual heat in any part of the house, so that a fire breaking out in a storeroom or cupboard actually gives notice of its own existence. Not content, however, with these electric warnings, the great hotels have watchmen always on patrol, whose duty it is to inspect every corner of the premises every half-hour, day and night.

The water supply is also well attended to. For instance, the Palace Hotel has a huge reservoir beneath the central court, and seven tanks on the roof. The former contains 630,000 gallons—the latter 130,000 gallons, and all are supplied by four artesian wells, capable of supplying 28,000 gallons per hour. This water supply is carried to every corner of the huge building, by means of about fifty upright four-inch pipes of wrought iron, reaching from the basement to the roof. They are fed by three steam fire-pumps, and in their turn supply an endless extent of fire-hose. So there certainly is no lack of precaution regarding this terrible source of danger, and

as every district of the town, and indeed a vast number of private houses, are in telegraphic communication with the fire department, it is evident that little time need be lost.

The method by which private houses communicate with the central office is a marvel of ingenious simplicity. In some handy corner (generally the sleeping-room of the householder), a small instrument resembling the face of a clock, is let into the wall; the uninitiated would certainly assume this to be a simple timepiece, but, on a closer inspection, he perceives that, although this little face is divided into sections like hours, in lieu of figures it bears such words as fire-engine, hackney-carriage, private-carriage, message-boy, and various other possible requirements, any one of which is warranted to appear within a few moments, in answer to a turn of the magic electric needle. Surely the story of Aladdin's wondrous lantern did but foreshadow the simple reality of domestic science as daily exemplified in California.

I spoke just now of hackney-carriages as being ever ready to obey the telegraphic summons. For ordinary purposes, however, the mass of the San Franciscans invariably take "cheap rides" in the excellent tramcars, which run to and fro in every possible direction, and carry their passengers an incredible distance for infinitesimal coin.

In like manner, innumerable steamers ply backwards and forwards between all points of the great harbour, so that from dawn till midnight busy crowds pass ceaselessly to and fro. The morning boats from the Suburban Cities (if I may so describe them) to their great busy Mother, are all densely crowded with busy business men. Later in the day, such ladies as prefer shopping at headquarters, or have other pleasure or business to attend to, follow at their leisure, and generally return by the afternoon boats, in time to avoid the rush and crush of weary men returning to their homes.

Of these suburban cities, the one with which I became most intimately acquainted is Oakland, which lies on the opposite side of the harbour, which, at this point, is about seven miles in width. It has a population of upwards of fifty thousand persons, of whom, on an average, ten thousand daily cross the harbour by the splendid half-hourly ferry steamboats. Oakland possesses twenty churches, several banks, and a fine courthouse. But its especial pride centres in its great public schools, and its State university, which is open to students of both sexes, to the number of two hundred, who receive a first-class education gratuitously. A special law forbids the sale of any intoxicating liquor within two miles of the university. Certainly

it must be allowed that, what with free libraries and free schools, the Granite State takes good care of its children.

In the way of trade, Oakland has its own iron and brass foundries, potteries, patent marble works, tanneries, and various other large mercantile establishments. But its chief characteristic (common, however, to all these "country towns") is the multitude of pleasant homes, and pretty semi-tropical gardens, with their beautifully kept and continually watered green lawns, and wealth of luxuriant blossom. Such hedges of geranium, such fragrant roses and jessamines, such gorgeous fuchsias climbing right over the houses and roofs, verbenas like tall shrubs, lilies—every flower you can think of—but not growing grudgingly and with apparent difficulty, as is so often the case in Britain, but with a profusion and readiness which is the characteristic of all vegetable life in California.

Perhaps the most remarkable institution of Oakland is its local railroad, which runs right through the city—a distance of five miles. This is a free gift to the inhabitants from the great railway company. The regular through trains—both for freight and passengers—run by a line skirting the sea, but this city line is constructed for the special convenience of the inhabitants, and *is absolutely free*. Every half-hour, a train of about fifteen steam-cars, each carrying about fifty passengers, starts from either terminus, halting at eight stations on the way. But the pace being somewhat leisurely, many active passengers swing themselves on, or jump off, wherever it suits them. Of course such a boon as this is not neglected, and thousands daily travel by it when going about their household errands.

One cannot but wonder at the early instinct which saves all the small children from being run over, for these trains (with their wide-funnelled engines specially constructed for burning wood) run along the open street, with no further precaution than perpetually ringing a bell, which tolls like a summons to church. They run to meet the huge ferry steamboats, which carry us across the harbour in about half an hour.

On landing in San Francisco, we find an array of street cars, which are large tram omnibuses, waiting to carry passengers in every possible direction. For an incredibly small sum, one of these will take us right across the city to the Southern Railway Dépôt (as the stations are called), whence, if we are so minded, we may "take the steam-cars," and go to luncheon with friends at one of the many "villa cities" on the other side of San Francisco. This is an everyday phase of social life, but I confess that for me "society" involving

so many changes of locomotion is too dearly bought. It requires an amazing fund of energy.

But in themselves, these southern cities are well worth a visit, for here are the wonderfully luxurious homes of the wealthiest inhabitants—men who having realised gigantic fortunes by mining, railway, or cattle speculations, have had the good sense to place themselves and their gold in the hands of first-class representatives of art in all its phases, and thus find themselves in possession of ideal homes, where comfort and beauty are most happily combined. Many of the choicest art treasures of England, France, Italy, Japan, and the Eastern States of America have here found a resting place. Valuable pictures, beautiful statues, fine china, good bronzes, are scattered with lavish hand, their beauty enhanced by rich drapery and hangings, and by the presence of exquisite tropical flowers in stands and vases; while the windows look down upon beautifully laid out gardens, broad, well-kept stretches of lawn, fine hothouses, beautiful shrubberies, artificial lakes, covered with water-lilies and strange birds.

Some of these homes appear so substantial and so like good English country houses, that it is scarcely possible to realise that they really are only built of wood. Still more difficult is it to realise that all those fairy-like creations have sprung into existence in so short a time that a quarter of a century has sufficed thus literally to make the desert blossom as a rose.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING,

MY MUSICAL LIFE.

VI.

I TOOK my degree in 1859 and disappeared from the University for more than a year. I was not in good health, and my father thought that a little foreign travel might be good for me. I started with £80 to begin with, for Italy *viâ* Paris, and with strict injunctions to keep out of the way of the Italian Revolution then going on under Garibaldi. How I was nearly roasted alive travelling straight through from Paris to Milan in the middle of June ; how I found myself at Genoa in the autumn, and, being seized with the fever of the Revolution, went straight down to Naples, assisted at the siege of Capua—saw Garibaldi on the battle-field—witnessed the entrance of Victor Emmanuel into Naples, narrowly escaped assassination, saw Cavour, Ricasoli, the young Princes, the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Naples, Türr, Cozenz, Medici, and all the Garibaldian heroes with whom I mixed daily at St. Angelo, Caserta, Capua, Santa Maria, and Naples ; saw, for the first time, Pope Pius IX. (to whom I was presented twenty years afterwards), and was just in time to assist at the peace celebrations and great *Te Deum* at Milan, in the presence of the King and Cavour and Della Marmora ; all these and many other golden memories of the sunny south in the great historical year A.D. 1860 belong altogether to another side of my autobiography, which I shall probably never think it worth while to write.

Looking back upon that exciting time I marvel at my good fortune. How I escaped the chances of disease and danger of all kinds through which I passed scathless, I cannot imagine. A special Providence must have been watching over me. I travelled nine months in Italy, after losing my greatcoat and having most of my luggage stolen. I neglected every precaution and risked every danger. During the siege of Capua I was more than once nearly shot by the Neapolitan riflemen, and narrowly escaped being blown to pieces by a shell at the batteries of St. Angelo.

To spin out my time and help the poor Garibaldians in the camp,

I nearly starved myself outside the walls of Capua during the bombardment. They had my brandy, and my biscuits, and my cash ; often too my broken-down horse, and at my Naples hotel the houseless and purseless ones sometimes shared even my bedroom. All day long, under a burning sun, I got soaked to the skin, with little get-at-able to eat or drink, but coffee and bread in the morning and some wretched apology for a meal at night. Provisions were scarce, and every restaurant in Santa Maria was cleaned out. A light shawl was all I had to keep off chill, malaria, and fever raging all round me. I drank freely the polluted water of Naples. I ate freely its dangerous red melons, inhaled the pestiferous air of its overcrowded back streets, in that monstrously unsanitary and overcrowded time ; yet not once had I a touch of fever or any ailment whatever, except fits of exhaustion consequent upon over-heating and over-excitement, under-feeding and general bodily fatigue. My rickety constitution, which the disastrous malady of my boyhood had failed to shatter, must have been made of iron, and I dare say I shall live to the age of Methusaleh. I remember now how the small-pox spared me when it raged as an epidemic in my first parish, St. Peter's, Bethnal Green ; how the cholera spared me when it raged in my second parish, St. Peter's, Stepney. People who enjoy this kind of luck usually get hit at last ; but I cannot but reflect, with wonder and thankfulness, that during the twenty years I have been in the Church, preaching in London on an average twice every Sunday, although often feeble and suffering, I have seldom been absent from my pulpit, and never once been unable to officiate through indisposition. I think few even of the more robust of the London clergy can say as much.

I was greatly struck by the musical poverty of Italy. Even the performances in the Scala at Milan were poor in comparison with the London and Paris opera-houses. The street music at Naples and at Venice was characteristic. In Florence and Pisa the guitar was played with a certain *élan* by the young men as they walked home at night, trolling out some graceful love song or drinking ditty with light chorus, very different from our drinking choruses. But the mechanical organs, with their eternal fragments of Verdi, were extremely wearisome, and the Italian pianoforte-playing, even when good, had little charm for ears accustomed to the inspirations of Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Mozart. Still, the romance school of the pianoforte in Italy is a distinct one, and not to be ignored. Fumagalli was a man of real genius, who died too young ; and Tito Mattei, now resident in England, has won many

converts to the brilliant, sentimental, and sensational style ever dear to the heart of the Italian. But the classical reaction at Rome (1883), under Signor Sgambati, threatens to make serious way. Less fertile in melody than Verdi, and more severe than Liszt, it may end in falling between two stools ; but the ability of its founder and leader, Sgambati, is undoubted, and was duly recognised when he appeared in London in 1882, at the Philharmonic and Crystal Palace, as well as at an Italian *matinée* at my house, together with the Florentine violinist Papini, the Sicilian baritone Vergara, and my old friend of good Garibaldian intentions, Signor Li Calsi.

I have a few charming memories connected with music in Italy, but they all circle round my valued friend C. H. Deacon, now so well known and so justly esteemed in the musical world of London.

I arrived at Milan one Friday. The sun was pitilessly hot, the sky wearisomely blue. Sick, worn out with all-night travel, for the first time in my life hundreds of miles away from any human being who cared whether I was dead or alive, my spirits were at their lowest ebb. I got in about the middle of the day, and depositing my one portmanteau at the "Tre Rè," wandered aimlessly out into the broiling streets, and being hungry and faint, entered a *caffè*. Every one seemed half asleep ; no one understood French, and so no one understood me. It was evidently not eating time at Milan. I could not touch the black coffee and stale sponge cakes, so I got back to my bedroom, ordered a lemonade, and lay down thinking of "Home, sweet Home," and the friends in Brunswick Square, Brighton, whom I might have been lunching with had I not been such a fool as to come to Italy. I lodged at my capital Milanese hotel, breakfast, bed, and dinner for 7 frs. a day. At Florence and Rome the prices in those days were but 8 frs., and at Genoa 6 frs. I had not spoken to a soul for many hours. I never felt so utterly lost and alone before, nor have I ever felt so since. The second day I met at the *table d'hôte* a friendly face, the face of a good and genial man. It was the Rev. J. H. Andrews, then English chaplain at Milan. I solaced myself with some talk. The English Church service was held in a large room in our hotel. The next day was Sunday. I went to service in the morning. It was like sitting by the waters of Babylon, but I saw some English faces in that strange land, and began to take courage. Andrews was my only resource, so towards Andrews's door I made my way in the afternoon.

On entering, I found a gentleman seated—thin face, full moustache, well dressed, refined in manner, and charming in conversation. I was about to retire when both bade me be seated. Andrews at once

presented me to this stranger. It was Mr. C. H. Deacon, the pillar of the English Church at Milan, and general friend and benefactor of all itinerant and homeless tourists who drifted into the English Church on their way through Milan.

To Mr. and Mrs. Deacon—since members of my own congregation in London—and my good friend Andrews, I owe some of my happiest hours in Italy.

On the hot nights Andrews and I, now become warm friends, used to make our way naturally to Deacon's charming house, and there, at the invitation of Mrs. Deacon—most delightful of hostesses—drink unlimited tea and make music.

I had not brought my violin to Italy—I should certainly have lost it if I had. I lost nearly everything that I had with me in Italy that year. I made no music, but I soon found that Deacon was a splendid pianist, and at his house I met Pezze, the violoncellist, and Sessa, the violinist. Deacon introduced me to Reynolds, who called himself Vice-Consul ; and I remember that Lord Byron's cook, who was still living, served us up an admirable dinner one night at the Consul's residence.

The heat being overpowering, and the natives having chosen that moment for emptying the cess-pools at my hotel, the place became little better than a pest-house, and we concluded to go to the lakes. We went to Como. There Deacon joined us.

Our hotel at Carddenabbia overlooked the lake. There was a grand piano in the great saloon, with a marble balcony opening upon the water. Here, when the moon was full upon Como, would Deacon play to us after dinner. The music went out into the night. The white mist bathed the opposite promontory of Bellagio. I can just remember a face on the balcony in the twilight—and eyes, too. I was in my twenty-third year. I no longer sighed for Brunswick Square—I was reconciled to Italy.

I had for years been an irregular student of theology, and I had read very carefully most of the standard theological books—Pearson, Butler, Paley, Hooker—and also weighted myself heavily with the High Church theology—Pusey, Newman, Manning, Keble, Miss Sewell, &c., besides reading Maurice and F. W. Robertson. This preparation laid me peculiarly open to the influence of "Essays and Reviews," which I eagerly devoured at Florence on my way home, and I was soon afterwards further enlightened by the writings of Jowett and Colenso. These last are the men who gave me some hope for the future of the Church of England. The seed of something like an enlightened and liberal theology seemed to be sown.

Theology soon absorbed the whole of my attention, and music went to the wall. I went up to Cambridge for my voluntary theological examination in 1860, was ordained in 1861, went straight to my lodgings, in the district of St. Peter's, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, and my violin career was virtually closed.

From the time that I entered the Church I have never played to any real purpose. I resolved to make that sacrifice, and no subsequent reflection has led me to repent of my decision.

I could never have played the violin by halves, and had I come up to London and entered the Church in the character of a fiddling parson, I should in all probability never have got credit for, or applied myself seriously to win, any other position. At all events, I should have been heavily weighted and laid myself open to many temptations. I should always have been coming west in search of musical society and distraction, and people would have said, as indeed my old friends have said, "He should have stuck to the one thing which he could do well, and not meddled with theology."

These good people sometimes gave me credit for having made an heroic sacrifice. They knew nothing about it. The sacrifice I made was a very small one. From the age of twelve to the age of twenty-three, I had played the fiddle in season and out of season. Applause had lost its charm for me. I was hardened to flattery. My own critical taste disenchanted me with my own performances. Nothing but the best suited me, and I knew I never could attain to that as an executant myself, because I never could take up the violin professionally. Then fiddling was not my only taste. I had a passion for oratory, for literature, for the study of human nature, and for church work. For a time my new parochial sphere with its special enthusiasms expelled everything else.

I know not what glamour in those days hung over the grimy and repulsive aspects of Bethnal Green life. The reeking streets seemed beautiful to me in the evening sunshine; the unwashed and multitudinous children, feeding on garbage in the gutter, filled me with infinite tenderness and pity, the more so because they seemed so happy; the sick poor dying in back rooms, the workhouse wards, the close factory houses packed with pale girls starving at straw-bonnet work, the infatuated weaver's descendants (many of them of the Huguenot refugees) still working their antiquated hand-looms at famine prices—all these scenes of my daily life seemed to me then exquisitely pathetic, novel, interesting, and exciting. I was not in the least depressed by the surrounding misery; I was not responsible for it. It was a problem to work at. I was strangely exhilarated by

it. I was not left to struggle alone. The aristocracy of my congregation were the small tradespeople. They rallied round me nobly, and I loved them ; they seemed to me infinitely good, and worthy, and staunch. I dropped into tea at the back of the shop. I cheered up the mother cumbered with much serving, and the daughters with their smiling faces and ready hands were my district visitors, and taught in the Sunday school.

In those happy and hopeful days, the late Mr. J. R. Green, since famous as the author of "A Short History of the English People," was my constant companion and close friend. He had a sole charge in the neighbouring parish of Hoxton, and for some two years we met almost daily; we were facing the same difficulties, discussing the same doubts, trying to solve the same problems.

But this is no book concerning my clerical life. I hasten to recover the thin golden thread of music, which still continued, and probably will continue to the end, to run through my days, hidden at times in the complex fabric of the general life-work, but never really lost or broken.

Thousands around me were leading dull lives of monotonous toil, with little refreshment or variety, too much shut up to the beerhouse or the counter, tempted by want and gin, tempted also to all kinds of chicanery and petty theft and sordid aims. I determined to try the effect of music, and good music, upon their narrow, busy, overburdened lives.

I invited Mr. C. H. Deacon, Signor Regondi—incomparable on the guitar and concertina—and Signor Pezze to come down and give a concert in the national school-room. The prices of admission were low—1*d.* and 3*d.* The room was crammed ; the music was a little over the people's heads ; the respectable element predominated a little too much, as I expected, but the class I aimed at was fairly represented. The audience was hushed, attentive, a little awed, but intensely appreciative. I did not play myself. No one had heard me play there, so no one expected me to ; and I might have lost my character as general manager and president had I contributed to the programme in a musical capacity. I confess the old war-horse within me began to chafe and paw the ground, impatient for action, when the players got well to work. I seemed to feel that my real place was at their side. I had been too lately weaned, but I kept my feelings to myself.

I believe in music as I believe in pictures for the masses. It draws people together, smoothes the way to social intercourse, and very much facilitates the intercourse between a pastor and his flock.

Music is better than penny readings or lectures for this purpose, chiefly because penny readings, as a rule, are so badly and stupidly conducted. For one person who can attract attention by his reading or lecturing, there are a dozen who can excite interest amongst the poorer classes by singing and playing ; and professional musicians are, as a rule, very kind and liberal in giving their services if only a fit occasion presents itself.

Tea meetings, speeches, and lectures were, however, easier to organise, and I was not long enough at Bethnal Green—hardly two years—to fairly test by their frequency the good of cheap music for the people parochially, nor was it my own parish, nor had I entirely my own way. But the experiment has been notoriously successful since in coffee music-halls and cheap concerts for the people. I am convinced that the influence of music over the poor is quite angelic. Music is the handmaid of religion and the mother of sympathy. The hymn tunes taken home by the children from church and chapel are blessed outlets of feeling—they humanise households all through the land. The Moody and Sankey tunes have exercised an elevating and even hallowing influence far and wide, over hill and dale, in remote Welsh hamlets, from Northumberland to Devonshire, in the crowded dens of our manufacturing centres, and in lonely seaside villages.

Teach the people to sing, and you will make them happy ; teach them to listen to sweet sounds, and you will go far to render them harmless.

Since my ordination I have, with great reluctance, and under considerable pressure from old friends, broken through my rule of never playing in public. Once at St. Peter's, Stepney, where I was curate for a short time, I played at a concert, got up for the edification of the parish, in the school-room. The people, I think, were too much surprised thoroughly to enjoy me in so completely novel and unexpected a character.

Again, at St. James the Less, Westminster, at another school-room concert, I played. There I think the feelings of the audience were very mixed. A good many seemed scandalised at a parson playing the fiddle at all. Others were shocked at his performing thus publicly.

When invited by the late lamented Mr. Spottiswoode, then President of the Royal Institution, to lecture on "Old Violins" before that learned assembly, I ventured to touch some of the matchless violins lent me on that occasion just sufficiently to illustrate a few points, and demonstrate certain peculiarities of tone. But my hand had lost its cunning, nor shall I ever again play the violin at all.

to my own liking. Indeed, I keep my Strad. in a cabinet behind glass. There he rests unsounded and unstrung.

Before the end of the century he will probably pass out of my hands. It is well that he should sleep awhile. I have worked him hard enough in my day. About A.D. 2000 he will probably emerge, fresh, powerful, and perhaps sweeter than ever, to tell the unborn generations of the twentieth century how great and magical an artificer was Antonius Stradiuarius Cremonensis, A.D. 1712.

If these famous old violins did not have these long periods of rest they would soon be all worn out, and A.D. 2100 would only have them as museum specimens, no longer fit to be played upon. It is the collector who keeps them for years unstrung, the violinists who lay them by and neither play upon them nor lend them about who are the real benefactors and conservers of the Cremona gems. This thought often consoles me when I look at the kind and faithful face of my old violin, or take him out to pass my hand at times caressingly over the dear, familiar maple back, polished and all aglow, like transparent sunlit agate and so finely veined. I look at him as he lies mute in my hands—but not dead. Ah! how he used to sound beneath my bow in the crowded halls and at gay scenes that have faded out for ever with the “days that are no more.” Ay! and how he shall sound again in other hands, and sing rapturously to other hearts, long after my hand has grown cold and my heart has ceased to beat.

H. R. HAWEIS.

(To be concluded.)

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

AT last the day for the most brilliant pageant that modern history has ever been called upon to chronicle had been settled. After much penning of documents, and frequent deliberations that resulted in nought, it had been finally agreed upon that the memorable interview between Henry of England and Francis of France was to take place within the shadow of the castle of Guisnes, early in the month of June in the year of grace 1520. Never was the proverb that union is force more calculated to be of service to those who swayed the destinies of nations than in the second decade of the sixteenth century. Europe was at the mercy of three youthful sovereigns, any two of whom by entering into an alliance offensive and defensive could grievously spoil the third, and make the most marked alterations in the map of the continent. And it was towards our island—the wealthy, prosperous England, under the rule of bluff King Hal—that the attention of foreign diplomacy was especially directed. To which ever side England promised her aid victory was assured. Francis the First knew that he had nothing to fear from his great rival if once the houses of Valois and Tudor acted in unison and vowed to uphold the same cause. Nor was the cold, calculating Charles the Fifth, in spite of the extensive empire which called him master, in ignorance of this fact. With the hostile forces of England and France arrayed against him, he was conscious that it would bode ill for the safety of his vast yet ill-welded-together dominion. At the first blast of the trumpet of war he was aware that Italy would seek to free herself from the Austrian yoke, that the Spaniard and Fleming would again be at daggers drawn, that Navarre would cast him off, whilst German and Burgundian would fall an easy prey to the foe. The union of the lilies of France with the leopards of England was, he said, equivalent to the dismemberment of half of his Imperial possessions.

Hence French and Imperial diplomatists were busy in scheming against each for the favour of England and in flattering English vanity. Henry the Eighth, deep, cautious, and inclined to face both

ways, for a time played his hand with much cunning. He was friendly to Francis, he did not throw cold water upon the pretensions of the Dauphin to the hand of his daughter the Princess Mary, and yet at the same time, so subtle was his tact, he failed to excite the jealousy of Charles. In all his words and actions he was careful not to pledge himself to any decided course; he held the balance evenly between the two contending parties, and hesitated to throw the weight of his influence into the scale of either. For months he occupied this neutral position; then, worked upon by his powerful adviser the great Cardinal, who had always favoured a French alliance, he made a move which caused the heart of Francis to beat exultingly. He at last consented, after repeated promises and delays, to cross the Channel and hold an interview with his brother-sovereign during which they might discuss many matters for the advantage of both countries. He drew up with his own hand a letter in which he addressed Francis in every term which cordiality could inspire. He despatched a special envoy to Paris with full instructions how to act and what to say. Francis was to be told that the king of England had always entertained for him the warmest friendship, that he desired nothing better than that an intimate union should exist between the two countries, and that he was most anxious to meet his royal brother face to face. The affection each bore to the other in his heart, said Henry, was the chief means "to knit the assured knot of perseverant amity betwixt them above any other." Nor was this all. "For," he continued, "remembering the noble and excellent gifts, as well of nature touching their goodly statures and activeness, and of grace concerning their wondrous wisdoms and other princely virtues—as also of fortune, depending upon their substances and puissance given unto them by Almighty God, and wherein more conformity is betwixt them than in or amongst all other Christian Princes, it is not to be marvelled if this agreeable consonance of semblable properties and affections do vehemently excite and stir them both, not only to love and tenderly favour each other, but also personally to visit, see and speak together, whereby that thing which as yet standing upon reports is covered with a shadow shall be brought to the light face to face, if it proceed; and finally make such impression of entire love in their hearts that the same shall be always permanent and never be dissolved, to the pleasure of God, their both comforts, and the weal of all Christendom." ¹

The preparations for the interview were entrusted by both nations

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, Feb. 21, 1520. "Instructions to Sir Richard Wingfield." Edited by the Rev. J. S. Brewer, M.A.

to Wolsey, the current of whose mind, as witnessed his establishments at Hampton Court and York Place, set naturally towards pomp and pageantry, and who was skilled in all the lore of precedents and the severe etiquette so dear to chamberlains. Yet the task was far from an easy one. He had to draw up a list of the flower of the nobles and gentry from every shire who were to swell the retinue of the king. He had to arrange the escort which was to accompany his master to France, and also the escort which was "to ride with the King of England at the embracing of the two kings," when they met at Guisnes. He had to see that the chief officers of the royal household were "in their best manner apparelled according to their estates and degrees." He had to superintend the packing of "the rich copes with the vestments given to the monastery of Westminster by the late king," together with the "best hangings, travers, jewels, images, altar cloths, &c.," which were to be borrowed for the occasion and to be used for divine service across the Channel. It also fell within his province to pick out the king's guard, which was to consist of two hundred of "the tallest and most elect persons with doublets, hosen and caps; each man is to have two coats, one of goldsmith's work with the king's cognizance, the base to be scarlet and the nether part to have a guard of cloth of gold; the other coat to be red with a rose on the breast, and the crown imperial." The guard was to be armed with bows and arrows. Then it behoved him to keep a sharp eye upon the orders and movements of those who, subject to his suggestions, had to carry out the various details which were to make the interview a brilliant success. The chamberlain and the ministers of the wardrobe were to attend to the construction of the lists and galleries for the jousts "half way between Guisnes and Arde," and to decorate the king's house at Calais with "Arras tapestry and other necessities." The cofferer was to provide the victuals. The warden of the Cinque Ports was to be entrusted with the shipping and had to transport all who were to take part in the interview to Calais. A special person, appointed by the king, was to provide "hobbies, palfreys, hounds, greyhounds, horns, leashes, collars and other things for presents." To all these things, both on this and the other side of the Channel, Wolsey had to attend.¹

At last all the preliminary arrangements were completed, and the Cardinal had determined upon those privileged ones who were to form the retinue of the English king. His own name headed the list "with 300 servants of whom 12 shall be chaplains, and 50 gentlemen with 50 horses;" next came "our Archbishop with 70 servants, 5 to

¹ *State Papers*, Henry VIII., No. 704. "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

be chaplains, and 10 gentlemen with 30 horses ;” and then, in pompous parade, appeared dukes, marquises, earls, barons, bishops, knights, and gentry from every county, all with their chaplains and retainers, until the sum total of the goodly company was swelled to “3,997 persons, and 2,087 horses.” The queen had a like escort ; “1,175 persons and 778 horses.”¹ A retinue equally splendid and imposing was also to attend upon the French sovereign.

The interview between the two monarchs was to take place upon the arid plain of Guisnes close to the French frontier but within the English pale. It had been intended that Henry and his retinue should have taken up their quarters within the walls of the castle of Guisnes, but a brief inspection of the ancient fortress showed how unsuited it was for such hospitality. The English commissioners who had crossed over to Calais to make all necessary arrangements wrote to Wolsey that “the master mason has advertised them that two hundred masons and bricklayers cannot manage the repairs—no facing will serve ; the keep is too ruinous to mend.”² The castle was indeed little better than a ruin ; the elements had made sad havoc with its outer walls, its battlements had crumbled away, huge cracks like the furrows of age wrinkled around its loopholes and lancet windows, whilst its moat was full of weeds and mire : it was evident at a glance that no building was less fitted to serve as the temporary home for a magnificent monarch. The castle was therefore abandoned, though measures were adopted so that Wolsey might take up his abode in it “surely but not pleasantly.” Before the green in front of the dilapidated fortress, art and labour were striving their utmost to compensate for all deficiencies by erecting a summer palace of the most gorgeous proportions, to be furnished with everything that wealth could command and luxury suggest. “The palace,” writes the late Mr. Brewer,³ the careful and accomplished editor of the archives of this period, “was an exact square of 328 feet. It was pierced on every side with oriel windows and clerestories curiously glazed, the mullions and posts of which were overlaid with gold. An embattled gate, ornamented on both sides with statues representing men in various attitudes of war and flanked by an embattled tower, guarded the entrance. From this gate to the entrance of the palace arose in long ascent a sloping dais or hallpace, along which were grouped ‘images of sore and terrible countenances’ in armour of argentine or bright metal. At the entrance,

¹ *State Papers*, Henry VIII. Mar. 26, 1520.

² *Ibid.*, March 26, 1520.

³ *Calendar of State Papers*, Henry VIII., vol. iii. Preface, p. lxx.

under an embowered landing place facing the great doors, stood antique figures girt with olive branches. The passages, the roofs of the galleries from place to place and from chamber to chamber, were covered with white silk fluted and embowed with silken hangings of divers colours and braided cloths, 'which showed like bullions of fine burnished gold.' The roofs of the chambers were studded with roses set in lozenges and diapered on a ground of fine gold. Panels enriched with antique carving and gilt bosses covered the spaces between the windows ; whilst all along the corridors and from every window hung tapestry of silk and gold embroidered with figures. Chairs covered with cushions of Turkey work, cloths of estate of various shapes and sizes overlaid with golden tissue and rich embroidery ornamented the state apartments. The square on every side was decorated with equal richness and blazed with the same profusion of glass, gold, and ornamental hangings ; and 'every quarter of it, even the least, was a habitation fit for a prince,' says Fleuranges, who had examined it with the critical eye of a rival and a Frenchman."

Whilst these preparations were being carried out, the Emperor Charles the Fifth was bent upon nullifying the results which might arise from the interview. It was not in his power to prevent the meeting of the kings of England and France, but he was resolved that his great rival should not be allowed to have his own way entirely in the matter. He wrote to Wolsey that he was desirous of paying a visit to Canterbury, that he had long wished to meet his brother of England, and that many years had passed since he had last seen his aunt, the queen Katherine. He therefore proposed to land at Dover in the middle of May, and trusted that nothing would interfere with the execution of his plan. Katherine, who had never been in favour of the interview between Henry and Francis, pressed her husband to accord her nephew the favour he requested—a request all the more gratifying and extraordinary, she said, coming from an emperor to a king. Henry assented. At the time appointed he and Katherine quitted London and set out for the Kentish coast, there to meet his imperial majesty. At Canterbury they halted. The same evening of their arrival at the cathedral city, Charles landed at Dover and was received by Wolsey. "In his retinue," writes the old chronicler Hall, "were many noble men and many fair ladies of his blood, as princes and princesses ; and one lady as chief to be noted was the Princess Avinion. Great joy made the people of England to see the emperor, and more to see the benign manner and meekness of so high a prince." Early the next morning Henry rode over to

Dover to pay his homage to his illustrious visitor. The two sovereigns then took horse for Canterbury, "the more to solemnise the feast of Pentecost; but specially to see the Queen of England, his aunt, was the intent of the emperor." The visit lasted until the end of the month, when Charles embarked at Sandwich for Flanders. Of what occurred during this interview we have no record. The two sovereigns were frequently engaged in deep conversation; no witnesses were ever permitted to be present, nor does Wolsey appear to have been taken into the confidence of his master. It is not difficult, however, to imagine what was the chief topic of discussion at this interview. Charles, we may reasonably suppose, was urging his own claims, and proving how much more England would have to gain by an alliance with the Empire than with France. If he did not come as a definite suitor for the hand of the Princess Mary, we may be sure that he took good care to disparage the pretensions of the Dauphin to that honour. Henry was left puzzled and undecided. He was fascinated by the dazzling prospect of an Imperial alliance, yet he did not wish to break with Francis. He would have preferred Charles as the husband of the Princess Mary, but then she had been as good as engaged to the Dauphin! Was it wise to be off with the old love before he was sure of the new? There was an old English proverb, that between two stools was an unsafe position. Thus vacillating and insincere, the king of England crossed the Channel to meet Francis.

Upon his arrival at the fairy structure specially erected to receive him, he had no reason to complain of any lack of splendour or supervision on the part of his master of the ceremonies. Wolsey had performed his task with admirable tact and accuracy. Not a hitch was apparent in any of the arrangements, whilst the scene which met the gaze of Henry as he looked out of the oriel windows of his "crystal palace" was one of unparalleled magnificence and picturesque activity. Almost every twenty yards of the large open green which bordered the town of Guisnes on the south was covered with tents, many of them lurid with emblazonry, of all shapes and sizes, upon the crests of which floated banners and pennons of every hue. Threading their way through the narrow lines which separated canvas from canvas were prancing barbs and sluggish mules, gaily decked with flowers and ribbons, laden with baggage and necessities for the camp. Before each tent of knight and squire stood a sentry, the bright June sunshine causing his bill and lance to glisten like a flame of silver. The peasant women from Calais in their picturesque caps and wimples wandered about selling their fish and fruit to all who looked like purchasers or, when business was slack, amused

themselves by flirting with the lacqueys and mule drivers. Dotted about the plain were small troops of cavalry rehearsing their manœuvres or engaged in mimic combat. Here and there on vacant spots, more especially at the further limit of the green, little crowds were assembled watching some wrestling match or bout with quarter staves between certain lusty retainers, or else laughing at the antics of a bear brought over for exhibition by an itinerant speculator from the neighbouring Arde. All was movement, for to everybody everything was new, and curiosity had to be satisfied ; and, thanks to the fountains, “fed by secret conduits hid beneath the earth,” which spouted forth claret and hypocras into silver cups to quench the thirst of any who craved a drink, all was merriment. So splendid and luxurious was the garnishing of the tents, so dazzling the armour of the knights and nobles, so gorgeous the dresses of the heralds and pursuivants, so artistic the military display of horse and foot, of archers and yeomen of the guard, and so lavish and profuse the gratifying of all that could minister to the wants and ostentation of man, that the quondam arid common in front of the crumbling castle of Guisnes had become transformed into a veritable “field of cloth of gold.”

From one entry in the papers before us we can learn how generous the commissariat was to be on this festive occasion. The following is an estimate “for the diets of the king and queen with other nobles at Calais and Guisnes for one month” : “700 quarters of wine at 12s. a quarter ; 150 tuns French and Gascon wine at 110s. the tun ; 6 butts sweet wine, £27 ; 550 tuns of beer at 20s. ; 340 beeves at 40s. ; 2,200 muttons at 5s. ; 800 veals at 5s. ; 80 hogs of grease at 8s. ; salt and fresh fish, £300 ; spices, £440 ; diaper and linen cloth, £300 ; 4,000 lb. wax, £200 ; white lights, £26. 13s. 4d. ; poultry, £1,300 ; pewter vessels, £300 ; brazen pans, spits, &c., £200 ; 5,600 quarters of coal, £280 ; tall wood and billet, £200 ; the stable, £200 ; costs of purveyors, £140 ; hoys and crayers for conveyance of victuals, £73. 6s. 8d. ; 4 pipes Ipocras, £80 ; rushes, £40 ; 200 cooks and 12 pastelers at 20d. a day ; 40 labourers at 6d. ; 12 brewers and 12 bakers at 8d. ; carriage of victuals from Calais to Guisnes, £130.”¹ There was therefore to be no stint in the palace ; open house was to be kept, and all comers were to be entertained. The inferior officers of the household were almost as numerous as a regiment on full strength. Above two hundred attendants were employed in the kitchen alone.

No sooner had Henry set sail for Calais than Francis quitted

¹ *State Papers*, July 16, 1520. “Expenses at Guisnes for the interview.”

Montreuil for Arde, a town close to the English pale, and within a short ride of Guisnes. Arde, we are told, was "an old town long ago destroyed, of which the king had caused the fosses and castle to be repaired with diligence." Determined upon not being annoyed by the roughs who always love to watch a pageant, Francis before leaving Montreuil issued a proclamation ordering that "none should follow his train nearer than two leagues on pain of the halter, except those enrolled." Consequently some ten thousand vagabonds were disappointed of the pleasure they had anticipated, and returned sulking to their own homes. Upon arriving at Arde, Francis, accompanied by his retinue, set out for their tents, which were pitched outside the walls of the town and sloped gradually down until they almost touched the English quarter. Two leagues separated the kings of England and France—two leagues which were simply one mass of billowy canvas and dazzling emblazonry. The scene from the French side, as was to be expected from a people pre-eminent for artistic taste, was the more imposing. "As the French," writes Mr. Brewer, "had proposed that both parties should lodge in tents erected on the field, they had prepared numerous pavilions, fitted up with halls, galleries, and chambers ornamented within and without with gold and silver tissue. Amidst golden balls and quaint devices glittering in the sun, rose a gilt figure of St. Michael, conspicuous for his blue mantle powdered with golden *fleur de lys*, and crowning a royal pavilion of vast dimensions supported by a single mast. In his right hand he held a dart, in his left a shield emblazoned with the arms of France. Inside the roof of the pavilion represented the canopy of heaven ornamented with stars and figures of the zodiac. The lodgings of the queen, of the Duchess d'Alençon, the king's favourite sister, and of other ladies and princes of the blood were covered with cloth of gold. The rest of the tents to the number of three or four hundred, emblazoned with the arms of their owners, were pitched on the banks of a small river outside the city walls." Among the fair visitors then under canvas on the slopes outside Arde was Ann Boleyn.

With the arrival of the two sovereigns the proceedings of the pageant commenced. Wolsey was the first to open the ball. Accompanied by a splendid retinue of princes and nobles, he rode his mule down the tented plain, to pay his royal master's respects to Francis. He was preceded by fifty gentlemen of the household, bareheaded and bonnet in hand, each with a great gold chain worn scarf-ways, and mounted on horses richly caparisoned with crimson velvet. Then followed his ushers, also fifty gentlemen,

“bareheaded and bearing gold maces as large as a man’s head at one end.” After them, staggering beneath the weight of a magnificent cross of gold with a crucifix of precious stones, came the cardinal’s cross-bearer, “clothed in a long robe of crimson velvet; on his shoulders a fine hood with a short cornet of crimson velvet lined below with fine embroidery and goldsmith’s work.” Four lacqueys in doublets of cloth of gold, and with their magnificent plumed bonnets in their hands, now took up their places. Then appeared the central figure of all this pomp. Mounted on a barded mule, “with headstall, studs, buckles, and stirrups of fine gold, and the trappings of crimson velvet,” sat Wolsey, his red hat with its large hanging tassels overshadowing his sallow shaven face. He was dressed in “a robe of velvet upon figured crimson velvet, the rochet of fine linen overall.” Pride, temper, and arrogance were revealed in every feature of that masterful visage—in the well-cut hazel eyes full of intellect and passion which gleamed beneath the bushy penthouse of their marked eyebrows, in the angry lines that curled around the domineering mouth, in the hound-like looseness of the coarse yellow cheeks, in the massive jaw and sharp, resolute chin. As he walked his mule slowly down the long line of spectators all bent their heads and did him reverence, but few dared to look up and meet his hard, searching gaze. After him followed five or six bishops, with the grand prior of Jerusalem and other chiefs of the religious orders. The imposing procession was then brought up by a hundred archers of the king’s guard, “well mounted, with their bows bent and their quivers at their sides.” In this state the cardinal approached the town of Arde; there he dismounted in front of the royal tent amid a salute which would have honoured majesty, and did homage in his master’s name to Francis, who received him bareheaded and with every tribute of deference and affection.¹ “The pomp and splendour of Wolsey’s retinue on this occasion,” writes Mr. Brewer, “were often urged against the cardinal as a proof of his pride and presumption. It must be remembered, however, that he was acting as proctor and representative of two kings. As their accredited representative in the eyes of the most chivalrous and magnificent nation in the world, acknowledged universally even then as supreme in all matters of art, dress, decoration, or public pageantry, he might wish to show that his master, the king of France as well as of England, did not fall a whit behind the most splendid monarch of the age. For the time being Wolsey had by his genius raised his master to the first rank and foremost place among the potentates of

¹ *State Papers*, June 11, 1520. “The Field of the Cloth of Gold.”

Christendom. It was the purpose of this interview to show him to the world surrounded by all those accessories to which the imagination of nine-tenths of mankind at that time lent itself a willing prisoner. Railway scrip, or a supposed balance at a man's bankers, effects that object now."

Next day this visit of ceremony was returned by the representatives of Francis, who were received by the English king in his summer place, "very honourably, amid great noise of artillery and music." So boisterous was the hospitality of our nobles that they permitted no refusal, and, when necessary, even used force to compel the Frenchmen to accept the entertainment put before them. The lords of England, we are told, feasted the French lords in their tents marvellously from the greatest to the least—"et jusques à deschirer leurs robes quand ils n'y voulaient entrer pour les festier."¹ These preliminaries settled, the day was fixed upon for the interview between the two sovereigns. Francis, in consequence of Henry having crossed the Channel, had agreed to be the first to pass the frontier and greet his royal brother. Early on the morning of Thursday, the seventh of June, being the day of Fête Dieu, he quitted his tent amid the roar of the neighbouring guns, accompanied by his retinue of marshals of France, pensioners, archers, Swiss and yeomen of the guard all clad in cloth of gold and silver. Before Francis rode the constable "in cloth of gold frieze set with jewels, and his horse barded with the same, bearing the naked sword chased with gold *fleurs-de-lys*." Mounted upon "a beautiful horse covered with goldsmith's work," the French king, escorted on either side by the princes of the blood, wended his way slowly down the incline to the frontier, where between two hillocks was set up a gorgeous pavilion, bright with the varied emblazonry of England and France, in which the two sovereigns were to confer.

A shot fired from the fort at Arde had given the English warning that Francis had made his move. Henry was not slow to follow his rival's example, and with Wolsey by his side, rode his powerful stallion towards the pavilion. At the border-line between the English pale and the French territory the two monarchs halted, "at about two casts of a bowl from each other." For the moment a deep silence prevailed, and the escorts of the two nations were quick to compare the respective merits of the two chiefs. The Frenchman presented a marked contrast to his English brother. Slight of figure, somewhat effeminate in face, with the languishing eyes of his house and the carefully trimmed moustache and pointed beard then worn by most of his

¹ *State Papers*, June 11, 1520. "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

countrymen, Francis, splendidly mounted, faced the English camp. He was dressed in a mantle of cloth of gold, which fell over a short cassock of gold frieze, and profusely jewelled. Down the front and along the sleeves, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and "ropes of pearls," were strewn in lavish array. Upon his head was a ruby velvet bonnet enriched with plumes and brilliants. The King of England was equally magnificently attired, though his stalwart proportions made him appear the less bedecked and bedizened. Henry, before gross sensuality and heavy feeding had done their work of expansion, was eminently a splendid specimen of the manly vigorous English race as it then existed. Above the middle height, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, his face massive but not coarse, the brow wide and intellectual, the nose straight from the forehead, though too thick and short for perfect beauty, the full lips and cheek fringed by silky auburn hair, he was, as Hall writes, "the most goodliest prince that ever reigned over the realm of England." His somewhat burly figure was apparelled in cloth of silver damask, thickly ribbed with cloth of gold and studded with gems, whilst his charger was gaily caparisoned with trappings overlaid with gold and curiously wrought mosaic work.

At first as the sovereigns rode down the plain, accompanied by their respective escorts, mutual fears and jealousies had arisen. Was it possible for Englishmen and Frenchmen to meet and to forget the long rivalry of the past? Suppose the arranged interview was but a ruse and a prelude to some evil scheme? The Frenchman watched the escort in attendance upon Henry and trembled for the safety of the head of the house of Valois. The Englishman saw Francis surrounded by his archers and his cavaliers, and was in like consternation. "Sire," cried Lord Abergavenny, running up to Henry as his majesty was about to spring in the saddle to ride down to the frontier, "Sire, ye be my king and sovereign, wherefore, above all, I am bound to show you the truth and not to let for none. I have been in the French party and they be more in number—double so many as ye be." Such craven fears were not to be tolerated. "Sire," cried Lord Shrewsbury, "whatever my lord of Abergavenny sayeth, I myself have been there, and the Frenchmen be more in fear of you and your subjects than your subjects be of them. Wherefore, if I were worthy to give counsel, your Grace should march forward." Then replied Henry, "So we intend, my lord," and seating himself in his wide, heavy saddle, he pushed on till the frontier close by the valley of Arde was reached.

Thus the two met, each within his own territory yet but few

yards separating them. The silence which respect had inspired as the two kings neared the limits of their dominions was but momentary, and was instantly succeeded by a burst of music. Then, as if each were in haste to make the first advances, Henry and Francis put spurs to their horses, and, bonnet in hand, galloped one towards the other. As they met they warmly grasped hands and three times embraced ; then, on dismounting, they again embraced, and walked arm linked in arm towards the pavilion. No one accompanied the august pair into the tent save Wolsey and the Admiral of France, who followed in the rear of their masters. Whilst the interview was taking place strict ward was kept outside by the Constables of France and England, with their swords drawn and held at the salute. As the two kings, after a brief parley, emerged from the tent presentations were made ; the French and English escorts fraternised ; barrels of wine were brought forward and broached, and each toasted the other, repeating several times “ Good friends, French and English.” The inferiors followed the example of their betters, and the first day of the meeting was passed in much revelry. When night cast its shadows there were many glad to seize the opportunity to sleep off the effects of debauch.

The next two days—the Friday and Saturday—were passed in the exchange of civilities between the French and English, and in a careful examination of the spot where the tournament was to take place, and of the rules laid down by Wolsey and the Constable of France, with the assistance of the nobles and knights, as to the regulation of the combat. The jousts were to be held in a park on the high ground between Arde and Guisnes, which was enclosed and fenced round by a sunken ditch. Long galleries, hung with tapestry, were erected on each side of the lists for the use of the spectators, whilst “ a chamber, well hung with tapestry and glazed,” was specially fitted up as the box for the two queens. At each entry to the park were triumphal arches, and beneath them was stationed a guard of twelve French and twelve English archers, who, however, had orders not to refuse “ entry to any person honourably apparelled.” Planted at the foot of the lists was “ the tree of noblesse ” bearing “ the noble thorn (the sign of Henry) entwined with raspberry ” (*framboise*, the sign of Francis), on which was to be hung the shields of those about to engage in combat. The trunk of this artificial tree was swathed in cloth of gold and green damask, whilst its leaves were cut out of green silk, and the sham fruit it bore was made of silver and Venetian gold. Upon the hanging of the royal shields there arose the jealous question of precedence. Was the shield of Francis to be hung up

first, or was that of Henry? The heralds were unable to decide so nice a point, and had to refer the matter to a higher authority. The Constable of France was called upon in the French interest, and the Marquis of Dorset in that of England, to give judgment. The judges were nonplussed, until finally, we are told, "the King of England caused the French king's arms to be placed on the right, and his own on the left, equally high."¹

It had been arranged that Henry and Francis, each supported by some eighteen gentlemen of the best blood of France and England, should hold against all comers. Strict rules were drawn up to prevent accidents and disputes. Sharp steel was not to be used, as in times past, "in consequence of the numerous accidents to noblemen," but only "arms for strength, agility, and pastime," such as blunt lances, or single-handed sharp swords with blunt points, but "closing not allowed, unless the comer desire it." If the judges decided that the challenger was worsted in any combat, he was to give "a gold token to the lady in whose cause the comer fights." If a challenger struck or killed the horse of his opponent, he was to be debarred from running again that day. Whoever struck against the saddle of his opponent was to be disallowed two broken lances. The courses were to be run "between one hour after dinner and six o'clock in the evening," and each challenger was entitled to run eight courses. Anyone disarmed so that he could not complete his courses was to be content with what he had done during the day. If the horse of a comer bolted from the lists but yet ran the course, it was to be counted as a course. "All Sundays and feasts of the French and English churches shall be observed by abstinence of running."²

On Sunday afternoon Henry and Francis crossed over from their respective camps to do homage each to the consort of the other. The King of England as he rode to Arde was attired, we are informed by the court chronicler of the period, "in a double mantle of cloth of gold made like a cloak embroidered with jewels and goldsmith's work"; on his head he wore "a beautiful cap of fine gold cloth," and round his neck was a splendid collar blazing with gems, "three of which were very conspicuous." On arriving at the lodgings of the Queen of France, he was met at the entrance by the most beautiful of the ladies of the household dressed in cloth of gold. The weakness of Henry for the sex did not permit him to hurry over this part of the ceremony; he passed slowly along the line of fair dames—was

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, 12 Hen. VIII. "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

² *Ibid.*, "L'ordonnance et ordre du tournoy."

Ann Boleyn among them?—and amused himself by critically inspecting its ranks. “Il alloit tout à son aise pour les veoir à son plaisir,” we are informed. At the end of the corridor he was met by the mother of Francis “dressed as a widow,” who did him reverence and led him to the apartments of her daughter-in-law. The Queen of France, whose gown of gold frieze was one mass of gems and lace rose from her chair of state to meet her illustrious visitor and extended her hand, which Henry, kneeling on one knee, reverently kissed. Then he sate beside her and talked with her and her ladies until dinner was announced. The banquet was held in a chamber “hung with cloth of gold from top to bottom,” but the mediæval reporter who can describe with no little effect the furniture of the apartment, the music that was played and the dresses that were worn, candidly confesses his incompetence to touch upon the viands that were eaten, and the magnificence of the plate upon which they were served. The table ran down the length of the room, and the dishes were only placed on one side of it, consequently no guest had a *vis-à-vis*. Henry sat at the head, next him was the Queen, then the Duchess of Alençon and Madame de Vendôme. Each of these distinguished personages had a service apart in vessels of gold. Among the entremets were dishes shaped as leopards and salamanders supporting the house of Valois, “qui estoit une chose triumpante.” At the third service largesse was cried by the herald, and then came music, songs, and dances to fill up the interval whilst digestion was waiting upon appetite. At five o’clock Henry took his leave, and as the fair ladies of the court came to see him off, he indulged in a little of the swagger of the circus for their benefit. We read that “on mounting his horse he gave it the spur, and made it bound and curvet as valiantly as a man could do.” Upon his road to Guisnes he met Francis returning to Arde; the two sovereigns embraced, and each asked of the other “What cheer?” We are told that the reception given by the Queen of England to Francis was in every way equal to that with which Henry had been entertained.¹

The following day the jousts commenced, and were continued throughout the week, with the exception of Wednesday, when they had to be put off owing to an unusually high wind. On the Monday and Thursday the Kings of England and France with their aids held the list against all comers. The skill and prowess of Henry were specially remarked. He wielded swords which the comparatively puny Francis essayed in vain to raise or to sweep in swift circles

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, 12 Hen. VIII. “L’ordonnance et ordre du tournoy.”

round his head, after the fashion of his brother monarch. When he spurred his charger forward to meet his antagonist, with lance couched low and the erect, yet easy seat which made him conspicuous in the field when he rode to hounds, the shock of the collision was almost always too severe for his challenger to encounter, and saddle after saddle was emptied before the powerful rush of his thrust. Next to Henry in the opinion of the crowd was the magnificent Henry Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who vied hard with his master to carry off the honours of the tournament. "The King of England and Suffolk," we read, "did marvels." On the days when the sovereigns did not monopolise the lists the gay crowd were amused by the jousting matches between the French and English, by the combats at the barriers, by wrestling, and by the antics of the mummers which invariably wound up the sports of the day. At these entertainments the Queens of England and France were always present, "with their ladies richly dressed in jewels and with many chariots, litters and hackneys covered with cloth of gold and silver and emblazoned with their arms." They looked down upon the lists below from their glazed gallery hung with tapestry, and were often observed to be engaged in conversation. The ladies in waiting endeavoured to follow the example of their mistresses, but the difficulties of language stood in the way, and much of their talk, we are informed, had to be carried on through the somewhat chilling medium of interpreters.¹

At the commencement of the interview between the two sovereigns much suspicious fear was excited in the breasts of both nations as to the possibility of any treachery being practised. Francis never entered the English pale unless Henry was also within French territory. Each monarch was therefore the hostage of the other ; if the English seized upon Francis, the French could capture Henry, and thus the success of an infamous ruse would be invalidated. But as the intimacy between the two monarchs ripened, this suspicion of the good faith of either side began to be regarded as unworthy and needlessly offensive. One morning Francis, with the chivalrous politeness of a Frenchman, and to prove that he had no fear of foul play, rode over to Guisnes whilst Henry was at breakfast, cordially embraced him, and laughingly cried, "Here you see I am your prisoner !" After this exhibition of confidence all suspicion between the two peoples was finally set at rest. Henry crossed over to Arde when he so chose with or without escort, and Francis adopted the same freedom. The French and English nobles, with their retainers, mingled unrestrainedly with each other, and only exhibited their

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, 12 Hen. VIII. "L'ordonnance et ordre du tournoy."

antagonism when they met in the lists to run a tilt or to fight with their heavy two-handed swords at the barriers. During the whole time when the open plain between Guisnes and Arde was one mass of emblazoned canvas, nothing was more complete and harmonious than the *entente cordiale* which then existed between the two peoples. We do not read of a single quarrel, a single dispute, or of any differences of opinion calculated to disturb the graceful concord which characterised the occasion. On the contrary, Frenchman and Englishman vied with one another in the performance of acts of courtesy and good feeling. To the long rivalry of the past had succeeded, it would appear, unison and warm friendship.

On Sunday, the 24th of June, the lists closed with a solemn mass sung by Wolsey in a chapel erected for the occasion on the field. It contained an altar and reliquaries, and at the side were two canopies of cloth of gold, with chairs for the legates of England and France and the cardinals of France, whilst the seats below were placed for the French bishops. Opposite sate the ambassadors of the Pope and the King of Spain. The English bishops stood round the altar, acting as deacons and subdeacons, with the exception of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who sat apart near the French bishops. Here as in the conflict of the lists the spirit of courtesy prevailed. When the Cardinal de Bourbon, according to the fashion of the time, brought the Gospel to the French king to kiss, Francis declined the honour and commanded the book to be offered first to the king of England, an act of precedence which, however, Henry was too well bred to avail himself of. At the *Agnus Dei* when the *Pax* was presented to the two queens, the same graceful hesitation was repeated. Each declined to kiss it first, and as neither would be turned from her purpose, the two dames, "after many mutual respects, kissed each other instead." At the close of the service a sermon in Latin was delivered by Pace, Wolsey's secretary, enlarging upon the blessings of peace ; this ended, a great fire-work was shot up into the sky. "There appeared in the air from Arde a great artificial salamander or dragon four fathoms long and full of fire ; many were frightened, thinking it a comet or some monster, as they could see nothing to which it was attached : it passed right over the chapel to Guisnes as fast as a footman can go, and as high as a bolt shot from a cross-bow." Mass celebrated, a splendid banquet concluded the festivities of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." We learn that it was not the custom for royalty on these occasions to partake of the dishes placed before it ; "as the kings and queens always dined at home before coming to the banquets, and only

conversed while admiring the service and the meats." The good things had, however, not been provided in vain, for the chronicler is careful to record that "the legates, cardinals, and prelates drank and ate *sans fiction*." Once more the two kings entered the lists, but this time only to exchange gifts, and to bid each other farewell. Henry wended his way back to Calais: Francis returned to Abbeville. "They seemed to leave each other with regret," adds our chronicler.¹

So ended the pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It was, however, one of those historical hospitalities from which the results that had been anticipated were not obtained. The Emperor Charles had no intention of permitting England and France quietly to coalesce and put his empire in jeopardy. As he had endeavoured to nullify the effect of the interview before it had taken place by his presence at Dover, so now that the interview was an affair of the past, he hurried from Brussels to Gravelines. He saw Henry and again urged the advantages to be gained by an alliance with the empire, he irritated the ambition of the King of England by suggestions as to the spoiling of France and the regaining of lands which had once been part of the English dominions, and he again appeared in the guise of a suitor for the hand of the Princess Mary. Wolsey was his foe, but he knew how to overcome the antipathy of the proud ecclesiastic to a Spanish alliance. He pledged his imperial word that should a vacancy arise in the papacy, he would exert all his interest to have the English cardinal raised to the tiara. The bribe was accepted, and Wolsey set himself to carry out his part of the bargain. And so within a brief month of the festivities, the sports, and the good cheer which had recently enlivened the arid plain between Arde and Guisnes, England had secretly agreed to throw over Francis and identify herself with the cause of Charles.² The sequel to the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" is the battle of Pavia.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, 12 Hen. VIII. "L'ordonnance et ordre du tournoy."

² *State Papers*, July 14, 1520. "Heads of a Treaty between Charles V. and Henry VIII."

MORE THOUGHTS ABOUT IRELAND.¹

THE question between Irish landlords and Irish tenants has been overpowered with some so-called principles which do not touch the rights of the case. It has also been enveloped, well-nigh to suffocation, by many actual facts, which confuse rather than simplify a reasonable grasp of it by Englishmen. A primary and continuous fallacy almost invariably runs from end to end of the theory that the poor tenant is all that is odious, and that the rich landlord is all that is admirable. It is this : that the tenure of land in Ireland is identical with, or comparable to, or even may be treated legislatively as, the tenure of land in England.

It is too late in the day of active politics to attempt to disprove such a radical delusion in theory. Those who still cling to the idea that any real similarity exists between the ancient feudal and tribal systems of the tenure of land, its rights and its obligations, and their modern results and developments in the sister kingdoms respectively, will be unaffected by reiterated arguments to show the distinct antagonism of the two systems. But it is not too late to indicate that, whilst this untenable position is abandoned argumentatively, it is retained in sentiment, in prejudice, in practice. It is not too late to prove that the larger part of popular hostility on the side of English upper-class society towards the tenant farmer in Ireland is really based upon a foundation which has been irrevocably yielded by all well-informed persons. In relation to the tenant farmer, in the majority of cases in which he has either inherited his tenure or has purchased his tenant-right, or by his own industry has improved or actually created his holding—in each case the nominal owner, and, as English people think, the legal owner of the land, is not, and never has been, its absolute, sole, and only proprietor. The landlord is merely a part proprietor, even if, argumentatively, he possess greater rights than the tenant. The tenant is—the tenant always has been—part owner of the land, though he be the lesser owner, or, so to

¹ See *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1883.

say, junior partner in the business. And the contract between the two claimants, so long as it be mutually fulfilled, regards only, or mainly, the rent to be paid ; it does not touch the tenant's right of occupancy on the one hand, nor does it give, on the other, the right of eviction by the over-lord. Once eradicate the fount of misapprehension which ensues from a denial of these facts, and banish it from the mind as well as from the tongue, and argument on the first principles of the Irish landlord and tenant question again becomes rational.

But, granted a true apprehension of the primary condition of land tenure in Ireland, certain facts are produced and reproduced in favour of the Saxon view of Celtic matters which have to be considered and answered. The only safe way to meet these facts is by admitting them to their full limit of exactitude, but to deny their relevancy in argument. Irish landlords, say their English apologists, especially the larger proprietors who reside on their estates, and the absentee grandees who own so vast an extent of the country, are amongst the best and most liberal of their class. And the names, titles, localities, of commoner or nobleman are mentioned, together with the virtues for which he is justly famous. Though something may be fairly said of an entirely opposite nature under this head, it may here be candidly admitted that such evidence, in many instances, is true ; and that any who ungenerously treat such model owners of land, either by word or deed, are to be condemned. But, although this be a truth about certain Irish landlords, it is by no means the whole truth, or nothing but the truth. And a single sentence is sufficient to suggest a rejoinder. If there be some good landlords in Ireland, there are some who are not good ; and in a country situated as Ireland is situated, a few bad landlords do more harm than many excellent owners of land do good. Moreover, the landlords who are not all that they ought to be are not few, they are manifold. And this question deserves close examination, but it cannot be made here.

If there be good, benevolent, just, loveable landlords in Ireland—and I know and have visited such men—who are the equals, perhaps the superiors, in these respects, of the owners of even the most favoured demesnes in England, there are also landlords who are the direct opposites of them—and I know of these too, and have visited their estates. There are Irish landlords who are not good and are not loved, but are simply hated and execrated for their crimes, moral and social. There are landlords who are the reverse of benevolent and just ; who are hard, grasping, mean, cruel, immoral, and who, with scarcely a redeeming element in their character, from the

tenant point of view, are undeniably bad landlords. There are landlords who do in the present day, or within the memory of man have done, acts and deeds of which no gentleman nor man of honour could have been guilty, and which if so much as attempted in England would in these times lead to social revolution. And it is these bad landlords which are the curse, or one of the curses, of unhappy Ireland. Go into any part of the country you may list, and you will find, perhaps you will see, landlords who are what landlords ought to be, emphatically good. But, in every part of the country also which you may visit, you will hear of, but probably not see—for if not absent from the country, they live under police protection—landlords whom even their upper-class neighbours and acquaintance declare to be indescribably and emphatically bad. It is not only the presence of these bad landlords, their injustice and their vices, throughout the country; it is not only their persons and their deeds, even if (which I do not allow) they be but thinly scattered over Ireland, which result in the disaffection of the Irish people. It is rather the English-made law which tolerates the existence of such landlords, and makes it possible for them to act as they have acted, that to a large extent causes the present deplorable state of the country. And it is the combination of the two evils which is felt, and is rightly felt, to be intolerable to the Irish tenantry. In England a single bad landlord is considered and treated as an exception. A single crime by such an one is promptly punished either by public opinion or by statute law. In due time, one or both are forgotten, and the neighbourhood recovers itself or lives down the ill-doings or the ill-doer. But in Ireland, especially in time past, with no public opinion to touch the well-born sinner, with a scanty and impoverished and almost enslaved population, with almost unlimited power of evil on the one hand, and the almost powerlessness of victims on the other, it was different. One cruel, tyrannical, vicious, rack-renting, hard-hearted landlord in any given district is taken as a specimen of what all owners of land may become, as suggestive of what some owners in every part of the country will become. His crimes and tyrannies are not only remembered, but they remain unforgiven. Whilst the law, made by England and enforced by England, which shields such an one and fails to defend the injured, naturally, necessarily, and in my judgment rightly, becomes abhorred.

Putting aside for a moment both the indisputable fact of the existence of many good landlords, and the now undisputed principle of the diversity between the English and Irish tenure of land, let us consider certain relations between landlord and tenant in the sister

kingdom which are not generally estimated. The soil of Ireland is said to have been confiscated three times over. As a rule, to which there may be and I believe are exceptions, the great estates of Ireland are now held by their owners under a title of confiscation. It is a principle of law, as well as of equity and of common sense, that confiscated property cannot be returned to the original owners without restoring also, so far as may be and equally all round, the position of affairs which obtained at the date of confiscation. After the lapse of centuries and in default of claimants even to proprietorship, the restoration of the soil of Ireland to the original over-lords of the land is impossible. But this concession by no means ends the controversy. Indeed, it intensifies the difficulty ; for it introduces a new element which cannot be so summarily dismissed. This element is the tenant. And the Irish tenant is one whose interests were not so much as considered in the original process of confiscation ; and have been equally ignored in the later process—where it has taken place—of subsequent bequeathal and inheritance, purchase and sale. And the tenant's claims, though his consent to former changes was neither asked nor yielded, have at last forced themselves upon imperial consideration.

It is admitted that, in the last resort, the State is the fount, source, and origin of all rights in the ownership and disposal of land. Yet, the State occupies a somewhat different position towards those whom in historical times it has summarily made new proprietors of land at the cost of confiscation, and those who have quietly and regularly inherited their estates time out of mind. The forcible change of ownership, in the case of confiscation, was made only, or mainly, on the plea that, under then existing circumstances, it was more beneficial to the State that the old proprietors should be dispossessed than that they should be left undisturbed in possession. It does not affect the argument, that the redistribution of land was made as a punishment to the old owners, or as a reward to the new. The general good of the commonwealth was, presumably, the genuine moving cause of the proprietary change. Hence, whatever may be urged of the prescriptive claims of hereditary landowners in failing to do right, or even in deliberate evil-doing, such a plea cannot be maintained in the case of those who gained their present position, if not by their own positive deserts, at least from the negative demerits of others, and with a distinct view to the general public good. The latter are clearly bound, by every consideration of gratitude, justice and custom, to do their duty towards the commonwealth.

One element in such duty regards the peasantry whom misfortune, rather than their own wrongdoing, and apart from their assent or consent, has placed under the dominion of the new landed proprietary, has placed under new conditions, new relations, new terms of tenantry. And one feature in this element is that which recognises the inherent right of humanity—a right enforced also in civilized countries—viz., that men should live of the soil which gave them birth. The new owners, therefore, at the least, are bound, in regard to the old occupiers of the lands of which they have become the overlords, as well as in the interests of the State at large, not only to “live,” but to “let live.” This is the very lowest ground on which modern proprietors of broad Irish acres can legitimately claim a continuous occupancy of confiscated property. If they should ever fail, and when they obviously do fail, to perform their portion of the contract underlying, by which they first obtained and now enjoy estates not inherited from former ages and not lawfully purchased or not purchased from the lawful owners—then, surely, the commonwealth is not only at liberty, but is bound to reconsider the terms on which confiscation and transference were originally effected. It is not too much to say of the Irish cultivator of the soil, be he small tenant or farm labourer—i.e. of the cultivator whose wrongs have produced the present hopeless chaos in Ireland—that he was and is unable to live of the land which gave him birth. It was this fact that produced and justified the Land League organisation. The present proprietary in Ireland, in whatever way it may itself have “lived,” has not fulfilled the other and co-ordinate portion of the adage—it has not “let live” the Irish land-cultivating classes. Hence, it has practically signed its own death-warrant. The English Government was not only at liberty, it was bound to attempt a reorganisation of existing relations proved to be bad. It was morally forced, it was politically obliged, to reconsider the relative positions between the descendants of the ancient cultivators of the soil of Ireland and the new proprietary which dates from the confiscation of Irish land by England. And the Irish Land Act of 1881, however faulty, is in my opinion a genuine and honest, even if an imperfect, effort made in that direction.

What may be the position of a typical cultivator of the soil of Ireland, who lives under the sway of one who claims proprietorship under a prescriptive right of confiscation? I reply from ocular evidence, from oral evidence taken on the spot, from trustworthy testimony derived from books and persons. The typical Irish cultivator is one who either by hereditary descent, or by honest purchase

of tenant-right, tills the soil which he or his predecessors have reclaimed, or he and his children have improved. Except in the case of bad and neglectful farming—exceptions often caused by the state of the law—and sometimes in spite of both, there is perhaps no tenant-farmer who has not materially and permanently improved the monetary value of his holding. Whether on the whole, or in a portion of his estate, he has by himself, by his children, by his ancestors, cut, dug, burnt, drained, planted the bog-land. He has levelled inequalities, razed hillocks on the flat, filled hollows on the hill-side. He has drained his patch of land and perhaps planted a portion of it. He has fenced his fields and divided them from his neighbours' and made them accessible to himself by gates and palings. He has built and furnished his cot, built and thatched his out-house. He has gradually enriched his tenement by manure, made or purchased ; by seaweed gathered by his own hand ; by sea-sand carried on his back or brought, perhaps, a score of miles by his horse and cart ; and these are facts. Or, again, he has collected the rocks and stones into walls and heaps on the low grass lands, or taken soil upwards to any level bit of ground to grow a sack of potatoes—for all the world like the industrious Swiss, whom English tourists profess to admire as the most hardworking of men. All—and this is no fancy picture, it, again, is a record of facts—has been effected by those whom the English, who do not travel in Ireland, hold to be the laziest of mortals, by the tenants themselves as a rule, independently of any aid from the landlord.

I do not say that cases may not be quoted in which the landlord, in part or wholly, may not have helped with money or money's worth in some form these improvements—stone for the walls, timber for doors, windows, and roof, materials for draining or for enriching the land. But, as a rule, the tenant has acted alone. Contemporaneously with these improvements, it not unfrequently happens that his immemorial privileges, if not rights, have been circumscribed or withdrawn : such as pasture for his cattle on the wild, freedom of access to the shore for his land, claims to cut and stack bog for his hearth. Subsequently to these improvements, the land having now become more fruitful, and its market value of greater worth, his rent is raised and raised, is gradually doubled, made threefold, even quadrupled. From being possibly under or at Griffith's valuation, it has risen above the poor-law valuation, above the percentage vaguely supposed to indicate market rent, up to the actual level of rack-renting ; so that the land which, if not rented at a " prairie value," was once let at half-a-crown, five shillings, or half-a-sovereign an

acre, now pays one or even two pounds, the tenant not only being not reimbursed, but actually being amerced for such evidences and such results of the well-known Irish characteristic (on Saxon lips) of idleness, incapacity, and neglect of his farm.

I am not unconscious of the argument, and acknowledge its relevancy, that in the improvement of land and in the raising of rents, a certain proportion of increased value adheres of right to the owner of the soil. If the soil were not capable of improvement, the tenant's efforts would be valueless. And in the same proportion as the land has a capacity for being improved, to the like extent has the over-lord a right to certain results of such improvement. In all cases there is an element of truth in this theory, and in some there is much justice. For instance, if land requires only to be roughly drained to become rich and fruitful ; or if it only need to be lightly manured to be made profitable ; or if by any simple process, which requires neither much time nor much labour, the soil may be made to render a monetary return speedily and remuneratively, a proportion of the benefits may fairly be credited to the present owner of the property. But, if land be let at a market rental, in anticipation of the tenant's improvements ; or if land be worthless to the owner, and is only made of value by the ceaseless and hard work of the tenant ; or if the proportion of the tenant's labour to the productive capacity of the landlord's property be large—and in most cases under discussion it is enormously large—then, in either case, or in similar cases, the owner has no just claim to benefit by the labour of his tenant. And none can travel in Ireland and see the results of labour in turning bog land, or mountain land, or waste land, or rocky land into crop-bearing and food-producing land, without first a sense of admiration for the industry of the honest tenant, and next a sense of indignation when he learns that such labour has only or mainly conduced to the benefit of an exacting and tyrannical landlord. Moreover, it must be remembered that this theory holds good only on the principle of part proprietorship in the soil of Ireland between landlord and tenant ; a principle which, if admitted, would go a great deal further than some of its advocates are prepared to go. If the theory be admitted, when landowners set up a claim to an increased rental upon the score of an inherent element of improvement, which the tenant develops from the property of his copartner in a common agricultural business ; the joint proprietary theory must also be enforced, when the junior partner in the land company is unable, by causes beyond man's control, to pay his yearly contribution of rental.

The typical Irish cultivator of the soil, and the man whose

wrongs to a large extent have brought about the present dire confusion in Ireland, is the tenant of a small holding: one-third of the peasantry of Ireland, and upwards of a million of its population, at the present moment occupy holdings upon which alone it is physically impossible to live and rear a family in comfort, or even in decency, as Christians, even under the advantages of a good harvest. This statement does not include the farm-labouring class—supposed to number three-fourths of a million—whose distress is even greater than that of the small tenant-farmer. But the case of 280,000 families who have holdings under fifteen acres, or the case of 415,000 families who have holdings under £10 valuation, is sufficiently wide to demand special attention. As a rule, these tenants have made or improved their holdings either by their own labour or by the labour of those whose tenant-right they have duly purchased. What then is the position of these typical Irish tenants? It is needless to consider his landlord as exceptionally severe or grasping, or even as cruel or immoral. But, following the custom of the age and country, taking advice of his agent, desiring, in these hard times for landowners, to obtain a good percentage from his property, whether inherited or bought, his rents are raised. They are gradually raised on the tenant's own improvements, until they are twice, thrice, or even four times as much as they stood at forty, thirty, or twenty years ago. That this is no exaggerated statement, any one who knows Ireland, or reads the papers, may be conscious of. And more than this may be said. If any one be at the pains to read the records of travels in Ireland, or other Irish literature, at intervals from the middle of the last century downwards, he will find that nearly every author in succession declaims against the rise of rents. Mr. Young's "Travels" in the last century, and Sydney Smith's "Essays and Speeches" in this century, are cases in point. Indeed, if we were to add together the recorded advance of rent in historical times in Ireland, we should perceive some justification in the claim of Mr. Parnell to a return to the "prairie value" of the soil. Cases have been brought before the new Land Court in which the rents have been raised nearly 300 per cent.; and many cases have occurred in which, outside the Court, landlords have reduced their rent to a greater degree than Judges inside the Court have authorised such reduction. I happened to speak with a respected priest, a diocesan administrator in the South of Ireland, the rent of whose father's farm had been raised, on his own and his sons' sole improvements, nearly 300 per cent., or to nearly four times the original sum. Indeed, 200 per cent. is not an uncommon rise, and 100 per cent. may be said to be very common.

What may be the real effect of an advance of rent upon the tenant's own improvements to the extent of even 100 per cent. for a period of twenty years? The answer to this question is of importance in considering the condition of the typical Irish tenant-farmer. It is one which is not usually entertained by English politicians. However, the effect is this: Taking the original rent as the fair value, on which the "live and let live" principle may be formed, and taking a period of twenty years as the average number of years' purchase for land, a period which is far beyond the price in many cases secured, it appears that in somewhat less than a generation the tenant will have paid his landlord not only the fair value of his rental, but also, by yearly instalments, the fair value of the fee simple of the soil. In other words, upon a rent which has been only doubled, in twenty years' time the tenant-farmer will have paid the nominal, and, as Englishmen hold, the legal owner of the land both the annual rent and the purchase money of the property. We have heard a loud and bitter cry raised for compensation. We might lustily and heartily join in the plaint. But to whom, under these conditions, would compensation be justly due? Certainly not to the rack-renting Irish landlord.

At the time of writing these lines—early in the days of the new Land Act—the reductions made by the sub-commissioners of the Land Court have averaged about five-and-twenty per cent. on the rental exacted from the typical tenant-farmer of Ireland. Hereupon the landlord interest, and their allies on this side of St. George's Channel, declared itself within a measurable distance of being ruined. Several answers may be made to this assertion. Firstly, out of a class of 600,000 members, the cases of four or five hundred tenants (or even double or treble these numbers) are utterly insufficient on which to found any such wide-sweeping and extreme result. Whilst, if the cases which have been judicially decided to be cases of rack-renting be typical of Irish landlord terms with Irish tenantry, the complaint of the ruin of landowners which has arisen should be allowed only upon the gravest consideration. Next, it is a matter of fact that the reductions which have been of late years voluntarily made in England by landed proprietors who do not usually avail themselves of their tenants' improvements *gratis* and then double their tenants' rents, are considerably higher than 25 per cent. Hence, the Land Act and its results do not appear to be the dire engines of confiscation which fervid imaginations would cause on-lookers to believe. Thirdly, within the last few months—this was written, I repeat, early in the career of the new Land Court—the reductions voluntarily offered by many Irish landowners independent of and

outside the Land Court, though, no doubt, within mental view of the Commissioners, have ranged from double to nearly three times the average reductions legally effected upon determined cases. This circumstance has a very ugly look. It at once disposes of the landlord cry for compensation. For, taking human nature as we find it, amongst even Irish landlords, is it too much to suppose, if such terms be voluntarily offered under the near prospect of a judicial settlement of fair rent, that the rates at which the rentals had really been raised of late years could amount to a less ratio than double the above figures? And, lastly, the opinion has been expressed and grows stronger by lapse of time and experience, in spite of the wail of the landed interests on both sides of the water, that the reduction upon existing rents, which is less than Irish landowners offer of their own free will, and which is less than English proprietors have actually made on their own estates, is also less than the fair and just abatement which ought to have been made. In other words, the judicial reductions upon Irish rack-rented estates ought to have been, in many cases, considerably larger.

If there be common sense in this reply, the compensation equitably due in cases of long continued and mercilessly hard rack-renting would rightfully pass from the pocket of the landowner to that of his tenant. In the place of a Mansion House Fund for the help of Irish owners of land, which has proved a well-deserved *fiasco*, a fund for recouping the Irish tenantry for the exactions of their landlords might fitly be undertaken by a Lord Mayor-expectant of London—he being a Liberal—in anticipation of his approaching tenure of civic office, in some future year.

Here, an impartial observer would probably be struck with two considerations, in regard to landlord and tenant respectively.

On the part of any landlord, specially of one who is in possession of landed estates largely encumbered not by his own fault, and whose rental has been largely raised not by his own act and deed, a sensible and sudden reduction in his income, even if it be but for one quarter, is a serious blow. Not to take the case of a great proprietor whose household reductions, in consequence of judicial lowering of rent, would amount, perhaps, to the dismissal of an under-housemaid, a second-footman, or a young lady's riding-horse, there is no doubt that many an Irish owner will suffer severely. With all honest and undeserved suffering the fullest and openest sympathy should be shown. But it must be remembered, that at different times the value of different kinds of property fluctuates; that commerce, trade, manufactures, shipping interests, as well as land, have to pass through periods of

depression and trial ; that Ireland is emerging from a real, though bloodless, revolution ; that for many a long year the landowners have been absolutely supreme ; and that if bad times are in prospect it would be well not to forget the many years of prosperity. Moreover, it is yet within the power of Parliament to provide—not compensation to landlords, by which they may pay to the full all inherited charges upon the property—but legislative authority for paying only a certain amount of such charges, in proportion to the reduction made upon their rent-roll under the decisions of the Land Court. Some such device would spread the actual or threatened loss to the owners of land and to those more or less dependent on them over a larger area ; and hence, every portion of it would feel the diminution of income less severely. Such reductions would, of course, be made under the provisions of the Land Act. They would, therefore, assist the bad landlords as well as the good. But this result it is impossible to avoid, although it tends to aggravate the moral disturbance under which, as at the present time, the good are suffering for the bad. Whilst, if the recipients of such hereditary charges deem themselves injured because they too are made to feel the pinch of poverty, they may remember that their proportion of the charges on the estate was originally settled upon a basis and by a principle that was in itself immoral and unjust ; upon one that caused to others in a humble sphere privations against which they now, not unnaturally, if somewhat impatiently, rebel.

On the other hand, and in regard to the tenant, this point must be borne in mind. As a rule which has its exceptions—and the rule has been admitted to me by landlords and agents who are now simply rabid against tenants—for years past, when times of famine did not make payment impracticable, the Irish tenant-farmer has paid his rent both honestly and punctually, to the pound and to the day. For years past, but also with exceptions, the rent which he has paid has been, on one plea or another, raised and raised, until at last it has been impossible to pay in full, and to pay with punctuality, the rack-rent which was demanded. For years, again, and contemporaneously with the improvement of the land by his own exertion and the advance of rent, the condition of the tenant has not improved, but rather the reverse. This may sound paradoxical, but it is true. To this extent it is true : that, in many thousand cases, the question of rent has become indifferent, as only making more or less complete a social bankruptcy which was inevitable. When people cannot live of the produce of their life-long occupation, and are powerless, from causes beyond their control, to turn to any other, it is of no practical

consequence whether the bare rent of their holding be increased or diminished by a percentage, or whether it be halved or doubled. And herein, perhaps, lies one explanation of the generally mute acquiescence with which tenants in past years have viewed extortionate increase of rent. They have come to that deplorable and unnatural point at which they cannot live at all—let alone the paying of rent—as men and women ought to live, as Christians ought to live, as members of an Empire the greatest and wealthiest the world has seen ought to live, as fellow-citizens of Englishmen and living under the same laws ought to live. Whoever may be in fault, and all sides seem to be in fault, both Irish tenant and English Government, the disgrace of the position is untold, and at last is bringing on both countries its well-deserved retribution. In endless cases, the rack-rented peasant is powerless to pay the rent which the overburdened landlord seeks to extort; and, although in many instances he has offered to pay Griffith's valuation, yet two facts have further to be estimated.

There is, first, the even more important question of arrears of payments not only of rents due originally from famine times and of dues unpaid under bad harvests, but also of just debts for meal to the local shop, of Jew-like interest to the local bank or money-lender. This is too wide a question to be more than alluded to here.

Nor can the second be treated otherwise than suggestively. It is this: the question of Griffith's valuation. This valuation is known to have been made on behalf of local rating. It is said to have been deliberately gauged some 30 per cent. below the market value of the land. It would be difficult to substantiate the last statement. In after years it was said by the valuator that, under certain conditions and in certain places, such a percentage ought to be added to the local assessment. But that Sir R. Griffith, at the time of assessment, had definitely in his mind the value of rental and deliberately fixed the rate 30 per cent. lower than the rent, neither himself has said, nor any other person duly accredited on his behalf. Indeed, he has said that which almost falsifies the statements made in his name. And it must not be forgotten (1) that the assessment was begun more than a generation ago; (2) that the conditions of the country have greatly changed even since the assessment was, some years later, completed; (3) that fair rent in Ireland is not and ought not to be gauged—on the "live and let live" principle—by what is called its market value; and (4) that in Griffith's valuation the tenant's improvements were estimated in the rating—in other words, that the actual present value of the holding was assessed; and hence, if

such rating were made to represent rental, the tenant's improvements were accredited, not to himself, but to his landlord. This latter fact of itself destroys the value of Griffith's valuation as a just gauge for rental.

Moreover, on the tenant-farmer's behalf, these elements in his position must not be overlooked, though they can only be in this place summarily stated. The diminution of the population of the country, contemporaneously with the still congested state of many portions of it, specially in the poorest districts, has had a perceptible effect on the tenantry. The falling away of markets ; the failure in the fisheries ; the abandonment of several important industries—e.g., the growth of flax and manufacture of linen in the South ; the difficulty of transit for market produce, the paucity of country roads, and the heavy charges of railway companies ; and, not the least, the competition, not only in agricultural and pastoral labour, but in trade and manufacture—e.g., of wood and leather—these elements ought to be weighed. And if the Irish tenant be now relieved of a fractional portion of a heavy and cruel imposition, patiently borne for a long series of years ; if he be relieved of a tax upon his own honest labour, by the national sense of right and justice as expressed by the British Parliament—it becomes none who in any way feel responsible for the existing confusion of affairs, whether by inherited responsibility in the past or by their active participation in politics in the present, to complain.

This, then, is the aspect of the question between the landlord and tenant in Ireland to which I desire to draw special attention in this paper. A large proportion of the land-owning class in the sister kingdom owe their position directly to confiscation ; the residue, with exceptions, owe their position to the like cause, indirectly. With the exceptions I am unable to deal here and now ; nor need the case of those be considered who own land by the means of confiscation indirectly. It may be freely admitted that many persons, and some amongst the best of landlords, have suffered and will have to suffer much apparent injustice under this head—especially by the contrariant action of inconsistent, if not of antagonistic Acts of Parliament. But, sweeping away all such abnormal considerations, let me endeavour, in conclusion, to state this one view of the Irish question, which has not received, perhaps, the thought which it deserves.

A large proportion of the soil of Ireland is possessed at the present moment, to use English modes of expression, by those whose title to possession is one of confiscation. Their broad acres, their huge estates, their noble demesnes and parks, their square

miles and leagues of land, dotted with villages and sometimes enriched with country towns, have descended to them from a mere Governmental title of confiscation. Other owners were dispossessed, and they were installed in their place. In the meanwhile, the tenantry, as a rule, were handed over with other live stock, or inanimate appurtenances, or established rights or privileges, to the new proprietor. On whatever grounds the original or the last owners of the property were ejected, the new landlords were bound to the Imperial Government by ties peculiar and special, which do not appertain at all, or do not appertain so closely, to any other form of possession. At the least, they were bound to the nation to this extent : that if they failed to act in accordance with the policy of the State, the State would not be bound to deal more tenderly with them than with the owners who had been in their favour previously dispossessed. And if the new proprietors were more or less bound politically to the State who stood towards them in the relation of patron, *à fortiori* they were emphatically obliged to act rightly, to do justly, and to rule benevolently those to whom they now stood as over-lords. The new owners were bound to govern well their estates. But who can truthfully say that for the last two centuries the Irish peasantry have been well treated by the Irish gentry? It were tedious to recount the evidence which may be gathered to prove that the Irish people have been treated as mere chattels, as an inferior race, as rent producers, even as slaves. Such being the case, and the estates having been mismanaged to an unexampled extent, to one which has simply depopulated the country by millions, impoverished the people by untold amounts, and brought the nation within a measurable distance and almost to the brink of revolution, the State has clearly the right to call to account those whom it newly, and within historic times, entrusted with the rights of property, in order that they might fulfil the obligations also of ownership. The call has been made for many and many years, and under endless forms and ways and manners of speech, in Parliament, by the press, through private and public representation. But all in vain. The condition of the people—who, with no figure of speech, are amongst the finest peasantry in the world—is a disgrace to England, to her undoubted civilisation, to her pretended Christianity, to her genuine philanthropy with all other oppressed nationalities. Rents have been raised and raised. Cottiers have become poorer and poorer. All who can afford to leave the land they idolise, flee to foreign countries. Those who are too poor to pay rack-rents or to emigrate are evicted and die on the road-side or in the workhouse. But a

Nemesis is at hand. England awakes from her delusion. In spite of every effort from those chiefly interested, a measure of relief, not perfect—not even, some say, adequate, certainly not final—passes the House of Commons. The owners of confiscated property are told that they are not irresponsible agents ; that they have duties as well as rights ; that their tenants are not altogether forgotten—that they too have rights as well as themselves. They are shown that the Government which gave them their over-lord position can make them, and will make them, use their position for the benefit, not of themselves only, but of the commonwealth. And although the interference of the State to ensure for the future a fair rent to the tenant, with fixity of tenure and freedom of sale, be merely the beginning of a social reformation to Ireland ; yet it is a basis, I firmly believe, sufficiently broad to found in the future measures of greater political significance, which, including the inestimable boon of self-government, will eventually, and by the blessing of God, bring peace to that distracted country, and make her again take a foremost position amongst the kingdoms of the world.

NOTE.—The following letter, written nearly two years after the above pages were in MS., so largely confirms and illustrates certain parts of the latter, that I venture to reprint it *in extenso* :—

THE STARVING PEASANTS OF DONEGAL.

Reprinted from the DAILY CHRONICLE, June 8, 1883.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a report in the *Times* of last Tuesday, stating that a spirit of lawlessness seems still to lurk in certain parts of Ireland—that a process-server, sent by Captain Hill with warrants of ejectment to his tenants at Gweedore, was met by a body of disguised men and women and forced to turn back and eat his processes. As I have only just returned from visiting, with my husband, Gweedore and the other distressed districts of Donegal, I should be glad if you would allow me to say a few words as to the actual condition of the peasants in that part of Ireland. Last year the potato crop was lost throughout the whole of Donegal, and, to add to this disaster, following as it did on four successive bad harvests, a terrible storm swept over Donegal on October 1, unroofing and levelling the cottages, and sweeping away the whole of the oats and hay. The people thus found themselves obliged to face the winter with no store of food for their families and stock, and no seed potatoes for the following spring. Enormous exertions have been made by Dr. Logue, the [Catholic] Bishop of Raphoe, and his clergy, to find funds wherewith to feed the people and to buy seed potatoes, and in these efforts they have been aided by the Society of Friends and by Mrs. Power Lalor. Owing to their exertions a great extent of Donegal has been re-sown with potatoes, and up to the present time tenant-farmers and their families have been kept from actual starvation by selling their stock, and by receiving gifts of Indian meal. The funds in the hands of the clergy are,

however, nearly exhausted, and how to keep off the famine till the newly-sown potato crop has been gathered is filling their minds with the gravest anxiety. "For three years," said the Bishop to us last week, "I have been fighting the famine," and now it seems at the moment of victory as if it would prevail. In Gweedore, to which Captain Hill has sent his bailiff to collect rents, the tenants are reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty. In an estate, every inch of which is either bog, rock, or sand, some portion of the land has been brought into a state of cultivation by the untiring labour of the peasants. The "farms" in strips, often not more than 8 ft. or 10 ft. wide, run from the bog to the shore, and are being year by year encroached upon by the sea sand; others, lying more inland, have been reclaimed from the bog by years of toil. Everything—building, draining, ditching—has been done by the tenants unhelped. To stimulate industry the rents on the property have been raised from time to time from £400 to nearly £1,200 a year, and to teach the grim lessons of poverty, 12,000 acres of mountain commonage grazing, which belonged to the tenants from time immemorial, were some years ago taken from them without compensation, and thus a people who once owned flocks and herds, and were proud of their hospitality to strangers, have been reduced to a state of penury most pitiable to behold. While Captain Hill is pressing for rents, hundreds of his wretched tenantry are being kept from actual starvation by doles of a pennyworth of meal a day, and all the children on the property are being fed by the gift of two biscuits each per diem. Poverty and misery such as are now to be seen in Gweedore are enough to make the most stony-hearted weep. In one single-roomed cottage we entered, a reversed tub and board did duty for a table, and a broken iron pot, containing stirabout, was the sole cooking utensil, the only article of furniture in the place being the wooden cradle, in which the wretched mother rocked her new-born baby. The father, in rags, was busy planting out the seed potatoes just given him. In another—that of a widow with five children—the mother was lying sick. The family were delicate, and one child had turned against the monotonous diet of seaweed and stirabout. Out-relief was asked, but refused, and the child died—and but for the helpful hand of their only ever-present friend, the parish priest, deaths from starvation would have been numerous this year along the coast of Donegal. But still, in the midst of these depressing conditions, great hopes are expressed that if they can only get through the summer, and gather a good crop of potatoes, all will yet be well. The Land Act is the tenants' one stand-by—may it not give reduction of the excessive rents, and has it not already given security of tenure?—though long will it be, I fear, before, owing to the slowness of its progress and the extreme poverty of the people, it gives relief to the wretched tenants of Gweedore. Their sole worldly possession is the little plot of land into which they have poured the labour of years, perhaps of generations, and the cottage, hovel though it may be, which they have reared with their own hands. Can we wonder then that fathers and mothers, in a desperate period of famine, use every possible endeavour to keep a roof over the heads of their children, and beg to be allowed to wait just a little while till kindly nature has yielded the food of their support? Can we judge them coldly and harshly if in so doing they are even driven into acts of lawlessness? Matters are so desperate in Donegal that if the potato crop fails again this year, neither Captain Hill nor other landlords will have need to sue for rent. In a land of sad cruelty and utter despair, death will come as a kindly messenger to a people ground to the earth by oppression and misfortune. But it is not only in Gweedore that the peasants are starving. In Glencolumbkille 3,600 persons are being fed by

public charity out of a population of 4,500, and throughout Donegal the distress is most acute, about 14,000 persons requiring food. Will the wealthy inhabitants of London allow thousands of their fellow-countrymen to die of starvation or be reduced to pauperism without making an effort to save them? The cost of keeping a person alive in Donegal is but 7*d.* a week. A hardy people, who do not know the taste of meat, do not shrink from living and working on a penny-worth of Indian meal a day. While thousands of pounds are being squandered in dinner parties and feasts in London, I am sure I shall not ask in vain for meal for the starving. And I ask not for a lawless, brutalised, or pauperised race; for with all their suffering, outrage has been almost unknown in Donegal, rents have been on the whole regularly paid, and the brand of the pauper is dreaded more than death. The peasants for whose lives I plead are an independent, self-reliant, industrious, sober, pure-living race. Surely such people are worth saving. Contributions to the Donegal Famine Fund will be received by me, and transferred without delay to the responsible persons now engaged in feeding the people.

I am, your obedient servant,

38 WIMPOLE STREET, W., *June 2.*

ALICE M. HART.

In a letter to the *Times* of July 23, 1883, Mr. Ernest Hart supplies further contemporaneous evidence which supports facts and opinions stated or implied in the above paper. The following is an extract from his letter, from which I omit both names of persons and names of places. Both can be seen by a reference to the paper whence the quotation is made:

In 1855 Mr. — took 2,000 acres of commonage grazing land from his tenants in —. Altogether 19,000 acres of this land were taken away from the tenants at — on a total area of about 47,000 acres. As to the raising of the rents, of which I have all the details in Mr. —'s — property, the rents have been raised on the strength of the tenants' improvements, first from £12. 8*s.* 6*d.* to £26. 6*s.* 6*d.* and then to £57. 4*s.* 6*d.* [*i.e.* to nearly *five times* the original rent].

I take the opportunity to remark, that whilst these pages were passing through the press, a statement has appeared in the *Times* on the reduction effected in rents in Ireland in the last two years. The average of reductions in all the cases which have been decided by the New Land Court would seem to be 20 per cent. The question arises—how many English landlords, without their country having been brought to the brink of starvation and rebellion, have voluntarily reduced or returned a proportion of their rents to the like or to a greater extent?

LUTHER IN POLITICS.

I.

ARE many aware, in this country, to what large extent the Reformation in Germany was, at one and the same time, a religious, social, and political upheaval? And is it generally known how much Luther had, in his earlier career, sympathised with those popular grievances which led to the great rising commonly called the "War of the Peasants" (1524-25), but which in truth was rather a revolutionary attempt for the better reconstruction of the German Empire?

A little more than a century before the famed Reformer was born—the four-hundredth anniversary of whose birthday will be commemorated, on November 10, all through the Fatherland—a powerful Democratic movement arose in Germany by means of a League of Cities. Various towns' alliances of this kind reached then, in the fourteenth century, from the north-west to the south—from Aachen and Köln to Kolmar, Basel and Zürich. They had taken the name of *Eidgenossen*, or men banded together by an oath for the overthrow of tyranny. Keeping armed establishments of their own, both on land and river (that is, on the Rhine and Mosel), they aimed at the overthrow of the usurped privileges of the landed aristocracy and the petty princes. To the authority of the elective King, or Kaiser, they were at first far from hostile. And whilst these *Eidgenossen* made progress, in the burgher interest, in the west and the south, the *Hansa*—another League established on the principle of civic self-government, though of a more patrician character—became strong along the German Ocean and the Baltic. It was altogether an epoch of great promise for the rising middle and popular class.

Out of the *Eidgenossen* movement came the foundation of Republican government in what is now Switzerland. For, until then, those Alpine districts had been an integral part of Germany as much as Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria are at present integral parts of the restored Empire.

But though victorious in the Swiss mountain quarters, the Leaguers

suffered a decisive defeat in the remainder of southern Germany by the battle of Döffingen : August 23, 1388. That event sealed the fate of the Towns' League there, to the harm of freedom—even as Anglo-Saxon independence fell before the Norman onslaught near Hastings. It was through the treachery of Count Henneberg, the leader of the Nuremberg contingent, who had made common cause with the citizens, but allowed himself to be bribed by the enemy, that the battle of Döffingen was lost to the champions of national freedom. When Konrad Besserer, the valiant burgomaster of Ulm, sank—like another Winkelried—covered with many wounds, on the blood-spattered head-banner of the Civic Confederacy, the days of hope for the *Eidgenossen* cause in Germany were gone. In Switzerland that name triumphantly survived. To this day, the Switzers, as a people, designate themselves as “Eidgenossen,” and their Republic as “the Swiss *Eidgenossenschaft*.”

II.

In Luther's time a fresh upheaval took place. What we now call the spirit of the Reformation, was at first not simply a craving for a theological change, but a combined religious, social, and political movement tending towards Reform, and at last, in the absence of timely concession, bringing forth a Revolution. Only the religious part of the programme triumphed in the end, albeit at the price of a political disruption. The popular rising for the redress of social grievances, and for the reconstitution of the German Empire in a more Liberal sense, was drowned in blood. Anyone fully conversant with Luther's extensive works must, however, know that the latter himself had often uttered the strongest views possible on princely and aristocratic misrule, and that he only drew back when the revolutionary tempest filled his mind with deep anxiety.

Though no statesman, Luther so well understood the signs of the times, when he began his work, that he foretold the outbreak of the armed rising two or three years before it happened. In 1522, he literally said that he saw “a general Revolution in German lands” coming. He thought the people were “taking the Gospel in a carnal way;” hence the uprising would follow. Himself sprung from the ranks of the people, a poor miner's son, and, in spite of his stormy and pugnacious character, full of kindly feeling for the ground-down masses, he was the last man to deny their sufferings. Often he warned their rulers; urging them forward on the path of amelioration, economical and political.

On trade and commerce, he wrote in a philanthropic—some might say: socialistic—sense, a few years before the Revolution. His appeal *To the Christian Nobility of the German Nation* (1520), and his treatise on *Trade and Usury* (1524), may be singled out here. He denounced the mercantile principle to “sell wares as dearly as possible.” He was even in favour of a maximum price being fixed by government for the main necessities of life. He condemned all luxury, and on biblical grounds attacked the growing usurer’s practice. In fiery accents, almost like a Samuel, he spoke out against the tyranny of princes and nobles.

The state of things must have been truly unbearable when we find him, the ex-monk, whose object was mainly Church reform, launching out against the ruling powers in the way he did. He said “princes had mostly been the greatest blockheads, or the wickedest wretches.” He called them “madmen, fools, reprobates, jailors, hangmen.” He maintained they “have hearts of stone and heads of brass.” He advised them to go to a place and to a personage that usually remain unnamed, but whom Luther was so much in the habit of fighting, that on one occasion he threw his inkstand at him, or at least is said to have thought he had done so. Once, on the Wartburg, he heard the Devil cracking the hazel-nuts he had kept in a chest of his room. The cracking made a tremendous noise like a hundred tons rolling about. This we know from Luther himself; but his head was then often swimming from solitary life in a narrow cell. No doubt, a mouse was at the bottom of the mischief. To it, his solemn adjuration “in the name of Christ” was therefore virtually addressed.

The very unparliamentary language in which he denounced the tyranny of Pope and bishop, of noble and prince, was not simply characteristic of his own dislike of all mealy-mouthedness, but upon the whole rather a custom of his epoch. He himself went on the principle that in times of public danger it is a duty to speak out trumpet-tongued, at all risks and hazards, even though giving offence to ears polite, or to a purple-born king. His onslaught against Henry VIII. of England, on account of a libel the King, as champion of the Roman Church, had written against him, is one of the most remarkable specimens of plain talk.

It was a favourite way of Henry, in diplomatic intercourse, to speak of the “damned heresies of Luther.”¹ On his part, neither did Luther mince words, when parrying the thrust. “Defender of

¹ See the *Reports of the Hungarian Ambassador, Count Ortenburg, on his Mission to England, in 1527.* (Vienna: 1869.)

the Faith!"—he exclaimed—"ah, ah! my worthy Hal! I who have taken the Pope by the horns, that great idol of Rome, I shall not be frightened by his scales and peelings. Oh, my lord Henry! You have reckoned without your host! You shall hear truths that won't amuse you. King of England though thou be, I brand thee as a driveller of falsehoods and of poisonous calumnies." And so on, in very unceremonious style.

Some of Luther's attacks against German princes are to be found in his treatise *On Secular Government*. He there discusses the question as to whether it is allowable to offer resistance to tyranny. He preaches submission; but he says of the princes:—

"They profess to be good Christian rulers, obedient to the Kaiser. What a farce! As if one did not see the rogue behind their face! Why, if the Emperor took a castle unjustly from them, they would quickly resist him. But when they want to fleece the poor man, and to make light of the Word of God, they give out that they are acting under the Emperor's orders. Such men, of yore, were called knaves. Now, forsooth, we have to call them 'good, dutiful, Christian princes' But I advise these misguided persons to think of a small little sentence in Psalm 107, where it is written: 'He (the Lord) poureth contempt upon princes.' I promise our princes, that, if this sentence once passes round against them, all their fury will avail nothing. Aye, the sentence *is* already passing round; for there are few princes that are not looked upon as fools and wretches, proving themselves, as they do, to be such, whilst the common folk have come to understand things and to despise their rulers."

As late as a year before the revolutionary rising, Luther thus delivered himself:—"The labouring man, tried beyond all endurance, overwhelmed with intolerable burdens, will not, and cannot, any longer tamely bow down; and he has doubtless good reasons for striking with the flail and the club, as Johnny Pitchfork threatens to do." Then Luther adds:—"I am delighted, so far, to see the tyrants quake."

In the same *Sincere Exhortation*, as the Appeal is entitled, whilst warning against the spirit of rebellion (which yet his own language was apt, incidentally, to encourage), he admonished the Imperial Government and the nobles to put their hands to the work of doing away with grievances, as "that which is done by the regular powers (these are his wise words) cannot be looked upon as sedition." Clearly, he thought there was danger ahead in having a class of half-enslaved agricultural labourers divorced from freehold possession of

the soil, who were put by the aristocracy on starvation fare or wages, and denied all share, not only in political rights, but even in those meadows, fields, forests, and streams which once had belonged to their hard-working forefathers, or to the commonalty at large.

III.

In the pamphlet just referred to, a state of doubt may be traced in Luther's mind. He saw the greatness of the coming movement; he had sympathy with it; yet he could not place himself frankly on the one side or the other. Nevertheless, he went on hurling his darts, off and on, against Government and the privileged castes and classes in State and Church. The thunders of the Revolution were already heard, the clash of arms had actually begun, when he still wrote :—

“For such revolt we have to thank you, ye princes and lords, ye purblind bishops, mad priests and monks! You, in your outrageous pride and monstrous luxury, fleece and skin the people until they can bear it no longer. With the sword already at your throat, you still fancy you are firm in the saddle. You will be lifted from it! If *these* peasants cannot do it, others will. And though ye beat them all, they still remain unbeaten. You may crush them to the ground; but God will raise up fresh ones; for He means to destroy you, and destroy you He will. It is not peasants that rise up against you, my dear lords; it is God himself who means to punish your tyrannic madness!”

In a more beseeching tone, so as to avoid bloodshed, he continued :—

“See you not that, if I wished for revenge, I should only have to stand silently by, laughing in my sleeve, and look on at the peasants carrying out their work? I might even, by making common cause with them, gash still deeper your wounds. God ever keep me, as now, from such thoughts! Dear lords, in the name of God! withdraw before the wrath of God, which you see is let loose against you! Leave off your cruel exactions; leave off your cruel despotism! Use gentle means, lest the spark, now lighted, spreading by and by all round, and catching at point after point, should raise up throughout Germany a vast fire which nothing can quench. You will not lose by gentleness; and even though you were to undergo some trifling loss, the blessings of peace would make it up to you a hundred-fold. Go to war—and you may, all of you, be swallowed up, body and goods. The peasantry have drawn up ‘Twelve

Articles,' some of which contain demands so plainly just that the mere fact of their having to be brought forward dishonours you before God and man. I myself have many articles—even still weightier ones, perhaps—that I might present against you in regard to the government of Germany, such as I drew up in my *Address to the German Nobility*. But my words passed unheeded by you, like the sougling of the wind."

The "Twelve Articles," so famous in the history of the German peasantry, to which Luther here refers, were the first programme of the suffering agricultural class. And most moderate demands did they embody. The peasants asked for a Reformation of the Church by allowing the parish to choose its pastor; for a lessening of tithes and soccage services; for the abolition of villeinage and of the harsh game-laws and fishery-laws; for the giving back, to the communes, of fields and grass-lands that had wrongfully been taken from them by the priesthood or the nobles; for the diminution of imposts; the passing of a law-reform bill; and the doing away with legacy-taxes oppressive to the poorer classes, with the custom of heriot, as it is called in older English, and other impositions which acted to the special injury of widows and orphans.

The twelfth article simply said:—"If it can be proved from the Gospel that any of our demands are not founded in justice, we shall withdraw such demand."

Now, on these grievances of the insurgent population, Luther nobly said in his "Sincere Exhortation to Peace, addressed to the Princes and Lords of the Empire":—

"As to the first article, you cannot refuse them the free election of their pastors. They wish that these pastors should preach the Gospel to them. Now, authority must not and cannot forbid this, seeing that, of right, it should allow every man to teach and believe that which to him seems good and fitting, whether it be Gospel, or whether it be false. All that authority is warranted in prohibiting is, the preaching up of disorder and revolt. Again, the Articles which bear upon the material welfare of the peasants—the imposts, legacy-taxes, the illegal soccage service, and so forth—are equally just; for *Government was not established for its own ends*, nor to make use of the persons subject to its authority for the gratification of its own whims and evil passions, but *for the interests and the advantage of the people*. Now, the people have become fully impressed with this conviction, and will no longer tolerate your shameful extortions. Of what benefit were it to a peasant that his field should grow as many florins as it does grains of corn, if his aristocratic master may rob

him of the produce, and waste, like dirt, the money he thus got from his land-slave, in fine clothes, fine castles, fine food and drink? What you must do, first and foremost, is to put a stop to all this vain luxury of yours, to close up the holes through which the money runs, so that you may leave some little of it in the poor peasant's pocket."

I have given these few extracts, which might be multiplied a hundredfold, from too much forgotten writings of Luther, in order to show that the eminent religious Reformer knew well where the shoe pinched the downtrodden hinds; that he wished for a reform in the Government of Germany as well as in the Church; and that he looked upon the rising against lordly, princely, and episcopal misrule as a formidable one, which, "if he only stood silently by, laughing in his sleeve," might become uncontrollable, aye, triumphant.

IV.

Historically speaking, to ignore the social and the political aspect of the German Reformation, is almost like giving *Hamlet* with the part of the Danish prince left out. That movement, at first, was a very complex one—so much so, that the Liberal tendencies bearing upon State affairs predominated even at one time, though under cover of Evangelical aspirations. It is merely a "Court and Crown" view of that remarkable epoch to forget how largely the popular and national elements of progress were originally involved in the theological struggle.

On separation from Papal supremacy all Reformers, at Luther's time, were of course agreed. They either wanted to set up a National Church, or Free Kirks on the Independent principle, for all shades of Evangelical creed. But the programme did not stop here. Landed property was in those days held by the Roman Church in mortmain to an extent which to-day seems to a German almost incredible. A priesthood under foreign headship practically possessed the mastery of by far the major part—some assert, two thirds!—of the national soil. Hence most men wished to reconvert that land either into property of the commonalty or into freehold.

Did not Bishop Latimer also, in a sermon preached before Edward VI., exclaim: "The English yeomanry have been made dowerless slaves by the great landed gentry"? Were not many of the early English Reformers in England careful of the physical welfare of the masses, instead of being simply occupied with a barren, abstract, formalistic theology, and its clerical squabbles?

So, too, in Germany there had been a great deal of sympathy,

among the leaders of the Evangelical uprising, with the Land Law Reform movement. The recognised maxim with almost all of them was, that the fetters of bondage or semi-bondage were to be struck from the lower agricultural class. On this latter point of serfage Luther unfortunately held wrong views.

Again, in the view of a great many German Reformers, parliamentary representation of the people had to be made a reality by larger enfranchisements ; for the German Reichstag was then—as Parliament was in England before the Reform Bill—a mere house of princes and lords, spiritual and temporal, with a sprinkling of deputies from a small number of enfranchised towns. Lastly, the most advanced group—all of them, be it well remembered, proceeding on Gospel lines—strove for the total abolition of a petty dynastic rule. Some of them were found under the Imperial flag of a German Monarchy one and indivisible, headed, according to the old Constitution, by a King or Kaiser owing his life-tenure of power to an election, and holding that power only on condition of his carrying out the decrees of Parliament. Others aimed, in Swiss fashion, at a Democratic Commonwealth.

Many learned men, vast numbers of the middle class, many ex-priests too, even a small section of the nobility, and the mass of the peasantry, were in the movement—either as moderate Reformers, or as levelling, anti-feudalist adherents of an elective Monarchy on a Liberal basis, to the exclusion of all minor princely power ; or as champions of a Republic, with a more or less Socialist tinge.

Wherever we look in the pages of German history, in the early part of the sixteenth century, we find men of note in politics, or distinguished in the domain of literature and art, pronouncing for the cause of general reform. I will only mention that learned Alsatian lawyer and master of satire, Sebastian Brandt, a German Rabelais, who died in 1521, shortly before Luther rose to eminence, and who, though no enemy of the Roman Church, struggled against its abuses, at the same time recommending political improvements ; Albrecht Dürer, the renowned painter, and patriotic lover of his semi-republican native town of Nuremberg ; and last, but not least, Hans Sachs, the chief of the Master-singers and Father of the German Drama, whose influence was one of the most extensive among the middle and working classes. With his widely propagated poems, Hans Sachs accompanied the triumphant march of the Reformation. He, too, strongly inclined towards great changes in the Empire, in the sense of that civic self-government which free, industrious, valiant, and art-loving Nuremberg enjoyed. At the same time he was

one of the most energetic champions of national unity against all comers, whether priests, princes, or foreign Powers.

There is a celebrated poem by him in honour of Luther, who is described as the songster announcing a new bright day. It is called *The Nightingale of Wittenberg*, and it begins thus in the old minnesinger or troubadour style :—

Arise! The light of day is near—
Hark! in the cool greenwoods I hear
The blissful song of the nightingale;
Her voice resounds through hill and dale.
To the western sky inclines the night;
In the east the day breaks clear and bright.
The Dawn of Morn, chasing the clouds,
With rose-red wings the Darkness routs.

In the same song, Hans Sachs stigmatises the oppression from which the peasantry suffered through the exactions of the priesthood, who were hard taskmasters of the land-slave. Of strong onslaughts against the tyranny of lords and princes there is no lack in a considerable number of poems of the Patriarch of the Master-singers. If short extracts from his political muse were reprinted now, the authorities at Berlin might be somewhat startled. Yet, the influence of Hans Sachs in the religious Reformation was a powerful one. It was acknowledged as such by Luther, whom the poet twice personally met, as well as by Melanchthon.

V.

Even as Hans Sachs dwelt upon the grievances of the peasantry, so also Ulrich von Hutten, that mail-clad man of the sword and the pen, though a moderate Progressist among the upper classes, wrote in the earlier days of the religious movement a pamphlet entitled: *John with the Hoe*. It is a dialogue between a peasant and a nobleman; the latter being introduced as Franz von Sickingen—himself a prominent political Reformer. In this pamphlet, Hutten aimed at bringing about a junction between the people and the more Liberal nobles. “*Jacta est alca! Ich hab's gewagt!*” (“The die is cast. I’ll dare it now!”) was Hutten’s device, on which he acted throughout life, into banishment and death. To him, albeit an enemy of the Papacy and the priesthood, the cause of political and social Reform was the paramount one. For that, he struck off many a fiery pamphlet and poem, in rapid succession, from the anvil of his patriotic smithy.

Pamphlet literature, in the sixteenth century, was of an enormous extent in Germany. Tracts in the new spirit of Church and State

reform were disseminated broadcast. Wandering minstrels brought them to the door of the artisan and the peasant. The invention of the art of printing—so bitterly fought against, at first, by the monks as “Devil’s and sorcerer’s work”—had given a powerful impetus to the popular aspirations. A great many satires in the style of “Reynard the Fox” were current—biting satires against priestcraft, aristocratic and royal misrule.

In the midst of all this excitement the Emperor Maximilian died—a well-meaning, personally brave man; of an adventurous disposition; very romantic; who has been styled “the last of the chivalry,” but whose endeavour to ameliorate the Empire was made with a feeble hand. He once fought with a lion in the arena; and he got him down. When a French knight, coming to the Diet at Worms, boastfully called out the whole German nation, Maximilian quietly stepped forward to accept the challenge, and in a tournament, with a few well-aimed lance-thrusts, ran the swaggerer aground on the sand. But, though a warrior, he was not the proper man for “times out of joint.” The few reforms he attempted for stopping the increasing disintegration of the national unity of Germany proved of no avail. That kind of tournament required even stronger nerves than the fighting a wild beast in the arena.

After Maximilian’s death Charles V. was elected “King of the Germans.” He was very young then—barely twenty. The dawn of morn lay on his brow; and for a moment men may have hoped that the new King would have done as Henry VIII. of England, that bitter foe of Luther, and Defender of the Old Faith, afterwards did, in spite of his precedents.

Ulrich von Hutten, at the moment of the election of Karl, stood at the height of his fame. He was the Agitator, the Orator, the Champion, aye, the Poet Laureate of Germany. Maximilian, with his own hands, had crowned him as such with the laurel-wreath, for his Latin poems. During the session of the Reichstag at Augsburg, when Maximilian sought to bring about a declaration of war against the Turks, who were then the great danger to Europe, Hutten made a patriotic speech before the German princes, which even now reads as a masterpiece of eloquence. The whole country had its eyes fixed upon this bold Reformer, who was certainly one of the co-authors of that gigantic squib upon monkhood—the *Litteræ Obscurorum Virorum*, or “Letters of the Men of Darkness”—in which the shaveling crew were made to describe themselves in dog-Latin (or kitchen Latin as we call it), to the amusement of the enlightened classes of the nation.

It was this fearless wrestler, with the soul of fire, who endeavoured to gain over Charles V. to the cause of Reform. The appeal is contained in Hutten's *Klage-Lied*, or Song of Wail. Difficult as it is to render in English the quaintness and rugged strength of the text, I will endeavour to give a few passages :—

Now I cry to my own fatherland :
 My German nation ; dare to be free !
 Avenge and end this misery !
 Be bold, King Karl ! Show strength of will !
 Does German blood thy heart not fill ?
 Yea, I *will* put my trust in thee.
 Keep up thy royal dignity !
 O base dishonour, grief and shame !
 O degradation without name—
 That he whose sceptre the world should rule,
 Falls down before the Pontiff's stool ;
 Lowly kissing the Papal feet !

Then, addressing the King-Emperor in a humbler strain—lowering, nay, prostrating himself in his patriotic despair, so that the cause he had at heart might, at least, be saved—Hutten exclaims :—

I call ye Germans up to arms—
 But, O King Karl ! ere I proceed,
 I humbly *thee* beseech and entreat :
 Graciously listen to my poor lay !
 For, all that I can do or say,
 To thine sole honour shall redound.
 Or how could courage I have found
 This uproar to raise in the common weal ?
 To all free Germans I appeal ;
 Yet, faithful subject to thee I remain. . . .
 O, save the disgraced and suffering land !
 Restore its honour with firm hand !
 Be *thou* our Captain ! Do the deed !
 Begin the work ! Make it complete !
 Humbly I'll labour by day and night,
 Rewardless in *thy* service fight ;
 Gladly in poverty I will die,
 Willingly bear all burden and grief. . . .
 I claim no honour. *Thou* art the Chief !
 Have but a heart ! Use thine own power !
 Step forth, dear King ! This is the hour !
 Our Eagle standard raise on high—
 Come weal, come woe ! we're ready to die !

But once more, in his anguish and eagerness for action, Hutten turns to the better men of his own aristocratic order, as well as to the cities :—

Ye nobles proud ; stand by the Right !
 Ye valiant towns ; rise in your might !
 O, let not struggle me alone !
 Take pity on the Fatherland,
 Ye Germans brave, with strong-armed hand !
 Now grasp the sword—do not sit still—
 For Freedom's sake : it is God's will !

When Hutten wrote this Appeal, he was but thirty-two years of age. Yet he occupied already the most prominent position as a leader in the national and religious movement. Luther was not yet thirty-four when he put up his famous "Ninety-five Theses" on the Castle Church at Wittenberg, where they are now to be seen cast in metal. Thomas Münzer, a revolutionary preacher among the insurgent peasants, who was a Rienzi and Savonarola combined, achieved fame as an agitator at a much earlier age even. Charles V., however, who was quite a youth, remained inaccessible to Hutten's appeals. The mind of that prince was cast in the narrow mould of Spanish bigotry—on the verge of mental unsoundness, as his later withdrawal to a monkish cell showed.

Of only half German descent, and brought up abroad, Charles was not even able to speak our tongue properly. He chiefly spoke the Low German of the Flemings, among whom he was born, or Spanish ; but the Spaniards themselves declared he was not really master of their own language. At all events, he was not influenced by German thought and feeling. The bright light of a popular Reformation had no attraction for his gloomy temper. Thus he missed one of the greatest historical opportunities ; and the nation had to suffer for it.

VI.

Spurned by the Emperor, Hutten issued his poetical appeal : *An Admonition to all Free Imperial Cities of the German Nation*. He urged them to make common cause with the nobility, as against the princes, whom he accuses of having "betrayed and sold the Empire," broken their oaths, attacked German freedom, converted the meeting of the National Parliament into occasions for "gluttonous banquets, where in one day the taxes wrung from the poor are shamelessly squandered." No Turk, nor heathens—he says—are such oppressors. "Among foreign nations, our good name goes down. I know I shall yet be driven from the country ; but silence they shall me not ; I *will* speak out for Truth and Right." He *was* driven from his country. He *did* die in poverty, an exile on Swiss soil, in 1523. But from his ashes, avengers rose, in accordance with one of his

mottoes : “ *Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor !* ” Only a year and a half after his death, the great revolutionary upheaval took place, which covered Germany with blood ; showing, even in its defeat, how deep-seated the popular aspirations for a social and a political, as well as for a religious, Reform had been.

Together with Hutten, his friend and fellow-worker, Franz von Sickingen, must be mentioned, who died in the same year, a few months before him. He was a German Chevalier Bayard. Indeed, during the French wars he personally led the German army against Bayard himself. But, unlike his French counterpart, Sickingen, in home politics, was a Bayard on the People's side. In those troublous days, he sometimes took the law into his own hands ; and in some special cases it is difficult, at this distance of time, to say whether he did right. His castle, however, was popularly called the *Herberge der Gerechtigkeit*, the Sanctuary of Justice, the Refuge of the Oppressed. Hutten once took refuge there.

Sickingen died, wounded, after his stronghold had been stormed by the enemy. As Hutten had been an incipient John Hampden, so there was in Sickingen the making of an aristocratic, moderate Liberal, Lord Protector of Germany, had he had his full opportunity. With favouring circumstances, he might have become a Wallenstein of the Reformation, so strong was the martial spirit in him.

In cultured spirit, Hutten must be ranked nearest to the so-called Humanists—men like Celtes, Hesse, Reuchlin, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Bebel, Pirkheimer, and others. Their tendency towards intellectual enlightenment, which went beyond the theological scope of the Church Reformers, resulted from the revival of the study of Hellenic literature. Philosophy and art attracted them. Men of action they were not ; but they would gladly have accepted a strong leader carrying out a Revolution from above, instead of from below. The paltry way in which Erasmus at last behaved towards Hutten, was typical of not a few of this highly enlightened class which unfortunately lacked the energy of will necessary for a great change in State and Church.

There was no lack of such energy among some leaders of the peasantry, such as Wendel Hipler, Friedrich Weigand, and Florian Geyer von Geyersberg ; the two former sprung from the people's ranks, the other of noble descent. They were Democratic statesmen of considerable strength of character, energetic in action, wise, and of large practical views.

The more fanatic fervour of a highly wrought enthusiasm was represented by Thomas Münzer. He was the pastor alternately of

Zwickau, Allstedt, and then of the free Imperial city of Mühlhausen, in Thuringia. He had had contact with the Hussites at Prague. In religion he preached, though under mystic forms, a rather advanced Deism. A man of no mean ability, he strongly inclined, in his political creed, towards Socialism. In temper, he was of a very revolutionary, not to say terroristic, turn of mind. All these men took their cue from their interpretation of the Bible—even as, some years later, the Anabaptists under Knipperdolling and Bockhold did during their shortlived reign at Münster, in Westphalia.

The central figure of the Reformation was the ex-monk who had made the powerful assault against the edifice of Papal supremacy and Romish infallibility, and who, in so doing, had at first expressed much sympathy with the social and political grievances of the masses. Had Luther joined, or rather gone on keeping company with the political Reformers, he would have given a grander impress to the whole movement. He would have rallied the more cautious and timid classes to the cause of progress. He would have been able to check the excesses of some of the minor leaders lacking responsibility; and the twofold or threefold aim of the Reformation, as at first conceived in the popular mind, and even in the mind of not a few men of the upper classes, would no doubt have been carried.

VII.

However, Luther for a time wavered, tacking to and fro in politics. Charles V., on his part, was deaf towards all patriotic voices. Not he alone; there was a general deafness among the princes subject to the Imperial crown. They carelessly whistled to the wind—and the storm came.

Like sheet-lightning announcing the thunderstorm, there had been peasant tumults all over the country ever since the end of the fifteenth century. The old leaven of the *Eidgenossen* movement had never wholly ceased to ferment. Deeply had the people's fancy been struck by the achievements of the German Switzers. Peasant conspiracies now became frequent. One of the earliest called itself the *Bundschuh*, or "Laced Shoe"; the peasants mostly wearing shoes, whilst the nobles wore high boots.

The aim of this secret Peasant Union may be gathered from its parole. On a member asking: "What d'ye think i' the main?" the answer was to be: "Priests, nobles, and princes are the people's bane!" (Princes, *Fürsten*, then always meant only the higher territorial aristocracy who had gradually risen to petty dynastic power

under the Empire, and whose endeavour it was more and more to diminish the influence of the central Government of Germany, as represented by the Reichstag and the elected King-Emperor.) For its programme the "League of the Laced Shoe" had :

- The Abolition of Villeinage ;
- The Secularisation of the Cloisters and of all clerical domains ;
- The Non-Recognition of any Aristocratic Orders or Local Dynasties ;
- The Acknowledgment of but one Ruler : the King, or Emperor.

Thus a Germany one and indivisible, with democratic institutions, though still with a crowned head (on the elective principle), was the aim of the men of the "Laced Shoe."

A most remarkable leader of this Peasant Union was Joss Fritz, formerly a soldier like Jack Cade, but a man of far larger conceptions. His views may be gathered from his declaration that, if the Emperor would not lend himself to the Reform, "negotiations must be entered into with the Swiss." The tradition of the Swiss being only a successful section of German Democracy was then still extremely vivid. Indeed, the establishment of the "League of the Laced Shoe," as well as of another peasant conspiracy, called "The Poor Konrad," dates from the first years of the sixteenth century, whilst the last attempt to resubject Switzerland to the dominion of the Empire, had failed but a few years before under Maximilian, in 1499.

"Poor Konrad" (Poor Jack, so to say) was so called on account of Konrad being a frequent Christian name of the peasant. The first head-quarters of this league were in the neighbourhood of Switzerland, at the foot of that Staufen, or Hohenstaufen Mountain, which bore the ancestral castle of a once proud race that had furnished a succession of "Kings of the Germans and Emperors of the Romans."

It was the rapid extension of these conspiracies among the masses, which strengthened the conviction of the more far-seeing and more Liberal-minded men in town and castle, that the time had come for great changes both in State and Church. What, then, might have occurred, had Luther thrown his influence steadfastly on the popular side !

At one time he almost had the nation at his command, and was looked upon as the universal counsellor in all great matters. Unfortunately, when the crisis came, he felt alarmed at the ever-increasing energy and extent of the popular aspirations, and became the opponent of the political and social parts of the Reformation programme. True, he even then acknowledged that he often thought

“Germany stood in need of a political Luther, but that he was afraid they would get a Münzer.” “Therefore”—he said—“I will not even indulge in a hope that they shall get a Luther for bringing about a great change in the secular government. All I can counsel is, that those who are able to do so may just mend a little the defects of the Empire by piecing on, and patching and botching here and there. . . . Nay, it is better to suffer wrong altogether.”

The theologian, the nature of the former monk, came up too strongly in Luther, as events tended towards a violent solution. He himself has related at various times how, after having been “a rabid, insensate Papist, quite drowned in the Pope’s doctrines,” he once passed through such a free-thinking stage that (he said) “I could only check myself by throttling and strangling my reason.” He certainly applied that process to his reason in State matters.

In the impressive “Exhortation to Peace” from which I have before quoted, he speaks of the tyrannic princes, lords, and bishops, like a People’s Tribune, but then suddenly turns round against the peasants. He first, “in all kindness and charity,” calls them : “My dear friends” ; then : “You madmen.” He threatens them with destruction, because—“he that takes the sword, shall perish by the sword.” He declares that he “will wrest from them the name of Christ, which they are using, by any effort of which I am capable ; sacrificing, if need be, the last drop of my blood.” And he asks them to “endure all the wrongs done unto them, so as to earn the title of real Christians.” He even defends serfdom because Abraham had had serfs ! He says to the peasants : “You wish to apply to the flesh the Christian liberty taught by the Gospel ; but I would ask you, Did not Abraham and the other Patriarchs, as well as the Prophets, keep bondmen ? Does not St. Paul himself tell us that the empire of this world cannot exist without the inequality of men ?”

Yet, between all this he repeats : “I do not wish to justify the deeds of the Governmental authority. The wrongs it has committed are endless, immense ; I readily avow it The demands you have drawn up are *not in themselves contrary to natural law and to equity*, but they are made so by the violence with which you seek to force them from the hands of authority.”

At the same time he could not deny that every petition for peaceful reform, however humble and loyal, was addressed to obstinately deaf ears.

VIII.

Truth to say, Luther was no match for one of the most complicated political situations. All he could advise in such cases was this : “ Christians must expect nothing better than to be despised, trodden down, made to walk in the mire and the dirt, to be slandered, condemned, nay, driven from this world. Christians must suffer torture. They must suffer wrong ; suffer, suffer. They must bear the cross—the cross. That is their right ; they have no other ! ” In his hot and passionate way of speaking, the elliptic force of which it is difficult to render in English, he spoke of Christians as a flock of sheep, “ not to be tended, but to be slaughtered—quickly away with them, one after the other. (*Nicht Weideschafe—Schlachtschafe ; nur so hin ; eins nach dem andern*). ”

That was not the spirit of the Humanists, nor of the advanced popular party. Such teaching clashed, moreover, with Luther's own innermost character. He was no sour Sabbatarian, no maw-wormish mar-joy. He had music in his soul, and, aye, in his fingers ; he loved art ; and he enjoyed the good things of life. The saying attributed to him, though not provable from his writings (“ Who does not love woman, wine, and song, remains a fool his whole life long ”), at any rate does him no injustice. To the preachers of a gloomy Sabbatarianism he declared that, if anyone wanted to keep a special Lord's day in such fashion, the people rather ought to sing, to dance, to hunt on a Sunday, just to show that there is no special Lord's day, but that all days are the Lord's.

However, language like that, which he became more and more accustomed to use against the party of freedom, naturally grated harshly upon the ears of the popular leaders ; and the powerful champion of the Church Reformation was sometimes charged with being “ a fawner upon monarchs,” a “ soft-living flesh,” without feeling for the oppressed masses, and so forth. These attacks far overshot their mark. When Luther went wrong, he went wrong from no fawning spirit, but from sheer excess of independence, or of exaggeration of his theological views. An unprincipled time-server he was not. Had he not braved the stake ? Had not the Pope had him burnt in effigy, simply because he could not reach him otherwise ? Were not heretics still thrown on the burning pile at Köln, Munich, Passau, and elsewhere, whilst Luther preached the new doctrine ? Two of these martyrs, Adolf Klarenbach and Peter Flystedt, were immortalised by Luther in a powerful hymn of praise.

But, whilst he was no time-server, he more than once contradicted

his own past. Thus—to mention but one example bearing upon recent occurrences ; for his utterances have been appealed to by some promoters of the present anti-Semitic movement—he certainly, in later years, gave some horrible advice in regard to Jews, their synagogues, and houses. Yet, in the earlier years of the Reformation, he had strongly pronounced against those haughty theologians who treated the Jews as the slaves of the Christians, setting the hearts of the faithful against the Israelite, whilst hoping that the latter would, nevertheless, become a convert.

“They have treated the Jews”—he wrote—“as if they were hounds, and not human beings ; doing nothing but scolding them. They (the Jews) are, however, blood relations, cousins and brothers, of our Lord. Therefore, if flesh and blood is something to boast of, the Jews are nearer to Christ than we. Hence my counsel is, to treat them decently. But now that we use violence against them, lyingly accusing them of having shed Christian blood, and preferring similar foolish accusations against them, forbidding them also to work and to trade among us, and to have other human community with us, so that they are actually driven into the usurer’s business : how can you expect them to come to us? If you mean to help them, the law of Christian love must be applied to them, and they must be received in friendly manner. They must be allowed to compete and to work with us, so that they may have cause and proper opportunity to be with us and among us.”—(Luther on *Jesus a Born Jew* ; 1523.)

Unfortunately, he afterwards unsaid all these noble and humane sentiments, in words reflecting the greatest discredit upon him.

In the course of the political events, he began to write denunciations against the more advanced men ; for instance, in his *Letter to the Princes in Saxony against the Spirit of Rebellion*. He put his hope in some Prince that would carry through the cause of Church Reform. Whilst in Germany, until then, all governing power had been held to repose on a covenant with the people, and the appointment of the head-King, or Kaiser, himself depended on the vote of an Electoral Council, Luther preached the doctrine that all authority was by “right divine” ; wherefore the ordinary citizen was not entitled to oppose active force even to undoubted despotism. This new tenet was very acceptable to those minor Princes who, under the garb of religion, strove to establish separate sovereignties alike independent of Pope and Kaiser.

The people’s cause being spurned by the young King-Emperor Charles, and forsaken by a number of its natural leaders, there came at last, between 1524 and 1525, a vast revolutionary outbreak—the

War of the Peasants—which ended as one of the most sanguinary tragedies in history.

During that terrible catastrophe, which Luther in 1521 had clearly foretold, he utterly went astray. There are words of his on record, words of fiercely revengeful counsel addressed to the aristocratic and princely foes of the people, which the hand almost hesitates to copy. But of this, and of the course of that early German Revolution which preceded the English, the American, and the French Revolutions, something more may be said on another occasion.

To-day we may acknowledge that, with all his political failings, and in spite of his “book-belief,” to which he forced himself back in spite of his clearer reason, Luther achieved a mighty work. The French historian Michelet, who confesses that his own sympathies are not with the religious movement of the sixteenth century, yet says of him :—

“Luther was the Restorer of Spiritual Liberty to the ages which followed his era. He denied it theoretically ; but he established it in practice. If he did not absolutely create, he at least manfully signed his name to, the great Revolution which legalised the right of free research. To him it is in great measure owing that we, of the present day, exercise in its fulness that first great right of the human understanding, to which all other rights are attached, and without which all the rest are nought. We cannot think, speak, write, read for a single moment without gratefully recalling to mind this enormous benefit of intellectual enfranchisement. The very lines I here am penning, to whom do I owe it that I am able to send them forth, if not to the Liberator of Modern Thought?”

Yes ; this is, and will for ever remain, Luther's great merit. The consequences of his manful deed have been larger than he himself expected or wished ; and, therefore, Protestants not only, but also many advanced thinkers, will on November 10th do full honour to his memory.

KARL BLIND.

THE NEW ABELARD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SIREN.

Weave a circle round him thrice. . . .
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Kubla Khan.

BRADLEY'S first impulse, on quitting Boulogne, was to hasten at once on to Italy, seek out Alma, and tell her all that had occurred ; but that impulse was no sooner felt than it was conquered. The man had a quickening conscience left, and he could not have stood just then before the woman he loved without the bitterest pain and humiliation. No, he would write to her, he would break the news gently by letter, not by word of mouth ; and afterwards, perhaps, when his sense of spiritual agony had somewhat worn away, he would go to her and throw himself upon her tender mercy. So instead of flying on to Italy he returned by the mail to London, and thence wrote at length to Alma, giving her full details of his wife's death.

By this time the man was so broken in spirit, and so changed in body, that even his worst enemies might have pitied him. The trouble of the last few months had stript him of all his intellectual pride, and left him supremely sad.

But now, as ever, the mind of the man, though its light was clouded, turned in the direction of celestial or supermundane things. Readers who are differently constituted, and who regard such speculations as trivial or irrelevant, will doubtless have some difficulty in comprehending an individual who, through all vicissitudes of moral experience, invariably returned to the one set purpose of spiritual inquiry. To him one thing was paramount, even over all

his own sorrows—the solution of the great problem of human life and immortality. This was his haunting idea, his monomania, so to speak. Just as a physiologist would examine his own blood under the microscope, just as a scientific inquirer would sacrifice his own life and happiness for the verification of a theory, so would Bradley ask himself, even when on the rack of moral torment, How far does this suffering help me to a solution of the mystery of life?

True, for a time he had been indifferent, even callous, drifting in the vague current of computable agnosticism, he knew not whither ; but that did not last for long : the very constitution of Bradley saved him from that indifferentness which is the chronic disease of so many modern men.

Infinitely tender of heart, he had been moved to the depths by his recent experience ; he had felt, as all of us at some time feel, the sanctifying and purifying power of Death. A mean man would have exulted in the new freedom Death had brought ; Bradley, on the other hand, stood stupefied and aghast at his own liberation. On a point of conscience he could have fought with, and perhaps conquered, all the prejudices of society ; but when his very conscience turned against him he was paralysed with doubt, wonder, and despair.

He returned to London, and there awaited Alma's answer. One day, urged by a sudden impulse, he bent his steps towards the mysterious house in Bayswater, and found Eustasia Mapleleaf sitting alone. Never had the little lady looked so strange and *spirituelle*. Her elfin-like face looked pale and worn, and her great wistful eyes were surrounded with dark melancholy rings. But she looked up as he entered, with her old smile.

"I knew you would come," she cried. "I was thinking of you, and I felt the celestial agencies were going to bring us together. And I'm real glad to see you, before we go away."

"You are leaving London?" asked Bradley, as he seated himself close to her.

"Yes. Salem talks of going back home before winter sets in and the fogs begin. I don't seem able to breathe right in this air. If I stopt here long, I think I should die."

As she spoke, she passed her thin transparent hand across her forehead, with a curious gesture of pain. As Bradley looked at her steadfastly she averted his gaze, and a faint hectic flush came into her cheeks.

"Guess you think it don't matter much," she continued, with the sharp nervous laugh peculiar to her, "whether I live or die. Well,

Mr. Bradley, I suppose you're right, and I'm sure I don't care much how soon I go."

"You are very young to talk like that," said Bradley, gently ; "but perhaps I misunderstand you, and you mean that you would gladly exchange this life for freer activity and larger happiness in another?"

Eustasia laughed again, but this time she looked full into her questioner's eyes.

"I don't know about that," she replied. "What I mean is, that I'm downright tired, and should just like a good long spell of sleep."

"But surely, if your belief is true, you look for something more than that?"

"I don't think I do. You mean I want to join the spirits, and go wandering about from one planet to another, or coming down to earth and making people uncomfortable? That seems a *stupid* sort of life, doesn't it?—about as stupid as this one? I'd rather tuck my head under my wing, like a little bird, and go to sleep for ever!"

Bradley opened his eyes, amazed and a little disconcerted by the lady's candour. Before he could make any reply, she continued, in a low voice :

"You see, I've got no one in the world to care for me, except Salem, my brother. He's good to me, he is, but that doesn't make up for everything. I don't feel like a girl, but like an old woman. I'd rather be one of those foolish creatures you meet everywhere, who think of nothing but millinery and flirtation, than what I am. That's all the good the spirits have done me, to spoil my good looks and make me old before my time. I hate them sometimes ; I hate myself for listening to them, and I say what I said before—that if I'm to live on as *they* do, and go on in the same curious way, I'd sooner die!"

"I wish you would be quite honest with me," said Bradley, after a brief pause. "I see you are ill, and I am sure you are unhappy. Suppose much of your illness, and all your unhappiness, came from your acquiescence in a scheme of folly and self-deception? You already know my opinion on these matters to which you allude. If I may speak quite frankly, I have always suspected you and your brother—but your brother more than you—of a conspiracy to deceive the public ; and if I were not otherwise interested in you, if I did not feel for you the utmost sympathy and compassion, I should pass the matter by without a word. As it is, I would give a great deal if I could penetrate into the true motives of your conduct, and ascertain how far you are self-deluded."

"It's no use," answered Eustasia, shaking her head sadly. "I can't explain it all even to myself; impossible to explain to you."

"But do you seriously and verily believe in the truth of these so-called spiritual manifestations?"

"Guess I do," returned the lady, with a decided nod.

"You believe in them, even while you admit their stupidity, their absurdity?"

"If you ask me, I think life is a foolish business altogether. That's why I'd like to be done with it!"

"But surely, if spiritualism were an accepted fact, it would offer a solution of all the mysterious phenomena of human existence? It would demonstrate, at all events, that our experience does not cease with the body, which limits its area so much."

Eustasia sighed wearily, and folding her thin hands on her knee, looked wearily at the fire, which flickered faintly in the grate. With all her candour of speech, she still presented to her interlocutor an expression of mysterious evasiveness. Nor was there any depth in her complaining sorrow. It seemed rather petulant and shallow, than really solemn and profound.

"I wish you wouldn't talk about it," she said. "Talk to me about yourself, Mr. Bradley. You've been in trouble, I know; *they* told me. I've liked you ever since I first saw you, and I wish I could give you some help."

Had Bradley been a different kind of man, he would scarcely have misunderstood the look she gave him then, full as it was of passionate admiration which she took no care to veil. Bending towards him, and looking into his eyes, she placed her hand on his; and the warm touch of the tremulous fingers went through him with a curious thrill. Nor did she withdraw the hand, as she continued:

"I've only seen one man in the world like *you*. He's dead, he is. But you're his image. I told Salem so the day I first saw you. Some folks say that souls pass from one body into another, and I almost believe it when I think of him and look at *you*."

As she spoke, with tears in her eyes, and a higher flush on her cheek, there was a footstep in the room, and looking up she saw her brother, who had entered unperceived. His appearance was fortunate, as it perhaps saved her from some further indiscretions. Bradley, who had been too absorbed in the thoughts awakened by her first question to notice the peculiarity of her manner, held out his hand to the new comer.

"Glad to see you again," said the Professor. "I suppose Eustasia has told you that we're going back to the States? I calculate

we haven't done much good by sailing over. The people of England are a whole age behind the Americans, and won't be ripe for our teaching till many a year has passed."

"When do you leave London?"

"In eight days. We've taken our passage in the 'Maria,' which sails to-morrow week."

"Then you will give no more *séances*? I am sorry, for I should have liked to come again."

Eustasia started, and looked eagerly at her brother.

"Will you come *to-night*?" she asked suddenly.

"To-night!" echoed Bradley. "Is a *séance* to be held?"

"No, no," interrupted Mapleleaf.

"But yes," added Eustasia. "We shall be alone, but that will be all the better. I should not like to leave England without convincing Mr. Bradley that [there is something in your solar biology after all."

"You'll waste your time, Eustasia," remarked the Professor dryly. "You know what the poet says?

A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.

And I guess you'll never convert Mr. Bradley."

"I'll try, at any rate," returned Eustasia, smiling; then turning to the clergyman with an eager wistful look, she added, "You'll come, won't you? To-night at seven."

Bradley promised, and immediately afterwards took his leave. He had not exaggerated in expressing his regret at the departure of the curious pair; for since his strange experience at Boulogne, he was intellectually unstrung and eager to receive spiritual impressions, even from a quarter which he distrusted. He unconsciously felt, too, the indescribable fascination which Eustasia, more than most women, knew how to exert on highly organised persons of the opposite sex.

Left alone, the brother and sister looked at each other for some moments in silence; then the Professor exclaimed, half angrily:

"You'll kill yourself, Eustasia, that's what *you'll* do! I've foreseen it all along, just as I foresaw it when you first met Ulysses S. Stedman. You're clean gone on this man, and if I wasn't ready to protect you, Lord knows you'd make a fool of yourself again."

Eustasia looked up in his face, and laughed. It was curious to note her change of look and manner; her face was still pale and elfin-like, but her eyes were full of malicious light.

"Never mind, Salem," she replied. "You just leave Mr. Bradley to me."

"He's not worth spooning over," said Mapleleaf indignantly; "and let me tell you, Eustasia, you're not strong enough to go on like this. Think of your state of health! Doctor Quin says you'll break up, if you don't take care!"

He paused, and looked at her in consternation. She was lying back in the sofa with her thin arms joined behind her head, and "crowing" to herself, as was her frequent habit. This time the words and tune were from a familiar play, which she had seen represented at San Francisco.

Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may!

"I do believe you're downright *mad*!" exclaimed the little Professor. "Tell me the truth, Eustasia—do you love this man Bradley?"

Eustasia ceased singing, but remained in the same attitude.

"I loved him who is dead," she replied, "and I love Mr. Bradley because he is so like the other. If you give me time I will win him over; I will make him love *me*."

"What nonsense you're talking!"

"Nonsense? It's the truth!" cried Eustasia, springing up and facing her brother. "Why should I not love him? Why should he not love me? Am I to spend all my life like a slave, with no one to care for me, no one to give me a kind word? I won't do it. I want to be free. I'm tired of sitting at home all day alone, and playing the sybil to the fools you bring here at night. Lord knows I haven't long to live; before I die I want to draw in one good long breath of love and joy! Perhaps it will kill me as you say—so much the better—I should like to die like that!"

"Eustasia, will you listen to reason?" exclaimed the distracted Professor. "You're following a will-o'-the-wisp, that's what you are! This man don't care about any woman in the world but one, and you're wasting your precious time."

"I know my power, and you know it too, Salem. I'm going to bring him to my feet."

"How, Eustasia?"

"Wait, and you will see!" answered the girl, with her low, nervous laugh.

"Think better of it!" persisted her brother. "You promised me, after Ulysses S. Stedman died, to devote all your life, strength, and thought, to the beautiful cause of scientific spiritualism. Nature has made you a living miracle, Eustasia! I do admire to see one so gifted throwing herself away, just like a school-girl, on the first good-looking man she meets!"

"I hate spiritualism," was the reply. "What has it done for me? Broken my heart, Salem, and wasted my life. I've dwelt too long with ghosts; I want to feel my life as other women do. And I tell you I *will*!"

The poor Professor shook his head dubiously, but saw that there was no more to be said—at any rate just then.

At seven o'clock that evening Bradley returned to the house in Bayswater, and found the brother and sister waiting for him.

Eustasia wore a loose-fitting robe of black velvet, cut low round the bust, and without sleeves. Her neck and arms were beautifully though delicately moulded, white and glistening as satin, and the small serpent-like head, with its wonderfully brilliant eyes, was surmounted by a circlet of pearls.

Bradley looked at her in surprise. Never before had she seemed so weirdly pretty.

The Professor, on the other hand, despite his genius-like brow, appeared unusually ignoble and commonplace. He was ill at ease, too, and cast distrustful glances from time to time at his sister, whose manner was as brilliant as her appearance, and who seemed to have cast aside the depression which she had shown during the early part of the day.

After some little desultory conversation, Bradley expressed his impatience for the *séance* to begin. The landlady of the house, herself (as the reader is aware) an adept, was therefore summoned to give the party, and due preparations made by drawing the window blinds and extinguishing the gas. Before the lights were quite put out, however, the Professor addressed his sister.

"Eustasia, you're not well! Say the word, and I'm sure Mr. Bradley will excuse you for to-night."

The appeal was in vain, Eustasia persisting. The *séance* began. The Professor and Mrs. Piozzi Smith were *vis-à-vis*, while Eustasia, her back towards the folding doors communicating to the inner chamber, sat opposite to Bradley.

The clergyman was far less master of himself than on the former occasions. No sooner did he find himself in total darkness than his

heart began to beat with great muffled throbs, and nervous thrills ran through his frame. Before there was the slightest intimation of any supernatural presence, he seemed to see before him the dead face of his wife, white and awful as he had beheld it in that darkened chamber at Boulogne. Then the usual manifestations began ; bells were rung, faint lights flashed hither and thither, the table round which they were seated rose in the air, mysterious hands were passed over Bradley's face. He tried to retain his self-possession, but found it impossible ; a sickening sense of horror and fearful anticipation overmastered him, so that the clammy sweat stood upon his brow, and his body trembled like a reed.

Presently the voice of the little Professor was heard saying :

“Who is present? Will any of our dear friends make themselves known?”

There was a momentary pause. Then an answer came in the voice of Eustasia, but deeper and less clear.

“I am here.”

“Who are you?”

“Laura, a spirit of the winged planet, Jupiter. I speak through the bodily mouth of our dear sister, who is far away, walking with my brethren by the lake of golden fire.”

“Are you alone?”

“No ! others are present—I see them passing to and fro. One is light and beautiful. Her face is glorious, but she wears a raiment like a shroud.”

“What does that betoken?”

“It betokens that she has only just died.”

A shiver ran through Bradley's frame. Could the dead indeed be present, and if so, what dead? His thoughts flew back once more to that miserable death-chamber by the sea. The next moment something like a cold hand touched him, and a low voice murmured in his ear.

“Ambroſe ! are you listening? It is I !”

“Who speaks?” he murmured under breath.

“Alma ! Do you know me?”

Was it possible? Doubtless his phantasy deceived him, but he seemed once more to hear the very tones of her he loved.

“Do not move !” continued the voice. “Perhaps this is a last meeting for a long time, for I am called away. It is your Alma's spirit that speaks to you ; her body lies dead at Rome.”

A wild cry burst from Bradley's lips, and he sank back in his chair, paralysed and overpowered.

“ It is a cheat ! ” he gasped. “ It is no spirit that is speaking to me, but a living woman.”

And he clutched in the direction of the voice, but touched only the empty air.

“ If you break the conditions, I must depart ! ” cried the voice faintly, as if from a distant part of the room.

“ Shall I break up the *séance* ? ” asked the Professor.

“ No ! ” cried Bradley, again joining his hands with those of his neighbours to complete the circle. “ Go on ! go on ! ”

“ Are our dear friends still present ? ” demanded the Professor.

“ I am here,” returned the voice of Eustasia. “ I see the spirit of a woman, weeping and wringing her hands ; it is she that wears the shroud. She speaks to me. She tells us that her earthly name was a word which signifies holy.”

“ In God’s name,” cried Bradley, “ what does it mean ? She of whom you speak is not dead ?—no, no ! ”

Again he felt the touch of a clammy hand, and again he heard the mysterious voice.

“ Death is nothing ; it is only a mystery—a change. The body is nothing ; the spirit is all present and all powerful. Keep quiet ; and I will try to materialise myself even more.”

He sat still in shivering expectation ; then he felt a touch like breath upon his forehead, and two lips, warm with life, were prest close to his, while at the same moment he felt what seemed a human bosom heaving against his own. If this phenomenon was supernatural, it was certainly very real ; for the effect was of warm and living flesh. Certain now, that he was being imposed upon, Bradley determined to make certain by seizing the substance of the apparition. He had scarcely, however, withdrawn his arms from the circle, when the phenomenon ceased ; there was a loud cry from the others present ; and on the gas being lit, Eustasia and the rest were seen sitting quietly in their chairs, the former just recovering from a state of trance.

“ I warned you, Eustasia,” cried the Professor indignantly. “ I knew Mr. Bradley was not a fair inquirer, and would be certain to break the conditions.”

“ It is an outrage,” echoed Mrs. Piozzi Smith. “ The heavenly intelligences will never forgive us.”

Without heeding these remonstrances, Bradley, deathly pale, was gazing intently at Eustasia. She met his gaze quietly enough, but her heightened colour and sparkling eyes betokened that she was labouring under great excitement.

"It is infamous!" he cried. "I am certain *now* that this is a vile conspiracy."

"Take care, sir, take care!" exclaimed the Professor. "There's law in the land, and ——"

"Hush, Salem!" said Eustasia, gently. "Mr. Bradley does not mean what he says. He is too honourable to make charges which he cannot substantiate, even against a helpless girl. He is agitated by what he has seen to-night, but he will do us justice when he has thought it over."

Without replying, Bradley took up his hat and moved to the door; but, turning suddenly, he again addressed the medium:

"I cannot guess by what means you have obtained your knowledge of my private life, but you are trading upon it to destroy the happiness of a fellow-creature. God forgive you! Your own self-reproach and self-contempt will avenge me; I cannot wish you any sorer punishment than the infamy and degradation of the life you lead."

With these words, he would have departed, but, swift as lightning, Eustasia flitted across the room and blocked his way.

"Don't go yet!" she cried. "Of what do you accuse me? Why do you blame me for what the spirits have done?"

"The spirits!" he repeated bitterly. "I'm not a child, to be so easily befooled. In one sense, indeed, you have conjured up devils, who some day or another will compass your own destruction."

"That's true enough—they *may* be devils?" said Eustasia. "Salem knows—we all know—that we can't prevent the powers of evil from controlling the powers of good, and coming in their places. Guess some of them have been at work to-night. Mr. Bradley, perhaps it's our last meeting on earth. Won't you shake hands?"

As she spoke, her wild eyes were full of tears, which streamed down her face. Acting under a sudden impulse, Bradley took her outstretched hand, held it firmly, and looked her in the face.

"Confess the cheat, and I will freely forgive you. It was *you* personated one who is dear to me, and whom you pretended to be a spirit risen from the grave."

"Don't answer him, Eustasia!" exclaimed the Professor. "He ought to know that's impossible, for you never left your seat."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Piozzi Smith.

But Bradley, not heeding the interruption, still watched the girl and grasped her passive hand.

"Answer me! Tell me the truth!"

“How can I tell you?” answered Eustasia. “I was tranced, and my spirit was far away. I don’t even know what happened.”

With a contemptuous gesture, Bradley released her, and walked from the room. All his soul revolted at the recent experience; yet mingled with his angry scepticism was a certain vague sense of dread. If, after all, he had not been deceived, and something had happened to Alma; if, as the *séance* seemed to suggest, she was no longer living! The very thought almost turned his brain. Dazed and terrified, he made his way down the dark passage and left the house.

No sooner had he gone than Eustasia uttered a low cry, threw her arms into the air, and sank swooning upon the floor.

Her brother raised her in a moment, and placed her upon the sofa. It was some minutes before she recovered. When she did so, and gazed wildly around, there was a tiny fleck of red upon her lips, like blood.

She looked up in her brother’s face, and began laughing hysterically.

“Eustasia! For God’s sake, control yourself! You’ll make yourself downright ill!”

Presently the hysterical fit past away.

“Leave us together, please!” she said to the grim woman of the house. “I—I wish to speak to my brother.”

Directly Mrs. Piozzi Smith had retired, she took her brother by the hand.

“Don’t be angry with me, Salem!” she said softly. “I’m not long for this world now, and I want you to grant me one request.”

“What is it, Eustasia?” asked the Professor, touched by her strangely tender manner.

“Don’t take me away from England just yet. Wait a little while longer.”

“Eustasia, let me repeat, you’re following a will-o’-the-wisp, you are indeed! Take my advice, and never see that man again!”

“I must—I will!” she cried. “O Salem, I’ve used him cruelly, but I love him! I shall die now if you take me away!”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

In the night of the seven-hill'd city, disrobed, and uncrown'd, and undone,
Thou moanest, O Rizpah, Madonna, and countest the bones of thy son.

The bier is vacant above thee, His corpse is no longer therein,
A sound came out of the dark, and he fell as a leaf, and is gone!

They have taken thy crown, O Rizpah, and driven thee forth with the swine,
But the bones of thy Son they have left thee—yea, wash them with tears—they are
thine!

Thou moanest an old incantation, thou troublest earth with thy cries. . . .
Ah, God, if the bones should hear Thee, and join once again, and arise!

Rome: a Poem.

As the days passed, Bradley found his state of suspense and anxiety intolerable. Day after day he had hoped to hear from Alma, until at length disappointment culminated in despair. He then determined he should know with certainty what had become of her, and resolved to go to Milan.

What he had seen at the *séance* had impressed him more than he would admit to himself. He could not believe that any evil had happened—he would not believe it without the most positive evidence of the fact. So he said to himself one hour, and the next his heart grew sick with an uncontrollable dread; and he refused to hope that the revelation of the *séance* was a delusion.

He left his home and proceeded to the station in the former mood, but the train had hardly moved from the platform when his despair seized him, and if he could he would have relinquished the journey. Alternating thus, between hope and despair, he travelled without a break, and in due course he reached Milan.

His inquiries about Alma were promptly answered.

The beautiful and wealthy English lady was well known. She had, until quite recently, been the occupant of a splendid suite of apartments in the best quarter of the city; but she had gone.

Bradley heard all this, and almost savagely he repeated after his informant, an old Italian waiter who spoke English well, the word "Gone!"

"Gone where?" he demanded. "You must know where she has gone to?"

"Yes, Signor; she has gone to Rome!"

"To Rome! And her address there is—?"

"That I do not know, Signor."

"Have me taken to the house she occupied when here," Bradley ordered, and he was driven to the house Alma had dwelt in.

There also he failed to learn Alma's address. All that was known was, that she had gone to Rome; that her departure had been sudden, and that she had said she would not return to Milan.

Dismissing the carriage that had brought him, he walked back to his hotel.

It was night; the cool breeze from the Alps was delightfully refreshing after the sultry heat of the day; the moon was full and the fair old city was looking its fairest, but these things Bradley heeded not. Outward beauty he could not see, for all his mind and soul was dark—the ancient palaces, the glorious Cathedral, the splendid Carrara marble statue of Leonardo, and the bronze one of Cavour, were passed unnoticed and uncared for. One thing only was in his mind—to get to Rome to find Alma. One thing was certain; she had left Milan in good health and must surely be safe still.

"Ah!" he said to himself; "when did she leave Milan? Fool that I am, not to have learned," and, almost running, he returned to the house and inquired.

He was disappointed with the information he received. Alma had left Milan some time before the *séance* in London had been held.

Entering a restaurant, he found that he could get a train to Rome at midnight. He returned to his hotel, ate a morsel of food, drank some wine, and then went to the railway station.

It was early morning when he entered the Eternal City, and the lack of stir upon the streets troubled and depressed him. It accentuated the difference between his present visit and the last he had made, and he cried in his heart most bitterly that the burden of his sorrow was too great.

He was about to tell the driver of the fiacre to take him to his old quarters on the Piazza di Spagna, when he changed his mind. If he went there he would be in the midst of his countrymen, and in his then mood the last being he wished to see was an Englishman. So he asked the driver to take him to any quiet and good boarding-house he knew, and was taken to one in the Piazza Sta. Maria in Monti.

In the course of the day he went out to learn what he could of Alma.

He met several acquaintances, but they had neither seen nor heard of her; indeed, they were not in her circle, and though they had seen or heard of her, they would hardly have remembered. Bradley well knew the families Alma would be likely to visit, but he

shrank from inquiring at their houses ; he went to the doors of several and turned away without asking to be admitted.

By-and-by he went into the Caffè Tuovo, and eagerly scanned the papers, but found no mention of Alma in them. A small knot of young Englishmen and Americans sat near to him, and he thought at last that he caught the name of Miss Craik mentioned in their conversation.

He listened with painful attention, and found that they were speaking of someone the Jesuits had "hooked," as they put it.

"And by Jove it was a haul !" one young fellow said. "Any amount of cash, I am told."

"That is so," replied one of his comrades ; "and the girl is wonderfully beautiful, they say."

Bradley started at this, and listened more intently than before.

"Yes," the first speaker said, "she is beautiful. I had her pointed out to me in Milan, and I thought her the best looking woman I had ever seen."

"Excuse me," said Bradley, stepping up to the speakers. "I—I would like to know the name of the lady you refer to?"

"Oh, certainly ; her name is Miss Alma Craik."

"Alma living !" Bradley shrieked, and staggered, like one in drink, out of the caffè.

Dazed and half-maddened, he found his way to the lodging. He locked the door of his room, and paced the floor, now clenching his hands together, then holding his forehead in them as if to still its bounding pain.

"Taken by the Jesuits !" he muttered. "Then she is dead indeed—ay, worse than dead !"

He paused at length at the window and looked out. The next instant he sprang back with a look of utter horror on his face.

"What if she is over *there* !" he gasped, and sank into a chair.

By over there he meant the convent of the Farnesiani nuns. From the window he could see down the *cul-de-sac* that led to the convent. He knew the place well ; he knew it to be well deserving of its name, Sepolte Vive, and that of its inmates, it was said, they daily die and dig their own graves.

If Alma was indeed in there, then she was lost.

Bradley shook off as far as he could his feeling of helplessness and hopelessness, and with frenzied haste he rose from the chair, left the house, and went over towards the convent.

He knew that the only way to communicate with the inmates was to mount to a platform above the walls of the houses, and to rap on

a barrel projecting from the platform. He had once been there and had been admitted. He forgot that then he had proper credentials and that now he had none.

He was soon on the platform, and not only rapped, but thundered on the barrel.

A muffled voice from the interior demanded his business.

His reply was whether an English woman named Craik was within the convent. To that question he had no answer, and the voice within did not speak again.

He stayed long and repeated his question again and again in the hope of obtaining an answer, and only left when he had attracted attention and was invited by the police to desist.

What was to be done? he asked himself as he stood in the street. Do something he must, but what?

"I have it!" he said. "I will go to the Jesuit headquarters and demand to be informed?" and putting his resolve into action he walked to the Via del Quirinale.

He was courteously received, and asked his business.

"My business is a painful one," Bradley began. "I wish to know if an English lady named Craik has joined your church?"

"She did return to the true faith," replied the priest, raising his eyes to heaven, "and for her return the Holy Virgin and the Saints be praised!"

"And *now*, where is she *now*?"

With painful expectancy he waited for the priest to answer.

"Now! now, Signor, she is *dead*!" was the reply.

Bradley heard, and fell prone upon the floor.

(To be concluded.)

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE RESURRECTION OF ANIMALCULES.

MR. JABEZ HOGG has communicated to the *Times* an account of some experiments he made by placing a few grains of dust from a garden walk in a shallow glass cell and filling this with a little filtered water, which presently displayed signs of active life when examined under a microscope. In ten or fifteen minutes two or three "perfectly formed rotifers were seen darting about ; in another two minutes others were observed attached to the side of the cell, and with expanded rotating discs, actively feeding." These increased and multiplied until at the end of thirty days there were twenty, all in a healthy condition. Then the water was allowed to evaporate, "and nothing apparently remained but a thin layer of dry dust. A portion of this scraped off was examined under a high power, but without finding a living animalcule." The cell was then wrapped up in tissue paper and excluded from light in a cabinet for thirty days more. Then water added, and presently "rotifers" of the same species reappeared. This was frequently repeated with like results.

Mr. Hogg describes this as "A Case of Evolution." I think it would be more correctly designated *A Case of Hatching*. Leeuwenhoek, who is quoted by Mr. Hogg, made similar observations in 1702, and Professor Owen observed the apparent revivification of "wheel animalcules" after having been kept four years in dry sand.

Nevertheless, it is very doubtful whether these or any other mature animals can survive such desiccation, but their eggs may, and, like the eggs and germs of a multitude of other animals and vegetables, doubtless do thus survive.

The only difficulty in adopting this explanation of Mr. Hogg's observations is that the "rotifera," properly so called, are rather too high in the scale of animal life to germinate so rapidly ; but, as Rymer Jones says, this class of animals "was until very recently confounded with the chaotic assemblage of minute creatures to which the name of *Infusorial Animalcules* was indiscriminately applied."

This name of rotifera or wheel bearers is very deceptive, inasmuch as many species of microscopic creatures of much lower organization

than those *now* technically classed as rotifera are also wheel bearers—*i.e.*, they have mouths fringed with *cilia*, or minute lashes that move in such succession as to give the whole ring the appearance of rotation.

That some of these lower creatures should rise from the dead in the manner described, is no more than might be expected from an *à priori* study of their structure and habits. The bodies of the mature animals contain visible ova which are liberated by the death of the parent, and thus their drying and dying, as in the case of Mr. Hogg's specimens, would be a very favourable condition for the production of a family.

ALGIN.

THIS name has been given by Mr. C. C. Stanford to a kind of jelly he has extracted from sea-weed by first macerating and washing it in cold water to rot and remove the useless material, then bleaching with chlorinated lime water, and finally dissolving out the algin by means of carbonate of soda. From the "tangle weed" (*laminaria*) as much as 35 per cent. of the jelly is thus obtainable, and 10 per cent. of cellulose suitable for paper making.

This jelly, when dry, resembles gum, but can be obtained in thin transparent flexible sheets. Many uses are suggested, such as mixing with starch as a stiffener of fabrics, or alone as a dressing material, or as a mordant. Also for food, for preventing boiler incrustations; for insulating electrical apparatus, and for replacing horn in the manufacture of various moulded articles. The purest form of algin is obtained by precipitating the carbonate of soda solution by mineral acid. This dries to a hard horny substance.

Some of my readers will probably remember that about thirty years ago a great deal was spoken and written, and a little was done in order to introduce "Carragreen" or "Irish Moss" as an article of food. I have frequently eaten a preparation of this sea-weed in the form of blancmange at the house of the late George Combe, in Edinburgh, where it formed a common element of the family light supper. It was very good and we deemed it nutritious, but it had a slight savour of the sea, or rather of the *dulse* which was sold and eaten in the streets of Glasgow, and of which, in the pursuit of knowledge, I once purchased and partly consumed a bawbee's worth.

The basis of this blancmange was evidently the same as Mr. Stanford's "algin," and its digestibility without discomfort by Mr. Combe, then a delicate invalid, as well as by others, supports Mr. Stanford's anticipations of its usefulness for food; and removes any grounds for fearing to test it practically. The *alaria esculenta*, another kind of

sea-weed, has for ages been used as an article of food in Iceland, Denmark, and the Faroe Islands, and even the coarsest and most abundant of our common sea-weeds, the *fucus vesiculosus* or “bladder-wrack”—that slippery brown and greenish vegetation that crackles under our feet, and may be had in waggon loads for the mere trouble of gathering on nearly all parts of our coast—is used in Gothland, under the name of Swine Tang, for feeding pigs. The Icelanders gather the dulse and pack it in barrels, and when thus preserved and softened by a sort of ensilage, they eat it with fish and butter, or by boiling in milk with rye flour.

That very costly Celestial luxury, the edible bird's nest, seems to be neither more nor less than fully purified algin. As the price of the best quality in Canton is 3,500 dollars per pecul, or £5. 18s. 1½d. per lb., and the estimated annual value of its exports from the Indian Archipelago amount to about a quarter of a million sterling, there is room for business in this article of food, provided Mr. Stanford can successfully emulate the swallow of Java in its preparation, and convince our epicures of its merits.

It must be quite worthy of the attention of such firms as Messrs. Fortnum & Mason, Crosse & Blackwell, &c., who already supply “laver” as an epicurean adjunct to roast mutton; this seaweed, according to Dr. Edward Smith (*see* Treatise on Foods in “International Scientific Series”), “may be eaten on bread, after thoroughly warming it with a few teaspoonfuls of hock in a saucepan, and flavouring it with a little lemon juice.”

It is not so generally known that some of the other proposed uses of algin have been also anticipated by the Chinese. The *fucus tenax*, a small sea-weed, is made the basis of an excellent glue and varnish. Dr. Greville says that about 27,000 lbs. of it are annually imported to Canton, where it sells at from 6d. to 8d. per lb. It is chiefly employed in the manufacture of lanterns, to varnish and strengthen the paper and increase its transparency; also as a dressing to silks and gauze. It is possibly an ingredient in some of the Japanese varnishes, the composition of which is still a secret.

Altogether the prospect of a revival of sea-weed industry in this country is good. I say “revival” because it was once the raw material of a great chemical industry—viz., the manufacture of soda for soap making. Modern chemistry has taught us how to obtain this important alkali from common salt, and has thus ejected sea-weed from its original industrial eminence. It will be something like poetical justice if it now restores it to a still higher place by showing us how to prepare and utilize its algin.

EARTHQUAKE WAVES.

IN my last month's notes I contended that the great waves which accompany certain earthquakes and eruptions, and are so destructive along the coasts exposed to them, are not sea waves but earth waves.

Since writing these I have carefully looked through the further reports of the Java eruption, but can find no account of ships *out at sea* witnessing the progress of the supposed sea wave.

A detailed account of later date than those available when I wrote (*see "Nature,"* October 11th) says: "The subsidences and upheavals we have alluded to, caused a large wave about 100 feet in height to sweep down on the south-west coast of Java and south of Sumatra. This wave swept inland, doing great injury to life and property. We are here only twelve miles away from one of the points on which the wave spent its fury. The whole coast line to the south-west has changed its configuration. The inhabitants of the Island of Onrust were only saved from the flood which swept over the island by taking refuge on board two steamers. At Merak Government establishment the inhabitants took refuge on a knoll 50 feet high, but were all swept off and drowned, with the exception of one European and two Malays, who were saved."

To sweep the coasts of Java and Sumatra as described, a *sea wave* starting from Krakatoa must have traversed fully a hundred miles of clear sea-way in the Sunda Strait. To be 100 feet high at the end of this journey it must have been more than double that height at starting. Such a wave could not have passed under a ship unperceived, and we have accounts from ships that were in its course at the time. They describe the terrible destruction they witnessed on reaching the main coasts and the small island, but say nothing of any wave out at sea.

The supposed sea wave has been described as "tidal," a very deceptive word, utterly inapplicable to such a wave, even if it were a water wave produced by shock communicated to the sea. Such a wave would be renewed and transmitted by gravitation, the upraised portion of the water descending by terrestrial gravitation in accordance with laws of falling bodies. The monstrous difference between such an undulation and the tidal deformation of the ocean is displayed by the fact that the return of the water from the summit of the tidal protuberance to mean level occupies above six hours.

The mean height of the tidal deformation in mid-ocean is about 58 inches, though exaggerated on certain shores by heaping up in converging channels.

I may here incidentally express my opinion that astronomers, in describing this travelling elongation of the earth's diameter as a "*wave*," perpetrate a barbarous perversion of the Queen's English.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE PRESENT OCEAN.

THE existence of sea-shells and other remains of marine animals in sedimentary rocks that are now far above the sea level has led to the general geological inference that, during the formation of the existing crust of our globe, sea and land have alternated; according to some, have made several of such alternations; or, otherwise stated, the present bed of the ocean was once, or more than once, dry land, and the present continents and islands were once, or more than once, a part of the ocean bed.

I was strongly impressed with the soundness of this induction, when, shortly after attending Jameson's lectures on the subject in Edinburgh, I climbed Mont Pilatus, spent a night *al fresco* and alone on his shoulder, and there found an abundance of marine fossils at an elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea. Here was limestone and sandstone at double the height of Snowdon, and these certainly had once constituted the bottom of the sea, had, in fact, there been formed. As there are many considerable oceanic regions less than 7,000 feet deep, it was not at all unreasonable to suppose that they may now be as much depressed below their former height, as that Pilatus, the Righi, and the other mountains now surrounding the Lake of Lucerne, should ever have been submerged with the rest of Switzerland and the minor Alps.

I mention this merely as one case (a rather extreme and striking case it is true) among a multitude of others all pointing to the same conclusion.

Nevertheless, geologists are *now* gradually dropping the once apparently well established conclusion based on these facts, and are gradually moving towards the opposite one—viz., that the present distribution of land and water on the globe represents *broadly*, though not in detail, the distribution that has prevailed during what may be strictly defined as all geological time—*i.e.*, the period during which the known crust of the earth has been formed.

The case of my old friend Pilatus illustrates one of the general facts connected with this change of front—viz., that his fossils are littoral, or sea-shore fossils, and the sandstone rock itself must have been deposited on the shore, as it is formed of disintegrated land material that could not float out to mid-ocean or to any considerable

distance from land. According to this view, the present high Alps or a similar back-bone must have been there to supply the material, and must have formerly been much larger than now, since the material of Pilatus and all the country round was derived from it.

DEPRESSION OF OCEANS *v.* UPHEAVAL OF MOUNTAINS.

THE old geological theory of alternation was based on the assumption that mountains were formed by "upheaval," which was rather vaguely associated with volcanic action, in spite of the fact that the structure of mountains of known volcanic origin is very different from that of such ranges as the Alps, the mountains of Scandinavia, the Grampians, &c.

Most geologists now regard downthrust rather than upheaval as the primary cause of the differences of level between mountain tops and the ocean depths.

It will be at once understood that the relative elevation of dry land and sea-bottom, mountain and valley, may be the same whether produced by the upheaving of the high ground or the depression of the hollows. In either case the water would fill the lowest basins and valleys.

Besides this, the downthrust of a material capable of yielding at all and transmitting pressure, must exert some elbowing action or ridge-forming side-thrust on the boundaries of the depressed region. Abundant evidence of the exertion of such side-thrust is afforded by the condition of the strata on the flanks of great mountain ranges.

Many theories of the cause of the unequal pressure have been proposed ; the one most generally accepted being that of Mallet, who has elaborately and skilfully worked out the problem of the physical consequences of the shrinkage of a globe like ours that is slowly parting with its internal heat by radiation into space. He concludes that the interior must contract more than the outside shell, and, therefore, that the shell must crush inwards and become like the skin of an apple which has similarly followed the shrinking of its interior—due in this case to evaporation of juices.

The inequalities of a shrivelled apple are on a very much larger relative scale than those of the earth. Taking ten miles to roughly represent the perpendicular difference between the lowest depths of ocean and the highest mountain summits, it amounts to $\frac{1}{800}$ of the diameter of the globe.

As 1,600 pages or 800 leaves of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, closely pressed together, would present a thickness equal to the

diameter of a good-sized apple, the maximum inequalities of the earth reduced to this scale are represented by the thickness of this paper; the height of Mont Blanc above Chamouni by one-fourth of the thickness of this paper; or the mean height of England above sea-level is fully represented by the thickness of the film of printer's ink forming the letters.

The Geographical Society would do good service by constructing and exhibiting a correctly proportioned terrestrial globe of moderate diameter—say 2 feet—with the “flattening” at the poles, the bulging of the equator, the depths of the ocean, and the heights of mountains, all represented to scale. An examination of such a model would correct many of the misconceptions that commonly prevail even among people whose education is generally described as superior.

The oblate spheroid would no longer be represented to their minds by an orange, as the difference between the equatorial and polar diameters would, on the 2 feet model, only amount to $\frac{1}{13}$ th of an inch, and produce a deviation from circular outline too small for unaided vision to detect. The highest and steepest ranges of mountains would be displayed by a barely visible roughening of the surface, and the depths of ocean shown with true littoral slope would not be perceptible at all without the aid of a spherometer—*i.e.*, the instrument used by opticians for measuring the curvature of lenses.

With such a model before us, we should rather wonder how the earth has retained such close approximation to true sphericity and smoothness of surface than make any violent theories to explain its trivial deviations from these.

M. FAYE'S THEORY OF THE EARTH'S INEQUALITIES.

AT the meeting of the Academy of Sciences on October 1st, M. Faye argued that the progressive cooling of the earth's crust goes on at a more rapid rate under water than on dry land, and therefore that the solidified crust is much thicker under the oceans than on the Continents. Hence, he maintains, the liquid mass in the interior of the globe is subjected to far greater pressure under the seas than under the mainland, and as this excess of pressure is diffused in every direction, the less dense continental crust must yield to the pressure thus exerted, and is continually upheaved thereby, while the submarine crust, becoming denser and denser, is slowly subsiding.

This theory does not explain the primary formation of the oceanic depression, nor will it bear critical examination, as the very

slight increase of density due to the cooling of the rock in immediate contact with the sea bottom would not compensate for the lesser pressure of the water itself, as compared with that of the material of the dry land, the average density of which is above two and a half that of sea water.

MY OWN THEORY OF OCEANIC DEPRESSION

IS simply that the actual deviations from the true sphericity of the earth's crust (excluding that produced by rotation) are fully accounted for by the known variations of the density of the materials forming that crust.

Referring to a table of specific gravities, I find that the granites vary from 3.00 to 2.619; porphyritic rocks, from 3.728 to 2.676; limestones, from 3.179 to 1.858; slates from 3.500 to 2.186; marble, from 3.284 to 2.649; sandstones, from 2.690 to 2.143, and so on with all the massive rock material of the earth. The extreme range from pumice deposits to those of baryta compounds is as 1 to 5. This, of course, is exceptional, but the previously quoted are fair examples of ordinary or general variation.

A large area covered with a thick crust of granite, or any other rocks having a specific gravity of 3.000 or thereabouts, would of necessity sink to a lower level than surrounding regions covered by rocks of 2.500 and less. A smaller difference than this would account for existing variations of level, not only for their origin, but also for their permanency, the *broad* primary cause having a constancy corresponding to the observed *broad* effect. I say "broad" because I do not put forth this theory as an explanation of the minor variations of terrestrial surface configuration. It does not touch volcanic disturbances at all, nor earthquake phenomena. All these subsequent deviations from the primary surface deformations are, I think, better explained by Mallet's theory.

Admitting a certain degree of plasticity of the crust of the earth, which plasticity is proved wherever it is tested either naturally or artificially, every theory fails to explain the origin and permanency of the ocean depressions and land elevations which does not supply a cause that has remained as permanent and invariable from the time of its first action to the present moment, as the effect it has produced; that is, it requires to be as permanent as the ocean depths themselves.

A temporary suspension of the action of the force that originally effected the depression would enable the mountains to settle down

again to the mean level, just as the waves raised by a gale subside when the tempest ceases; or waves of earth when the seismic disturbance ceases, or as the crust of the earth above the Cheshire salt works is settling down, as the pumping of the brine pits removes the crystals of salt that formerly supported them.

According to my theory the actual shape of the earth is what I may call a spheroid of equilibrium—*i.e.*, a shape which (irrespective of the modification due to rotation) has been acquired by the mutual gravitation of viscous materials which (at the surface at least) are somewhat heterogeneous. With perfect or nearly perfect fluidity, the denser materials would sink through the lighter, but as it is, they merely make a depression without rupture of the substance of the surrounding material; as a skater on ice just strong enough to bear him makes a depression where he stands, but does not sink through.

If this explanation is correct, even the surface of the ocean deviates from the curve of true sphericity, and if the ocean has accumulated on one hemisphere rather than the other, it follows that the centre of gravity of the earth is displaced from the centre of magnitude towards the oceanic side. The ocean is thus accumulated on the southern hemisphere, and there are reasons, which the limits of a note will not permit me to expound, for concluding that a corresponding displacement of the earth's centre of gravity actually exists.

FLUIDITY RESULTING FROM PRESSURE.

THE subject of one of my notes of February last was "Transfusion by Pressure." I there described the experiments of W. Spring, who produced true alloys by squeezing together filings of different metals, the metals becoming actually liquid at ordinary temperatures *by the action of pressure alone*. These results are very interesting and important, especially as it has been theoretically assumed, and, if I mistake not, mathematically demonstrated, that increased pressure, by restraining the hypothetical mobility of the hypothetical molecules of which matter is hypothetically constituted, must raise the fusion temperature of solids.

Mr. Spring's facts disprove these demonstrations, based upon atomic or molecular hypotheses, by showing, as many other experiments do, that pressure lowers the fusing point, not only of a substance which, like water, expands on solidifying, but also of metals and alloys.

Further experiments have since been made by Mr. Spring on mixtures of metals with sulphur. These were subjected to a pres-

sure of 6,500 atmospheres (97,500 lbs. per square inch), the block so obtained powdered, and the pressure repeated. In this manner chemical combination was effected, and the following sulphides produced: magnesium sulphide, zinc sulphide, resembling natural blende, bismuth sulphide, lead sulphide, silver sulphide, copper sulphide, stannic sulphide, and antimony sulphide. Only a partial combination between aluminium and sulphur could be effected.

This great pressure imitates artificially that to which such materials are subjected in the interior of the earth, and indicates the probable condition of such substances there, where they must be similarly transfused and combined, and, as I said before, proves the necessary fluidity of the inner materials of the earth.

If we divest our minds of hypothetical preconceptions of ultimate atoms and molecules, and their supposed internal gyrations, oscillations, and other kinetic antics, and thereby descend from the regions of mathematical poetry to those of physical fact, we have only to conceive that the actual constitution of matter corresponds to that which it presents to our senses, in order to understand easily enough the rationale of this liquefaction by such great pressure.

A liquid differs from a solid in holding itself together by such weak cohesion that it cannot sustain its own weight, or, otherwise stated, *it yields to the pressure of its own weight, and consequently flows, or "finds its level," in response to the moderate pressure effected by its own gravitation.*

A solid holds together more firmly than this, but still with only a limited degree of resistance. Thus, if an iron bar, having a sectional area of one square inch, be pulled with a force of about 50,000 lbs., it becomes elongated and contracted in sectional area, like a piece of putty or indiarubber, and then it breaks asunder; steel does the like in obedience to a greater strain; silver, copper, gold, tin, lead, &c., to much smaller strains. In like manner they flow, or yield to pressure, as truly as water does, provided the pressure is sufficient to overcome their cohesion, as the pressure of its own gravitation overcomes that of water.

If any reader questions this, let him take from his pocket a penny, a shilling, or a sovereign, contemplate her Majesty's portrait thereon, and ask himself how it came there?

A little reflection must convince him that it *flowed* into all the very delicate channels of the die when it was struck thereby. As evidence of the degree of its fluidity at that moment let him observe the initials of William Wyon, the engraver, on the sovereign (if his vision is sharp enough to find them), and consider how great must have

been the fluidity of the metal in order that it should run into the minute and delicate zigzag channels of the "W. W."

At the Mint this flowing of the metal is momentary, lasting only during the instant of the blow ; in Mr. Spring's experiments the pressure was continuous, and the fluidity continued accordingly, with chemical results identical with those obtainable by the mutual diffusive interflow of the materials when their self-cohesions are balanced by the expansive energy of heat.

A BIG RIVER.

A TELEGRAM from New York, dated October 9th, makes a startling geographical statement. It tells of an exploring party in Alaska that has travelled no less than two thousand miles down the stream of the Yukon river, which they report to be one of the largest in the world, more than seven miles broad in some places, and discharging fifty per cent. more water than the Mississippi.

As few of us learned anything about this river in the course of our school lessons on geography, I may mention that, according to my atlas (an old one, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge), this river commences in the northern part of British Columbia about lat. 58° , a little to the E. of the Island of Sitka, or New Archangel, and proceeds N. and W. to Behring's Straits, but its length, as there represented, is little more than half of that of the Mississippi, with not one-twentieth of the number and magnitude of its tributaries.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

PHYSICAL DEGENERACY.

IT is to be regretted that no accurate statistics concerning the average dimensions of Englishmen at different epochs have been transmitted to the present generation. Such evidence as we possess, consisting in the armour worn by the warriors of former days, the monuments to be found in churches, and the like, is delusive, as it applies principally to the well-nurtured and the gently born. Not much more valuable as a basis for argument is the fact that the standard of size in the army has been diminished. Increased wages and the improved conditions of artisan life take from the working classes the inducements formerly subsisting to join the army. The testimony of literature is meanwhile untrustworthy. Writers earlier than Homer speak of the degeneracy of the existing race when compared with its forefathers. It is indeed a curious and significant fact that what is known as the "Papyrus Prisse," a work preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, which may claim to be the most ancient of existing books, is occupied with a wail over the degeneracy of the days in which the writer lived. In the work in question, which is older by many centuries than the time of Moses, and is assumably older than the date ordinarily assigned to Abraham, a sage deplores the deterioration of the age, and laments the good old times passed away.¹ Since the days of this earliest of jeremiads, the same note has been incessantly struck. The reactionary process that has been described would, if there were any foundation for these statements, have sufficed to reduce men from the dimensions of giants to those of pigmies. While laughing at such testimony, however, I cannot shut my eyes to facts. A walk on a fine Sunday will, I think, serve to convince the most optimistic that under the various degrading influences of city life our working population is growing terribly stunted. It may be that I share the delusions of earlier and wiser men, but I am of opinion that the average bulk of our working population is undergoing serious diminution.

¹ *The Alphabet*. By Isaac Taylor, M.A., LL.D. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. Vol. i. p. 96.

ENGLISH CONNIVANCE IN THE SLAVE TRADE.

THERE is no need to consult Puffendorff, "*De Jure Naturæ et Gentium*," to learn that national obligations cannot extend to the sanctioning of barbaric practices. At the present moment every civilised nation has given up slavery, and we in England have long ago announced our determination to put down the slave trade at any cost. Yet at the present moment ships bearing the British flag carry through Mediterranean waters slaves who have been violently abducted, and yield them up like merchandise when the vessel arrives in port. Surely this state of affairs should not be permitted. It was the boast of Englishmen fifty years ago that the moment a slave came beneath the protection of the English flag his chains fell from him. Have we gone back from that faith? No long time has elapsed since public sentiment was shocked by hearing that a slave who had escaped from Tangiers into English protection was returned to his masters by a British Minister, on the plea that as he had not been out of the territorial waters of Morocco the English Government could not interfere. I like to think how Cromwell would have faced a difficulty of this kind. It is at any rate to be hoped that we shall get rid of our squeamishness in this respect, and shall not allow English vessels to be prostituted to the furtherance of an infamous trade. It is not wholly the negroes of the Soudan country that are the objects of slave traffic. White slaves may still be found in Morocco, as in Algiers in the days before the bombardment, and the number of these is still recruited by forcible abduction.

THE PURSUIT OF FELICITY.

IF science is to bring with it an addition to the sum of human felicity, its mission will indeed be divine. Hitherto the world has held with Campbell that all the arts and inventions of man have been fruitless to heal

A passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

The reputation of Rasselas has been derived from teaching a like lesson, and Mr. Froude is thought to have uttered a word of supreme wisdom in saying, "To be happy is not the purpose for which you are placed in the world." In his recent address at Glasgow, however, Dr. B. W. Richardson, the most sanguine of teachers, speaks of the increase of felicity to be hoped from sanitation. That long life means increased felicity Dr. Richardson is not bold enough to assert. He remembers, as a keen Shakespearean

scholar, that Hamlet preaches the very opposite lesson when he says to Horatio—

Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain.

Dr. Richardson has, however, discovered some aids to felicity, most of which may be summed up in the old Latin idea of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. That good health furnishes an indispensable preliminary to happiness, and that the means which contribute to health are indirectly aids to felicity, may be conceded. That happiness any more than pleasure can be found by search is a more cheerful doctrine than I am as yet prepared to adopt. I would almost go so far as to maintain that the pursuit of wisdom, in which Solomon tells us is much sorrow, is, on the whole, as likely a means to the end Dr. Richardson sets before him, as the pursuit of sanitation.

A JOHNSON CENTENARY.

NEXT year will be the centenary of the death of Samuel Johnson. The propriety of commemorating the occasion by some form of ceremonial has already begun to be discussed. It is to be hoped that something more than a local celebration such as Staffordshire appears to meditate will be attempted. If Johnson was born in Lichfield, he lived and died in London. In London his work was done, and Westminster Abbey holds his remains.

Fortunately for England, there is rarely a year that may not claim to be the centenary of some man great enough to deserve a monument. To an extent not easily paralleled, however, Johnson is a representative and typical Englishman. We are not lucky in our efforts to erect statues to men of letters ; witness the fiasco in which the attempt to celebrate the tercentenary of Shakespeare resulted. Johnson is, however, a promising subject for a sculptor, and I cannot but think that the genius of a Woolner could be put to no better purpose than enriching London with a statue worthy of the name. The site of this should not be far from the Fleet Street which Johnson loved. Should the proposed alterations involving the removal of St. Clement's Church be carried out, space might be found for a bronze statue looking eastward. A new cause for removing the civic Griffin might then be furnished. It is very satisfactory to hear that the loyalty of New South Wales has led to the order for statues, heroic size, of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. I own, however, to being weary of the monopoly of monuments accorded the governing and fighting classes.

A SCIENTIFIC BUGBEAR.

AN old song which in presence of modern developments it may be well to forget called down a heavy penalty upon whomsoever should try to "rob a poor man of his beer." What corresponding punishment should attend the man who robs a poor woman of her tea? At the present moment a large number of our medical authorities, with the support of one or two ecclesiastical teachers, are heading a crusade against tea. Far be it from me to oppose the dicta of those who claim to know. Still I believe we shall get nearer the truth when our scientific controversialists are content to separate widely use from abuse. It requires some courage in modern days to say that a glass of beer is a good thing. A good thing it is, however, just as certainly as a glass of spirit is a bad thing. As regards tea, those who make so loud outcry against it can scarcely think what they are doing. In the case of good women it is the chief comfort of lives that frequently know no other. Of its beneficial influence I can speak by long personal observation. A thousand times in my life I have known fatigue disappear as if by magic after drinking a cup of tea. That it is when taken to excess a cause of nervous disorder may be true, though it may be urged that it is, as a rule, only taken to excess by those already suffering from such disorder. A man or woman, however, of average health who takes tea once or even twice a day will feel no more evil consequences from it than from taking water. Let our physicians tell us, as the result of experiment, what amount is excess, and we will commence to pay heed to them. As to the effect of tea in moderation, ask the Premier in a long night sitting, ask the scholar at his desk, the gamekeeper on his tramp across the moors, the seamstress at her sewing-machine, and record their answers. If a scientific bugbear is necessary to the world, let another be brought forth, for this is played out.

Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils ;
I am past such needless palsy,

says Vittoria Corombona. With slight alteration her defiance might be applied to the latest bugbear of science.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1883.

*KITCHEN GARDENS, OLD AND
NEW.*

“A GARDEN,” said Bacon, “is the purest of human pleasures ;” and the pleasure of the ordinary kitchen garden is indeed so pure that there is no profit mixed with it. Healthy exercise and the placid joy of contemplating the queer results of his own back-aching labours is all that an ordinary mortal ought to expect from the ground which he lays out in vegetables. No sordid element of commercial speculation, no gastronomic greed, should be allowed to enter into his calculations, else he will be sorely disappointed. After six months of hoeing, sowing, weeding, pegging down, tying up, thinning out, and irrigating, the amateur as he walks abroad among the relics of his own horticulture may regard himself either as a peripatetic philosopher with an admixture of the tenets of the Stoical school, or a miserable lunatic, according to the modesty or extravagance of his disappointed anticipations. A kitchen garden is probably so called because no kitchen is small enough to be regularly supplied from it. The fruit-trees on the wall blossom enthusiastically, it is true, in spring ; but the fruit drops off precociously, and neighbours’ children and the birds of the air divide between them such as perseveres till autumn. Wasps and ants exploit the peaches. Earwigs domesticate themselves inside the artichokes. Placid slugs and caterpillars dwell in the cool shade of the leafy vegetables. What the earth-worm spares the wire-worm eats ; and the celery-worm, the onion-worm, the turnip-fly, and the cabbage-moth have each their special province of botanical study. Cocks and hens, too, have impertinent scientific tendencies, with an especial weakness for investigating the upper strata of the earth’s surface and the roots of flowering plants. It is also wonderful, as an American writer has justly observed, how

large a footmark a stray cow will make upon a seed bed. After a year's hard labour with a hoe in the garden, Sisyphus would go back to his stone-rolling, and a pauper to his stone-breaking, with a sigh of relief. The labour of filling the bucket of the Danaids is only a weak echo of the work of the watering-can.

Even in early spring, before the proprietor has commenced to labour, or has even made up his mind how and where and when he will commence, Nature has taken the garden in force. While he is pondering upon the prices of seed-packets, and judicially weighing the contradictory suggestions of his own and his neighbour's previous disappointments, Nature has filled his garden with an orderly infantry of weeds, and reinforced them with squadrons of insects. While he extirpates the weeds with a hoe, the creeping, crawling, and flying cavalry have executed a turning movement and billet themselves upon the sprouting peas. When he subsidises the small birds with bread-crumbs to exterminate the insects, they betray his confidence by waiting to commence operations until the peas are ripe and then emptying the pods. When he puts up a scarecrow among the pea rows the tomtits assemble to search for spiders in its hat, and the rest of the birds adjourn to the cherry-trees ; and by this time the second crop of weeds is ready for hoeing. The thistle-down from the roadside, the fluff of the groundsel which his wife planted for her birds, and the ragwort from the field at the back, have all planted themselves and grown to maturity. The dock which he mistook for horse-radish and allowed to remain in one corner has fruited and propagated itself industriously. The bindweed that he chopped up, in his wrath, into infinitesimal portions, owing to that identical circumstance has been enabled to transform itself into a whole wilderness of bindweeds. The cauliflower, itself run to seed, peers out here and there from amidst a green sea of chickweed. Dandelions that seem to have anchored themselves to the antipodes have taken up commanding positions upon the garden paths. The wild convolvulus has tied the gooseberry-bushes to the raspberries, and the greater part of the vegetable-marrow has climbed over the wall. Then the hoe is brought out, and the struggle reverts to the old lines. It is good moral training.

No man values vegetables so highly as the man who grows them for his own table. Home-reared cucumbers, as a rule, cost about eighteenpence per medium-sized specimen. Private celery is more extraordinarily remarkable for irregular rapidity of growth than anything else. As a vegetable its virtues are not always conspicuous, but as a happy hunting-ground for the sparrows and a political

rendezvous where they can interchange information with the country members of their party, a shady grove of four-foot-high celery has few equals. The cabbage too—in appearance the most unsophisticated of vegetables—has a miserly way of shooting up unexpectedly into walking-sticks, marked off into six-inch lengths by large solitary leaves of open lattice-work through which the slugs and caterpillars peep at one another with mutual respect. Radishes and carrots, again, demoralise each other. They appear to know when they have only to deal with an amateur, and deliberately conspire to puzzle him as to their identity by exchanging outlines—the carrots developing a small one-inch bulb, and the radishes striking downwards as thin as whip-cord. A solitary peck of potatoes, and undersized ones at that, seems a poor output from a quarter of an acre of luxuriant foliage and blossom. But, as a rule, amateur potatoes prefer to make a great show above ground, with fibrous roots that are as difficult to follow as the roots of Sanskrit, and end in nothing—or a wire-worm. For some reason the blackbirds and thrushes that sing so sweetly when their day's labour is ended never seem to care to eat those wire-worms. They prefer to hunt *among the ripe cherries* for caterpillars ; and when strawberries are in season they are always among the strawberry-runners—looking for snails.

Peas are often more satisfactory than anything else. With a plentiful supply of lime and soot, a few hundred rags tied to strings, and a boy hired to shout all day among the rows, it is possible for any one to secure a return of at least fifty per cent. of the outlay upon the bean-poles for them to climb up. But from some vegetables so much must never be expected. Cauliflowers, for instance, all stalk, leaves, and no blossom ; or rhubarb, all blossom, leaves, and no stalks ; or parsley, all blossom and stalks and no leaves—are neither remunerative nor ornamental. Such, however, is the normal result of domestic vegetable-raising. As a healthy outdoor exercise it is excellent ; as a commercial speculation unsatisfactory. The introduction of foreign breeds of vegetables, and the evolution of “ prize strains ” of cabbages and cucumbers, is what has ruined old-fashioned horticulture. The pampered plants have grown constitutionally accustomed to scientific treatment with superphosphates and chemical “ top-dressings,” and for want of them at critical moments will either become stunted with disappointment, or else fling out their starved arms in all directions and undermine each other's roots in search of them. Times have changed since Mayer's “ Survey of Berkshire ” was published, recording, for the encouragement of husbandry, how a family of aged persons named Ann, near Steventon, dwelt in comparative opulence on

the sale of the products of one small garden. But that was in the days when professional market-gardeners were unknown, and each herbalist was *ipso facto* a physician of repute ; when “golden-rod,” until some one discovered that it was a common roadside weed, was dried and sold by the growers of “simples” for half-a-crown an ounce. But “golden-rod” will not cure the quinsy nowadays. Indeed the lost virtues of our common garden products are innumerable. Time was when the gum of the plum-tree would cure “the most contumacious tetter,” and the moss that was grown in a dead man’s skull—if he had been murdered, so much the better—provided that famous “unguentum sympatheticum” which infallibly remedied all nervous debility and weakness. A decoction of willow-bark—because that plant would, “after being killed, nevertheless shoot forth again”—had the power of healing withered limbs ; garlic preserved eggs from the effects of thunder ; and parsley that was planted on Good Friday possessed innumerable healing properties :—

What heart could think, what tongue could tell,
The virtues of the pimpernel ?

and as for sage,

Cur morietur homo cui salvia crescit in horto ?

Divers sorts of apples, too, had such inestimable qualities that the legendary refrain of “Pippin, pippin, paradise” was accounted by the best judges to savour of tautology. Peonies cured epilepsy, and St. John’s Wort, “gathered on a Friday in the hour of Jupiter,” when it comes to his effectual operation (that is, about the full moon in July), so gathered and borne or hung about the neck, it “mightily helps madness ;” an ailment which, according to Burton, was also cured by “irrigations of the head shaven of the flowers of water-lilies, lettuce, violets, camomile, wild mallows, &c.” Of such “simples,” which, according to Jason Pratensis, numbered some eight hundred, Southey made a quaint collection ; and perhaps it was only natural regret for the loss of so many ready remedies that led him, in his “Colloquies on Society,” to deplore the disappearance of the antique herb gardens that used to surround the cottages of the poor—a sentiment which Macaulay *more suo* scornfully tore to rags. “Here is wisdom !” he exclaimed ; “rose-bushes and Poor Rates rather than steam-engines and independence. Mortality and cottages with weather stains rather than health and long life in edifices which time cannot mellow.”

For my part, I am neither with Southey nor with Macaulay in this matter ; for there was as much illogical sentiment, only of a different kind, on the one side as on the other. As far as argument

is concerned, Macaulay might just as well have transposed his substantives and ejaculated, "Rose-bushes and independence rather than steam-engines and Poor Rates. Health and long life in cottages with weather stains, rather than mortality in edifices which time cannot mellow" because they are built of shoddy, and will not stand long enough. Southey, it is to be feared, thought that the ancient cottage garden was to be regretted simply because it was ancient; and for that very reason Macaulay considered it worse than worthless. The truth of course lies between these two extremes. "Whatever is," the poet should have said if it had fitted into his metre, "is better on the whole than what has been;" but an innovation, however salutary, always takes away something that we would rather keep—"ever," as Lord Bacon wisely said, "it mends some, and pairs other." Nevertheless I am half inclined to agree that "Father Time never made a more cruel scythe-stroke than that with which he mowed down the sweet-scented crop of our old-fashioned kitchen garden." Only here and there, in the outlying corners of the byways of rustic civilisation, are some few stragglers still to be met with—rue and rosemary, basil, golden-rod and fennel, with

Primros and parvink,
Mint, feverfoi and eglenterre,
Columbin and mother-wer.

A kitchen garden must have been a real pleasure in the old days of monkish horticulture, before the reckless hand of his most gracious Majesty King Henry VIII. had thrown down the monastery walls, without first providing another home for all the quaint herbs and simples that had taken refuge there during the Wars of the Roses. The lingering fragrance of those humble kitchen herbs seems still redolent of the good old days in which they flourished. Like the sterling deeds of bygone times, they still smell sweet and blossom in the dust. "Honesty," with its plain pale-tinted flowers, "heart's ease," and the bee-haunted "traveller's joy" appear as typical of the humble, homely, honest, hospitable virtues of our ancestors, as erodiums, pelargoniums, and calceolarias of the show and splendour of modern scientific wealth.

The comparison is not, however, nearly so one-sided as it appears. Notwithstanding Burton's boast that "many an old wife or country-woman doth often more good with a few known and common garden herbs than our bombast physicians with all their prodigious, sumptuous, far-fetched, rare, conjectural medicines," the curing of diseases was in those days somewhat empirical; and Burton's own mother, Mrs. Dorothy Burton of Lindley in Leicestershire, used to

medicate her neighbours' agues by the application of a spider in a nutshell, in preference to all the herbs in her garden. And if the medicines of the herb garden were bad, the vegetables were apparently much worse. All their kinds of gourds, cucumbers, coleworts, and melons were forbidden by the physicians of those days. Cabbage was especially injurious, causing troublesome dreams, and "sending up black vapours to the brain." No salads could be eaten with impunity, except bugloss and lettuce, fennel, dill, and succory. In these two particulars, indeed, our ancestors had the authority of the ancients on their side; for, *crambe repetita*, two helps of cabbage was by them accounted death; and Plautus's cook expressed unmitigated scorn for those Romans who offered salad to their friends—

And made no better of their guests than beeves,
With herbes and grass to feed them fat.

All kind of roots were disallowed, though some excepted parsnips and potatoes; but all pulse, such as beans and peas, were absolutely "naught, filling the brain with gross fumes and breeding black, thick blood."

After subtracting the medicines which science has superseded, and the vegetables which they themselves condemned, there would not perhaps seem to have been much of value left in those antique gardens for modern horticulture to borrow. But how many of our gardeners, among their potatoes, peas, and peaches, have spared a small corner for borage, that slightest but most essential of the ingredients of claret-cup? or for lavender to perfume our household goods? or rosemary, which, preserved in sugar, was one of the best of old-world sweetmeats? All these are beloved of the bees and have a fragrance and a beauty all their own; whereas the bullet-headed cabbage has none. We never grow the milky thistle, another handsome plant, although the same authors who condemned all our modern vegetables described it as "edible and good." Mustard, again, might be made at home of nasturtium as of yore, and pepper of saxifrage. We might cultivate a little patch of club-moss for restoring wine, and the ill-named scurvy-grass for improving beer, and rue for pickling. Bacon, in his "Royal Ordering of Gardens," makes, too, one shrewd suggestion—that "as some plants, that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints, perfume the air most delightfully when trodden upon and crushed, therefore you are to set whole alleys of them to have the pleasure when you walk or tread." The idea is delicious; and if that quaint old writer, Gerard, is right that these old-world plants "do bring to a liberal and gentle mind the remembrance of honesty,

comeliness, and all kinds of virtues," we cannot do better than revert to the forsaken order of things at once, for cauliflowers and cucumbers have no such elevating tendencies. The revival of one extinct fashion in vegetable-raising would indeed be especially suitable to the needs of the present day. Oscar Wilde, when informed recently that a tribe of North American Indians lived upon sunflowers—only the roasted seeds, however—exclaimed ecstatically, "Oh! the preciousness of it!" But he would be incomparably more delighted if his own countrymen should revert to the practice of Evelyn's days, when the bud of the sunflower was "drest like an artichoke and eaten for a dainty." But for the rest of the world, not being æsthetes, the kitchen garden as it existed in the days of our fathers would chiefly recommend itself on the ground that most of the plants, being almost wild themselves, used to require little time or trouble. Like the uncultured manhood of that age, they needed no artificial cramming for competitive prizes with superphosphates and scientific rotations. There were no fourth, fifth, or sixth standards for the sickly little common plants to be forced up to. Where they were planted, there they grew sturdily; and if any weeds contested the ground with them, so much the worse for the weeds. In those days a man might hang up his hoe upon the branch of a mossy tree of pippins and take his ease in the shade of his own pear-tree, and, as he inhaled through every pore the beauty and the fragrance of his garden, might "bring to his mind the remembrance of honesty, comeliness, and all kinds of virtue." There was room for a philosopher of the Garden Sect in those days. He had not always to be getting out of the way of the wheelbarrow and dodging the hired gardener's double-barrelled Latin names—"Hocus-pocus absquatularia," and the like—which are inimical to philosophy.

E. KAY ROBINSON.

MILITARY REPRISALS.

ON no subject connected with the operations of war has International Law come as yet to lamer conclusions than concerning Military Reprisals, or the revenge that may be fairly exacted by one belligerent from the other for violation of the canons of honourable warfare.

General Halleck, for instance, whilst as against an enemy who puts in force the extreme rights of war he justifies a belligerent in following suit, denies the right of the latter to do so against an enemy who passes all bounds and conducts war in a downright savage fashion. Whilst therefore, according to him, the law of retaliation would never justify such acts as the massacre of prisoners, the use of poison, or promiscuous slaughter, he would consider as legitimate reprisals acts like the sequestration by Denmark of debts due from Danish to British subjects in retaliation for the confiscation by England of the Danish fleet in 1807, or Napoleon's seizure of all English travellers in France in retaliation for England's seizure and condemnation of French vessels in 1803.¹ And a French writer, in the same spirit, denies that the French Government would have been justified in retaliating on Russia, when the Czar had his French prisoners of war consigned to the mines of Siberia.²

The distinction is clearly untenable on any rational theory of the laws of retributive justice. You may retaliate for the lesser, but not for the greater injury! You may check resort to infamous hostilities by the threat of reprisals, but must fold your hands and submit, if your enemy becomes utterly barbarous! You may restrain him from burning your crops by burning his, but must be content to go without redress if he slays your wives and children!

How difficult the question really is appears from the attempt made to settle it at the Brussels Conference of 1874, when the following clauses formed part of the original Russian project submitted to the consideration of that meeting:

Section IV. 69. "Reprisals are admissible in extreme cases only,

¹ *International Law*, ii. 95.

² Villiauméc, *L'Esprit de la Guerre*, 56,

due regard being paid as far as possible to the laws of humanity, when it shall have been unquestionably proved that the laws and customs of war have been violated by the enemy, and that they have had recourse to measures condemned by the law of nations."

70. "The selection of the means and extent of the reprisals should be proportionate to the degree of the infraction of the law committed by the enemy. Reprisals that are disproportionately severe are contrary to the rules of international law."

71. "Reprisals should be allowed only on the authority of the commander-in-chief, who shall likewise determine the degree of their severity and their duration."

The delicacy of dealing with such a subject, when the memories of the Franco-German war were still fresh and green, led ultimately to an unanimous agreement to suppress these clauses altogether, and to leave the matter, as the Belgian deputy expressed it, in the domain of unwritten law till the progress of science and civilisation should bring about a completely satisfactory solution. Nevertheless, the majority of men will be inclined, in reference to this resolution, to say with the Russian Baron Jomini, the skilful President of that Military Council: "I regret that the uncertainty of silence is to prevail with respect to one of the most bitter necessities of war. If the practice could be suppressed by this reticence, I could not but approve of this course; but if it is still to exist among the necessities of war, this reticence and this obscurity may, it is to be feared, remove any limits to its existence."

The necessity of some regulation of reprisals, such as that contained in the clauses suggested at Brussels, is no less attested by the events of the war of 1870 than by the customs in this respect which have at all times prevailed, and which, as earlier in time, form a fitting introduction to those later occurrences.

That the fear of reprisals should act as a certain check upon the character of hostilities is too obvious a consideration not to have always served as a wholesome restraint upon military licence. When, for instance, Philip II. of Spain in his war with the Netherlands ordered that no prisoners of war should be released or exchanged, nor any contributions be accepted as an immunity from confiscation, the threat of retaliation led to the withdrawal of his iniquitous proclamation. Nor are other similar instances far to seek.

Nevertheless, it is evident that, as little as war itself is prevented by consideration of the forces in opposition, will its peculiar excesses, which constitute its details, be restrained by the fear of retaliatory measures; and inasmuch as the primary offence is more

often the creation of rumour than a proved fact, the usual result of reprisals is, not that one belligerent amends its ways, but that both belligerents become more savage and enter on a fatal career of competitive atrocities. In the wars of the fifteenth century between the Turks and Venetians, "Sultan Mahomet would not suffer his soldiers to give quarter, but allowed them a ducat for every head, and the Venetians did the same."¹ When the Duke of Alva was in the Netherlands, the Spaniards, at the siege of Haarlem, threw the heads of two Dutch officers over the walls. The Dutch in return beheaded twelve Spanish prisoners, and sent their heads into the Spanish trenches. The Spaniards in revenge hung a number of prisoners in sight of the besieged; and the latter in return killed more prisoners; and so it went on during all the time that Alva was in the country, without the least improvement resulting from such sanguinary reprisals.² At the siege of Malta, the Grand Master, in revenge for some horrible Turkish barbarities, massacred all his prisoners and shot their heads from his cannon into the Turkish camp.³ In one of the wars of Louis XIV., the Imperialist forces having put to death a French lieutenant and thirty troopers a few hours after having promised them quarter, Feuquières, for reprisals, slew the whole garrison of two towns that he won by surprise, though the number so slain in each instance amounted to 650 men (1689).⁴

To all these cases the question asked by Vattel very pertinently applies: "What right have you to cut off the nose and ears of the ambassador of a barbarian who has treated your ambassador in that manner?" The question is not an easy one to answer, for we have no more right in war than in civil life to punish the innocent for the guilty apart from the ordinary accidents of hostilities, even if otherwise we must dispense with redress altogether. To do so by intention and in cold blood is ferocious, whatever the pretext of justification, nor is ever worth the passing gratification it affords. The citizens of Ghent, in their famous war with the Earl of Flanders, not only destroyed his house, but the silver cradle and bathing tub he had used as a child and the very font in which he had been baptised; but such reprisals are soon regretted, and read very pitiably in the eyes of the after-world.

It is pleasanter to record some instances where abstinence from reprisals has not been without its reward. It is said that Cæsar in Iberia, when, in spite of a truce, the enemy killed many of his men,

¹ *De Commynes*, viii. 8.

² *Watson's Philip II.*, ii. 74.

³ *Ib.* i. 213.

⁴ *Memoirs*, c. 19.

instead of retaliating, released some of his prisoners and thereby brought the foe to regard him with favour. We read in Froissart that the Lisboners refrained from retaliating on the Castilians, when the latter mutilated their Portuguese prisoners; and the English Government acted nobly when it refused to reciprocate the decree of the French Convention (though that also was meant as a measure of reprisals) that no English or Hanoverian prisoner should be allowed any quarter.¹ But the best story of this kind is that told by Herodotus of Xerxes the Persian. The Spartans had thrown into a well the Persian envoys who had come to demand of them earth and water. In remorse they sent two of their nobles to Xerxes to be killed in atonement; but Xerxes, when he heard the purport of their visit, answered them that he would not act like the Spartans, who by killing his heralds had broken the laws that were regarded as sacred by all mankind, and that, of such conduct as he blamed in them, he would never be guilty himself.²

But the most curious feature in the history of reprisals is the fact that they were once regarded as justly exacted for the mere offence of hostile opposition or self-defence. Grotius states that it was the almost constant practice of the Romans to kill the leaders of an enemy, whether they had surrendered or been captured, on the day of triumph. Jugurtha indeed was put to death in prison; but the more usual practice appears to have been to keep conquered potentates in custody, after they had been led in triumph before the consul's chariot. This was the fate of Perseus, king of Macedonia, who was also allowed to retain his attendants, money, plate, and furniture³; of Gentius, king of Illyria⁴; of Bituitus, king of the Arvernians. Prisoners of less distinction were sold as slaves, or kept in custody till their friends paid their ransom.

But in the mediæval history of Europe, in the so-called times of chivalry, a far worse spirit prevailed with regard to the treatment of captives. Godfrey of Bouillon, one of the brightest memories of chivalry, was responsible for the promiscuous slaughter of three days

¹ Villiaumé (*L'Esprit de la Guerre*, 71) gives the following version: "En 1793 et en 1794, le gouvernement anglais ayant violé le droit des gens contre la République Française, la Convention, dans un accès de brutale colère, décréta qu'il ne serait plus fait aucun prisonnier anglais ou hanovrien, c'est-à-dire que les vaincus seraient mis en mort, encore qu'ils se rendissent. Mais ce décret fut simplement comminatoire; le Comité de Salut Public, sachant très-bien que de misérables soldats n'étaient point coupables, donna l'ordre secret de faire grâce à tous les vaincus."

² Herodotus, vii. 136.

³ Livy, xlv. 42.

⁴ *Ib.* xlv. 43.

which the Crusaders exacted for the six weeks' siege which it had cost them to take Jerusalem (1099). The Emperor Barbarossa had 1,190 Swabian prisoners delivered to the executioner at Milan, or shot from military engines.¹ Charles of Anjou reserved many prisoners, taken at the battle of Beneventum, to be killed as criminals on his entrance into Naples. When the French took the castle of Pesquière from the Venetians by storm, they slew all but three who surrendered to the pleasure of the king; and Louis XII., who counted for a humane monarch, though his victims offered 100,000 ducats for their lives, swore that he would neither eat nor drink till they were hanged (1509).²

The indignation of the Roman senate on one occasion with a consul who had sold as slaves 10,000 Ligurian prisoners, though they had surrendered at discretion,³ was a sentiment that never affected the warriors of mediæval Christendom. A surrender at discretion ceased to constitute a claim for mercy. Froissart's story of the six citizens of Calais, whom Edward III. was with difficulty restrained from hanging for the obstinate siege which their town had resisted, throws a light over the war customs of that time, which other incidents of history abundantly confirm. It is no pleasant record which illustrates this side of military history, but it is a record that it is necessary to unfold, in order that war and its still prevalent maxims may be judged at their proper value. We need scarcely travel further than the fifteenth century alone in search of facts to place in its proper light this aspect of martial proceedings.

When Rouen surrendered to Henry V. of England, the latter stipulated for three of the citizens to be left to his disposal, of whom two purchased their lives, and the third was beheaded (1419).⁴ When the same king the year following was besieging the castle of Montereau, he sent some twenty prisoners to treat with the governor for a surrender; but when the governor refused to treat, even to save their lives, and when, after a tearful leave-taking with their wives and relatives, they had been escorted back to the English army, "the king of England ordered a gallows to be erected and had them all hanged in sight of those within the castle."⁵ When the English took the castle of Rougemont by storm, and some sixty of its defenders alive, with the loss of only one Englishman, Henry V., in revenge for his death, caused all the prisoners to be drowned in the Loire.⁶ When Meaux surrendered to the same king, it was stipulated that six

¹ Ward, *Law of Nations*, i. 250.

² Petitot's *Mémoires*, xvi. 177.

³ Livy, xlii. 8, 9.

⁴ Monstrelet, *Chronicles*, i. 200.

⁵ *Ib.* i. 224.

⁶ *Ib.* i. 249.

of its bravest defenders should be delivered up to *justice*, four of whom were beheaded at Paris, and its commander at once hung to a tree outside the walls of the city (1422).¹ When the castle of Guetron surrendered to Sir John de Luxembourg, all its defenders were made prisoners, and "on the morrow, by orders from Sir John de Luxembourg, they were all strangled and hung on trees (except four or six), one of their companions serving for executioner."²

Not that there was any special cruelty in the English mode of warfare. They simply conformed to the customs of the time, as we may see by reference to the French and Burgundian wars into which they allowed themselves to be drawn. In 1434, the garrison of Chaumont "was soon so hardly pressed that it surrendered at discretion to the Duke of Burgundy (Philip the Good), who had upwards of 100 of them hanged;" and as with the townsmen, so with those in the castle.³ Bournonville, who commanded Soissons for the Duke of Burgundy, and whom Monstrelet calls "the flower of the warriors of all France," was beheaded at Paris, after the capture of the town, by order of the king and council, and his body hung to a gibbet, like a common malefactor's (1414).⁴ When Dinant was taken by storm by the Burgundians, the prisoners, about 800, were drowned before Bovines (1466).⁵ When the town of Saint-frou surrendered to the Duke of Burgundy, ten men, left to the disposal of that warrior, were beheaded; and so it fared also with the town of Tongres (1467).⁶ After the storming and slaughter at Liège, before the Duke of Burgundy (Charles the Bold) left the city, "a great number of those poor creatures who had hid themselves in the houses when the town was taken and were afterwards made prisoners, were hanged" (1468).⁷ At Nesle, most of those who were taken alive were hung, and some had their hands cut off (1472).⁸ After the battle of Granson, the Swiss retook two castles from the French, and hung all the Burgundians they found in them. They then retook the town and castle of Granson, and ordered 512 Germans whom the Burgundians had hung to be cut down, and as many of the Burgundians as were still in Granson to be suspended on the same halters (1476). In the skirmishes that occurred in a time of truce on the frontiers of Picardy, between the French king's forces and those of the Duke of Austria, "all the prisoners that were taken on both sides were immediately hanged, without permitting any, of what degree or rank soever, to be ransomed" (1481). And as a

¹ Monstrelet, i. 259.

² *Ib.* ii. 111.

³ *Ib.* ii. 156.

⁴ *Ib.* 120.

⁵ *Philip de Commines*, ii. 1.

⁶ *Ib.* ii. 2.

⁷ *Ib.* ii. 14.

⁸ *Ib.* iii. 9.

climax to these facts, let us recall the decree of the Duke of Anjou, who, when Montpelier was taken by siege, condemned 600 prisoners to be put to death, 200 by the sword, 200 by the halter, and 200 by fire, and who, but for the remonstrances of a cardinal and a friar, would undoubtedly have executed his sentence.

Ghastly facts enough these ! and a strange insight they afford us into the real character of a profession which, in the days when these things were its commonest occurrences, was held to be the noblest of all, but of which it is only too patent that its mainsprings were simply the love of plunder and of bloodshed. One story may be quoted to show that in this respect the sixteenth century was no improvement on the fifteenth. In the war between the Dutch and the Spaniards, the captain of Weerd Castle, having previously refused to surrender to Sir Francis de Vere, begged at last for a capitulation with the honours of war ; Vere's answer was, that the honours of war were halters for a garrison that had dared to defend such a hovel against artillery. The commandant was killed first, and the remaining 26 men, having been made to draw black and white straws, the 12 who drew the white straws were hanged, the thirteenth only escaping by consenting to act as executioner of the rest !¹

It is clear, therefore, that in the wars of the past the axe and the halter have played as conspicuous a part as the sword or the lance ; a fact to which its due prominence has not always been given in the standard histories of military antiquities. It is surprising to find how close to the glories of war lie the common vulgarities of murder.

To the Duke of Somerset, the regent of England for Edward VI., appears to be due the credit of instituting a milder treatment of a besieged but surrendered garrison than had been previously customary. For De Thou, the historian, speaks of the admiration he received for sparing the lives of a Scotch garrison, contrary to that "ancient maxim in war which declares that a weak garrison forfeits all claim to mercy on the part of the conquerors, when, with more courage than prudence, they obstinately persevere in defending an ill-fortified place against the royal army," or refuse reasonable conditions.

But the ancient maxim lasted, in spite of this better example, throughout the seventeenth and till late into the eighteenth century, for we find Vattel even then thus protesting against it: "How could it be conceived in an enlightened age that it was lawful to punish with death a governor who has defended his town to the last extremity, or who in a weak place had the courage to hold out against a royal army ? In the last century this notion still prevailed ; it was looked upon as

¹ Motley's *United Netherlands*, iii. 323.

one of the laws of war, and is not even at present totally exploded. What an idea ! to punish a brave man for having performed his duty." ¹

Nor (what is more remarkable) is the maxim even yet definitely expunged from the unwritten code of martial etiquette. The original Russian project, submitted to the Brussels Conference, proposed to exclude, among other illicit means of war, "the threat of extermination towards a garrison that obstinately holds a fortress." The proposal was unanimously rejected, and that clause was carefully excluded from the published modified text ! But as the execution of a threat is morally of the same value as the threat itself, it is evident that the massacre of a brave but conquered garrison still holds its place among the laws of Christian warfare !

This peculiar and most sanguinary law of reprisals has always been defended by the common military sophism, that it shortens the horrors of war. The threat of capital punishment against the governor or defenders of a town should naturally dispose them to make a conditional surrender, and so spare both sides the miseries of a siege. But arguments in defence of atrocities, on the ground of their shortening a war, and coming from military quarters, must be viewed with the greatest suspicion, and, inasmuch as they provoke reprisals and so intensify passion, with the greatest distrust. It was to such an argument that the Germans resorted in defence of their shelling the town of Strasburg, in order to intimidate the inhabitants and drive them to force General Uhlich to a surrender. "The abbreviation," said a German writer, "of the period of actual fighting and of the war itself is an act of humanity towards both parties ;" ² although the savage act failed in its purpose and General Werder had to fall back, after his gratuitous destruction of life and property, on the slower process of a regular siege. If their tendency to shorten a war be the final justification of military proceedings, the ground begins to slip from under us against the use of aconitine or of clothes infected with the small-pox. Therefore such a pretext should meet with prompt condemnation, notwithstanding the efforts of the modern military school to render it popular upon the earth.

In respect, therefore, to this law of reprisals, the comparison is not to the credit of modern times as compared with the pagan era. The surrender at discretion, which in Greek and Roman warfare involved as a rule personal security, came in Christianised Europe to involve capital punishment out of motives of pure vindictiveness.

¹ Motley's *United Netherlands*, iii. 8, 143.

² Borbstaedt, *Franco-German War* (translation), 662.

The chivalry, so often associated with the battle-field as at least a redeeming feature, fades on closer inspection into the veriest fiction of romance. Bravery under any form has been the constant pretext for capital reprisals. Edward I. had William Wallace, the brave Scotch leader, executed on Tower Hill; and it has been observed by one writer, as the facts already quoted prove, that the custom of thus killing defeated generals "may be traced through a series of years so connected and extensive that we are not able to point out the exact time when it ceased."¹

A characteristic incident of this sort is connected with the famous pacification of Guienne by Montluc in 1562. Montluc had won Montsegur by storm, and its commander had been taken alive. The latter was a man of notorious valour, and in a previous campaign had been Montluc's fellow-soldier and friend. For that reason many interceded for his life, but Montluc decided to hang him, and simply on account of his valour. "I well knew his courage," he says, "which made me hang him. . . . I knew him to be valiant, but that made me the rather put him to death."

But Alexander the Great, whose career has been the ideal of all succeeding aspirants to military fame, dealt even more severely than Montluc with Betis, the gallant defender of Gaza. When Gaza was at last taken by storm, Betis, after fighting heroically, had the misfortune to be taken alive and to be brought into the presence of the conqueror. Alexander addressed him thus: "You shall not die, Betis, in the manner you wished; but make up your mind to suffer whatever torture can be thought of against a prisoner;" and when Betis for all answer returned him but the silence of disdain, Alexander had thongs fixed to his ankles, and, himself acting as charioteer, drove his yet living victim round the city attached to his chariot wheels; priding himself that by such conduct he rivalled Achilles' treatment of Hector.²

A valiant resistance was with Alexander always a sufficient motive for the most sanguinary reprisals. Arimages, who defended a fortified rock in Sogdia, thought his position so strong that, when summoned to surrender, he asked tauntingly whether Alexander could fly; and for this offence, when, unable to hold out any longer, Arimages and his relations descended to Alexander's camp to beg for quarter, Alexander had them first of all flogged and then crucified at the foot of the rock they had so bravely defended.³ After the long siege of Tyre, Alexander had 2,000 Tyrians, over and above the 6,000 who fell during the storming of that city, nailed to crosses

¹ Ward, i. 223. ² Quintus Curtius, iv. 6, and Grote, viii. 368. ³ *Ib.* vii. 11.

along the shore,¹ perhaps in reprisals for a violation of the laws of war—for Quintus Curtius declares that the Tyrians had murdered some Macedonian ambassadors, and Arrian, who makes no mention of the crucifixion, declares that they slew some Macedonian prisoners and threw them from their walls—but more probably (since there were evidently different stories of the Tyrians' offence) on account simply of the obstinate resistance they had offered to Alexander's attack.

The Macedonian conqueror regarded his whole expedition against Persia as an act of reprisal for the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, 150 years before his own time. When he set fire to the Persian capital and palace, Persepolis, he justified himself against Parmenio's remonstrances on the ground that it was in revenge for the destruction of the temples in Greece during the Persian invasion²; and this motive was constantly present with him, in justification both of the war itself and of particular atrocities connected with it. In the course of his expedition, he came to a city of the Branchidæ, whose ancestors at Miletus had betrayed the treasures of a temple in their charge to Xerxes, and had by him been removed from Miletus to Asia. As Greeks they met Alexander's army with joy, and at once surrendered their city to him. The next day, after reflection given to the matter, Alexander had every single inhabitant of the city slain, in spite of their powerlessness, in spite of their supplications, in spite of their community of language and origin. He even had the walls of the city dug up from their foundation, and the trees of their sacred groves uprooted, that not a trace of their city might remain.³

Nor can doubt be thrown on these deeds by the fact that they are only mentioned by Quintus Curtius and not by Arrian. Both those writers lived many centuries after Alexander, and were dependent for their knowledge on the then extant writings, long since lost, of contemporaries and eye-witnesses of the expedition to Asia. That those witnesses often gave conflicting accounts of the same event we have the assurance of either writer; but since it is impossible to determine the degree of discretion with which each made their selections from the original authorities, it is only reasonable to regard them both as of the same and equal validity.

Cruelty, in fact, is revealed to us by history as the most conspicuous trait in the character of Alexander, though not in his case nor in others inconsistent with occasional acts of magnanimity and the gleams of a higher nature. This cruelty, however, taken in connection with his

¹ Quintus Curtius, iv. 15.

² Arrian, iii. 18.

³ Quintus Curtius, vii. 5.

undoubted bravery, calls in question the truth of a remark made by Philip de Commynes, and supported, he affirmed, by all historians, that no cruel man is ever courageous. The popular theory, that inhumanity is more likely to be a concomitant of a timid than a daring nature, ignores altogether the teaching of history and the conclusions of *à priori* reasoning. For if our regard for the sufferings of others is proportioned to our regard for our own sufferings, inasmuch as our self-love is the foundation and measure of our powers of sympathy, a man's disregard for the sufferings of others—in other words, his cruelty—is likely to be the exact reflection of his disregard for suffering in his own person, or, in other words, of his physical courage. Men moreover, like Cicero, of whom it was said by Livy that he was better calculated for anything than for war, by their very incapacity for positions where their humanity is likely to be tested, are rarely exposed to those temptations of cruelty in which men of a more daring temperament naturally find themselves placed.

And accordingly we find, by reference to instances which lie on the surface of history, that great bravery and great cruelty have more often been united than separate. In French history there is the cruelty of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; of Montluc and Des Adretz, the latter of whom made 30 soldiers and their captain leap from the precipice of a strong place they had defended, and of both of whom Brantôme remarks that they were very brave but very cruel.¹ In Scotch history, it was David I. who, though famed for his courage and humanity, suffered the sick and aged to be slain in their beds, even infants to be killed, and priests murdered at the very altars.² In English history, it was Richard Cœur-de-Lion who had 5,000 Saracen prisoners led out to a large plain to be massacred (1191).³ In Jewish history, it was King David who, when he took Rabbah of the Ammonites, “brought forth the people that were therein and put them under saws and harrows of iron and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brick kiln; and thus did he unto all the cities of the children of Ammon.”⁴ There is therefore no greater probability that a man famed for his intrepidity will also be humane, than that another deficient in personal courage will on occasion lend himself to counsels or actions of cruelty.

And here one cause is deserving of attention as helping to explain the greater barbarity practised by the modern nations in the matter of reprisals, than that which was permitted by the code of honour which

¹ Tous deux furent très braves, très vaillants, fort bizarres et cruels.

² Lyttleton, *Henry II.*, i. 183.

³ Hoveden, 697.

⁴ 2 Samuel, xii. 31.

acted in restraint of them in the better periods of pagan antiquity ; and that is the change that has occurred with regard to slavery.

The abolition of slavery, which in Western Europe has been the greatest achievement of modern civilisation, did not unfortunately tend to greater mildness in the customs of war. For in ancient times the sale of prisoners as slaves operated to restrain that indiscriminate and objectless slaughter which has been, even to cases within this century, the marked feature of the battle-field, and more especially where cities or places have been taken by storm. Avarice ceased to operate, as it once did, in favour of humanity. In one day the population of Magdeburg, taken by storm, was reduced from 25,000 to 2,700 ; and an English eye-witness of that event thus described it : “ Of 25,000, some said 30,000 people, there was not a soul to be seen alive, till the flames drove those that were hid in vaults and secret places to seek death in the streets rather than perish in the fire ; of these miserable creatures some were killed too by the furious soldiers, but at last they saved the lives of such as came out of their cellars and holes, and so about 2,000 poor desperate creatures were left.”¹ “ There was little shooting, the execution was all cutting of throats and mere house murders. . . . We could see the poor people in crowds driven down the streets, flying from the fury of the soldiers, who followed butchering them as fast as they could, and refused mercy to anybody ; till, driving them down to the river’s edge, the desperate wretches would throw themselves into the river, where thousands of them perished, especially women and children.”²

It is difficult to read this graphic description of a stormed city without the suspicion arising in the mind that a sheer thirst for blood and love of murder is a much more potent sustainer of war than it is usual or agreeable to believe. The narratives of most victories and of taken cities support this theory. At Brescia, for instance, taken by the French from the Venetians in 1512, it is said that 20,000 of the latter fell to only 50 of the former.³ When Rome was sacked in 1527 by the Imperialist forces, we are told that “ the soldiery threw themselves upon the unhappy multitude, and, without distinction of age or sex, massacred all who came in their way. Strangers were spared as little as Romans, for the murderers fired indiscriminately at everyone, from a mere thirst of blood.”⁴

But this thirst of blood was checked in the days of slavery by the

¹ *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, i. 47.

² *Ib.* 49.

³ “ Life of Bayard ” in Petitot’s *Mémoires*, xvi. 9.

⁴ Major-General Mitchell’s *Biographies of Eminent Soldiers*, 32.

counteracting thirst of money ; there having been an obvious motive for giving quarter when a prisoner of war represented something of tangible value, like any other article of booty. The sack of Thebes by Alexander, and its demolition to the sound of the lute, was bad enough ; but after the first rage for slaughter was over, there remained 30,000 persons of free birth to be sold as slaves. And in Roman warfare the rule was to sell as slaves those who were taken prisoners in a stormed city ; and it must be remembered that many so sold were slaves already.¹ All who were unarmed or who laid down their arms were spared from destruction, as well as from plunder² ; and for exceptions to this rule, as for instance for the indiscriminate and cruel massacre committed at Illiturji in Spain, there was always at least the pretext of reprisals, or some special military motive.³

Cicero, who lived to see the Roman arms triumphant over the world and the conversion of the Roman republic into a military despotism, found occasion to deplore at the same time the debased standard of military honour. He believed that in cruel vindictiveness and rapacity his contemporaries had degenerated from the customs of their ancestors, and he contrasted regretfully the utter destruction of Carthage, Numantia, and Corinth, with the milder treatment of their earlier enemies, the Sabines, Tusculans, and others. He adduced as a proof of the greater ferocity of the war-spirit of his day the fact that the only term for an enemy was originally the milder term of stranger, and that it was only by degrees that the word meaning stranger came to have the connotation of hostility. "What," he asks, "could have been added to this mildness, to call him with whom you are at war by so gentle a name as stranger? But now the progress of time has given a harder signification to the word ; for it has ceased to apply to a stranger, and has remained the proper term for an actual enemy in arms."⁴

Is a similar process taking place in modern warfare with regard to the law of reprisals? It is a long leap from ancient Rome to modern Germany ; but to Germany, as the chief military power now in existence, we must turn, in order to understand the law of reprisals

¹ Livy, xxxi. 40. When Pelium was taken by storm, only the slaves were taken as spoil ; the freemen were even let off without ransom.

² *Ib.* xxviii. 3.

³ *Ib.* xxviii. 20, xxvii. 16, xxxi. 27.

⁴ *De Officiis*, i. 12. Yet on this passage is founded the common assertion that among the Romans "the word which signified stranger was the same with that which in its original denoted an enemy" (Ward, ii. 174) ; implying that in their eyes a stranger and an enemy were one and the same thing. Cicero says exactly the reverse.

as it is interpreted by the practice of a country whose power and example will make her actions precedents in all wars that may occur in future.

The worst feature in reprisals is that they are indiscriminate and more often directed against the innocent than the guilty. To murder women and children, old men, or any one else, on the ground of their connection with an enemy who has committed an action calling for retribution, can be justified by no theory that would not equally apply to a similar parody of justice in civil life. It is a return to the theory and practices of savages, who, if they cannot revenge themselves on a culprit, revenge themselves complacently on some one else. For bodies of peasants to resist a foreign invader by forming ambuscades or making surprises against him, though his advance is marked by fire and pillage and outrage, may be contrary to the laws of war (though that point has never been agreed upon); but to make such attacks the pretext for indiscriminate murder and robbery is an extension of the law of reprisals that was only definitely imported into the military code of Europe by the German invaders of France in 1870.

The following facts, offered in proof of this statement, are taken from a small pamphlet, published during the war by the International Society for Help to the Wounded, and containing only such facts as were attested by the evidence of official documents or of persons whose positions gave them an exceptional title to credit.¹ At one place, where twenty-five franc-tireurs had hidden in a wood and received the Germans with a fusillade, reprisals were carried so far that the curé, rushing into the streets, seized the Prussian captain by the shoulders and entreated mercy for the women and children. "No mercy" was the only reply.² At another place, where twenty-six young men had joined the franc-tireurs, the Baden troops took and shot their fathers.³ At Nemours, where a body of Uhlans had been surprised and captured by some mobiles, the floors and furniture of several houses were first saturated with petroleum and then fired with shells.⁴

The new theory also was imported into the military code, that a village, by the mere fact of trying to defend itself, constituted itself

¹ *Recueil de Documents sur les exactions, vols, et cruautés des armées prussiennes en France.* The book is out of print, but may be seen at the British Museum, under the title, "Prussia—Army of." It is to be regretted that, whilst every book, however dull, relating to that war, has been translated into English, this record has hitherto escaped the publicity it so well deserves.

² *Ib.* 19.

³ *Ib.* 8.

⁴ *Ib.* 13.

a place of war which might be legitimately bombarded and, when taken, subjected to the rights of war which still govern the fate of places taken by assault.¹ Nor let it be supposed that those rights were not exercised as rigorously as they ever have been by victorious troops. At Nogent-sur-Seine, the Wurtemberg troops carried their fury to the slaughter of women and children and even of the wounded. And if the belief still lingers that the German troops of the Emperor William behaved otherwise towards the weaker sex than their ancestors in Rome and Italy under the Constable of Bourbon, let the reader refer to the experiences of Clermont, Andernay, or Neuville.²

Reprisals beget, of course, reprisals; and, had the French and German war been by any accident prolonged, it is appalling to think of the barbarities that would have occurred. "Threat for threat," wrote Colonel R. Garibaldi to the Prussian commander at Chatillon, in reference to the latter's resolve to punish the inhabitants of that place for the acts of some franc-tireurs; "I give you my assurance that I will not spare one of the 200 Prussians whom you know to be in my hands."³ "We will fight," wrote General Chanzy to the Prussian commander at Vendôme, "without truce or mercy, because it is a question now not of fighting loyal enemies, but hordes of devastators."⁴

Under the theory of legitimate reprisals, the Germans resuscitated the custom of taking hostages. The French having (in accordance with the still recognised but barbarous rule of war) taken prisoners the captains of some German merchant vessels, the Germans retaliated by taking twenty persons of respectable position at Dijon, and nine at Vesoul, and detaining them as hostages. Nor was this an uncommon episode in the campaign; though the sending to Germany as prisoners of war of French merchants, magistrates, lawyers, and doctors, and the making them answerable with their lives and fortunes for actions of their countrymen which they could neither prevent nor repress, was a revival in its worst form of the theory of vicarious punishment, and a direction of hostilities against non-combatants, which was a gross violation of the proclamation of the Prussian king, made at the beginning of the campaign (after the common cant of the leaders of armies), that his forces had no war to wage with the peaceable inhabitants of France.

Even plunder enters into the German law of reprisals. Remiremont in the Vosges had to pay £8,000 because two German

¹ Chaudordy's Circular of November 29, 1870, in the *Recueil*.

² *Recueil*, 12, 15, 67, 119.

³ *Ib.* 56.

⁴ *Ib.* 54.

engineers and one soldier had been taken prisoners by the French troops. The usual forced military contributions which the victors exacted did not exclude a system of pillage and devastation that the present age fondly believed to belong only to a past state of warfare. On December 5, 1870, a German soldier wrote to the *Cologne Gazette*: "Since the war has entered upon its present stage it is a real life of brigands we lead. For four weeks we have passed through districts entirely ravaged ; the last eight days we have passed through towns and villages where there was absolutely nothing left to take." Nor was this plunder only the work of the common military serfs or conscripts, whose miserable poverty might have served as an excuse, but it was conducted by officers of the highest rank, who, for their own benefit, sacked country houses of their works of art, their plate, and even of their ladies' jewels.¹

The world, therefore, at least owes this to the Germans, that they have taught us to see war in its true light, having removed it from the realm of romance, where it was decked with bright colours and noble actions, to the region of sober judgment, where the soldier, the thief, and the murderer are seen in scarcely distinguishable colours. They have withdrawn the veil which blinded our ancestors to the evils of war, and which led dreamy humanitarians to believe in the possibility of *civilised warfare* ; so that now the deeds of shame threaten to obscure the deeds of glory. In the middle ages it was the custom to declare a war that was intended to be waged with special fury by sending a man with a naked sword in one hand and a burning torch in the other, to signify that the war so begun was to be one of blood and fire. We have since learnt that there is no need to typify by any peculiar ceremony the character of any particular war ; for that the characteristics of all are the same.

The German general Von Moltke, in a published letter in which he maintained that perpetual peace was a dream and not even a beautiful one, went on to say, in defence of war, that in it the noblest virtues of mankind were developed—courage, self-abnegation, faithfulness to duty, the spirit of sacrifice ; and that without wars the world would soon stagnate and lose itself in materialism.² That is one side of the question, though even the brightest samples of these virtues have been given by those who in peace and obscurity, and without looking for lands, or titles, or medals for their reward, have laboured not to destroy life but to save it, not to lower the standard of morality but to raise it, not to preach revenge but mercy, not to spread misery and poverty and crime but to increase

¹ *Recueil*, 33-37.

² *The Times*, March 7, 1881.

happiness, wealth, and virtue. Is there no scope for courage, for self-sacrifice, for duty, where fever and disease are the foes to be combated, where wounds and pain need to be cured or soothed, or where sin and ignorance are the forces to be assailed? But (not to lay too much stress on this) there is another side to the picture of war, of which Von Moltke says not a word, but of which, in the preceding pages, some indication has been given. Now that we are no longer satisfied with the dry narratives of strategical operations, but are beginning to search into the details of military proceedings; into the fate of the captured, of the wounded, of the pursued; into the treatment of hostages, of women, of children; into the statistics of massacre and spoliation that are the penalties of defeat; into the character of stratagems; and into the justice of reprisals; we see war in another mirror, and recognise that the old one gave but a distorted reflection of its realities. No one ever denied but that great qualities are displayed in war; but the doubt is beginning to arise, not only whether it is the worthiest field for their display, but whether it is not also the principal nursing-bed of the crimes that are the greatest disgrace to human nature.

It is idle to think that our humanity will fail to take its colouring from our calling. Marshal Montluc, the bravest yet most cruel of French soldiers, was fond of protesting that the inhumanity he was guilty of was in corruption of his original and better nature; and at the close of his book and of his life, he consoled himself for the blood he had caused to flow like water by the consideration, that the sovereigns, whose servant he had been, were (as he told one of them) really responsible for the misery he had caused. But does the excuse avail him, or the thousands who have succeeded to his trade? A king or a government can commission men to execute its policy or its vengeance; but is a free agent, who accepts a commission that he believes to be iniquitous, acquitted altogether of his share of culpability? Is his responsibility no greater than that of the sword, the axe, or the halter with which he carries out his orders; or does the plea of military discipline justify him in acting with no more moral restraint than a slave, or than a horse that has no understanding? The Prussian officer who at Dijon blew out his brains rather than execute some iniquitous order¹ showed that he understood the dignity of human nature as it was understood in the days of the bygone moral grandeur of Rome.

Recent events lend an additional interest to the question of reprisals, and add emphasis to the necessity of placing them, as it was

¹ *Recueil*, 29; compare 91.

sought to do at Brussels, on the footing of an International Agreement. It is sometimes said that dynastic wars belong to the past, and that kings have no longer the power to make war, as they once did, for their own pleasure or pastime. There may be truth in this, though the last great war in Europe had its immediate cause in an inter-dynastic jealousy; but a far more potent agency for war than ever existed in monarchical power is now wielded by the Press. War in every country is the direct pecuniary interest of the Daily Press. "I know proprietors of newspapers," said Cobden during the Crimean war, "who have pocketed £3,000 or £4,000 a year through the war, as directly as if the money had been voted to them in the Parliamentary estimates."¹ The temptation, therefore, is great, first to justify any given war by irrelevant issues or by stories of the enormities committed by the enemy, or even by positive false statements (as when the English Press, with the *Times* at its head, with almost one voice taught us that the Afghan ruler had insulted our ambassador, and left us to find out our mistake when a too ready credulity had cost us a war of some £20,000,000); and then, when war has once begun, to fan the flame by demanding reprisals for atrocities that have perhaps never been committed nor established by anything like proof. In this way the French were charged at the beginning of their war with Germany with bombarding the open town of Saarbrück, and with firing explosive bullets from the mitrailleuse; and the belief, thus falsely and purposely propagated, covered of course with the cloak of reprisals a good deal of all that came afterwards.

In this way has arisen the modern practice of justifying every resort to war, not as a trial of strength or test of justice between enemies, but as an act of virtuous and necessary chastisement against a criminal. Charges of violated faith, of the abuse of flags of truce, of dishonourable stratagems, of the ill-treatment or torture of prisoners, are seized upon, regardless of any inquiry into their truth, and made the pretext for the indefinite prolongation of hostilities. The lawful enemy is denounced as a rebel or a criminal, whom it would be wicked to treat with or trust; and only an unconditional surrender, which drives him to desperation, and so embitters the war, is regarded as a possible preliminary to peace. The time has surely come when such a demand, on the ground of reprisals, should cease to operate as a bar to peace. One of the proposals at the Brussels Conference was that no commander should be forced to capitulate under dishonourable conditions, that is to say, without the customary honours of war. It

¹ Morley's *Cobden*, ii. 177.

should be one of the demands of civilisation that an unconditional surrender should under no circumstances be insisted on in treating with an enemy ; that no victorious belligerent should demand of a defeated one what under reversed conditions it would consider dishonourable to grant itself.

J. A. FARRER,

MY MUSICAL LIFE.

VII.

THE pulpit had now fairly taken the place of the violin. Of course I wrote my sermons elaborately, so elaborately that after I had written two I did not quite see my way to writing a third, for the simple reason that I had exhausted the whole range of Christian teaching, practice as well as doctrine, and there did not seem to me to be any more to say. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and I contrived to go on reading sermons at first to an empty church until I felt that something must be done. I had studied audiences in the concert room. I had never uttered two words in public, but in the Isle of Wight I had been occasionally in the habit of selecting a solitary hillock and addressing the cows in terms of great eloquence on various topics of public interest.

This is not the place to dwell upon my early attempts at extemporary preaching. Suffice it to say that the faculties which make the success of a soloist are temperamentally at least the same as those required by the actor or the orator. Some intellectual power and a special cultivation are of course required in addition, and it is quite as possible to be a good speaker without having an ear for music as it is possible to have an ear for music without being a successful soloist ; but it is not possible, without the dramatic intuition and sympathetic temperament, to be a good soloist, actor, speaker, or preacher. I found then that the time I had spent in acquiring the art of dominating an audience in the concert room had not been wholly wasted. An orator is sometimes said to play upon his audience as upon an old fiddle. The simile is not ill chosen. The special vehicle I had learned to control was indeed lost to me in the church, but the living spirit, the breathing creatures, the beating hearts I had studied how to move were the same ; and although suffering from a certain incoherency of mind and excessive redundancy of language, I did not despair of success in my new sphere. It seemed to me to be one full of great possibilities. I was more hopeful then, than I am now about Church reform. I thought the clergy as a class more intelligent. I thought more of the old theology could be worked

up into a new and living organism than I now see to be possible. I was more hopeful about vital Christianity. I believed in welding together classes on the basis of a common and Christlike humanity ; in raising and purifying the working classes by the presentation, if not of a nobler, at all events of a more practical ideal. As time went on I found the problem more complex and less soluble. Then I was more hopeful about my own powers. I thought that steady industry and perseverance would supply my natural defects of brain and fitfulness of temperament, which were very considerable.

Happy imperfection of judgment ! happy inconsistency of thought ! How many endeavours after the Christian life would never have been made did men stop to count the cost or estimate their own weakness ! How many good works would never be begun could the inevitable failures be foreseen ! Still the impulse of youthful fervour and inexperience which endures as seeing that which is invisible, is never wholly without fruit, and after all seems closely akin to the faith that removes mountains. I would not have had my life at the East End without its illusions or its failures. The first have comforted and the last have chastened me, and both have worked together for good.

When I had been nearly two years in the Church and went west to St. James the Less, Westminster, as curate, there was very little outward trace of my musical life left.

One morning I was reminded that I was still a musician by a letter from the Dean of Canterbury, Dean Alford. He had just become editor of the *Contemporary Review*. He sent me two volumes of Mozart's letters, and asked me for a page or two of notice.

With the exception of a little East End sketch called "Amy Arnold," for which I received the modest sum of £2 from a religious Society, this was the first remunerative work that had come the way of my pen. I had got rather disheartened about my writing. The provincial press printed my prose lucubrations, and my poems were often accepted—never paid for. I can see now what shut me out of the magazines. It was the superb magniloquence of my style. "Words ! words ! words !" *they* killed me. "Amy Arnold" was a simple, unaffected little narrative, with a touch of pathos stealing over the page like the evening sunlight that fell through the dusty casement upon the bed of the dying girl. That real sketch from life was accepted, and I had begun to feel that until I had something to say it was of no use to trifle with war-paint, or strut about in the borrowed plumes of extravagant imagery and flimsy rhetoric.

So my pen, with the exception of sermon writing, which I was even then fast abandoning in favour of the spoken word, had lain tolerably idle, and when I opened Mozart's letters with a beating heart, I resolved to wield it in sober earnest, and to succeed.

That article, which is now to be found in the Biographical Section of "Music and Morals," at once "placed" my literary faculty in the Dean's estimation. I may say it made my literary fortune.

The sudden change from failure to success surprised me a little, but the fact is my whole style had suddenly changed. I still could be magniloquent when I chose, but I had learned, partly from my pulpit studies and the cultivation of the spoken word, the value of directness and plain speaking, both as a means of expressing thought and winning attention. I began instinctively to choose the short instead of the long words, and then I found that I could bring in the long words and rolling sentences occasionally with all the more crushing effect. Somebody pointed out to me that this habitual temperance and occasional exuberance of language was a leading feature of Milton's prose. This encouraged me in chastening my style. I thought I might not be able to imitate Milton in any other way.

From that day I never have found any difficulty in gaining admission to any magazine that I chose to write for, from the *Quarterly Review* down to the veriest "penny dreadful." The following week the Dean of Canterbury sent me about twenty volumes of all sorts to review for the *Contemporary*. Amongst these was Mr. Howells' "Venetian Life."

Mr. Howells was at that time an unknown writer. It was my happiness to discern him at once on this side of the big pond. I believe my review was the first notice that he got in England. I had not read two pages of his book before I experienced the indescribable sensation of something new, characteristic, and charming. Any man, be he painter, poet, essayist, or musician, who can give us that feeling, that distinct breath of novelty, that odour as of brine from the great ocean and fount of creation, lifts himself at once above the herd. He has the incommunicable touch that cannot be taught; the power of making the ever original and personal soul shine through—not as a reflection, a copy, a parody—a soul like any other soul, but the soul of the soul in him, the writer—unlike all the world—with a message for the soul of the soul in *me*, the reader, unlike every other reader, discerned, appealed to, found out. That is the precious and prophetic quality which stamps all best art and literature. It comes from the Alone and goes to the Alone; it is the eternal

open secret. "I visit the Royal Academy every year," said Alma Tadema to me the other day, "and seek for some picture which will give me a new sensation. I can hardly ever find one. I seek in vain. Endless repetition!" This power of giving utterance to the new belongs to all genius and classes it. Musicians, as well as others, get insensibly classed by this same strength of individuality, which the whole of our modern life in this conventional copy-book world conspires to stifle and stamp out.

Beethoven, Spohr, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner—each is new; does not try to be new like your charlatans; cannot help it; does naturally, without effort, without knowing it, what was inconceivable to all men the moment before, what has not been done, could never have been done earlier or by any one else, or at any other time. Then the school is founded and the aroma of novelty passes. Manufacture sets in. Art gets itself machine made. None think it possible ever again to create or write or paint otherwise. But Genius, that eternal child, comes by flinging garlands wet with dew, and the scales fall once again from our eyes, and lo! a new heaven and a new earth stand revealed, and the old things have passed away and all things have become new, even as every day is new, born out of the infinite sunlight to fade again into the "azure of the All," whilst "God fulfils Himself in many ways."

Under the Dean of Canterbury's editorial encouragement I wrote essay after essay in rapid succession for the *Contemporary Review*, not always on music, but often so. These, together with a few that appeared in *Good Words*, form the staple of my first book, "Music and Morals," which appeared in 1871. These chapters were in no sense written to order; several of them had been in my mind for years. At Freshwater, Isle of Wight, during many a lonely ramble, I grappled ineffectually with the problem of musical sound, and the reason why it acted so directly and powerfully upon the life of emotion. In Italy, at Florence, pacing the Cascine by the Arno beneath a network of emerald foliage in spring; in my gondola on the shores of the Lido off Venice; in the southern vineyards at Naples, when all the grapes were gathered and the trailing vines hung yellow and scarlet; in the fig gardens of Genoa, and amid the perfumed orange groves of the Riviera, all hung with golden fruit yet still breathing with flowers, the same problem haunted me, when at last it seemed to flash suddenly and satisfyingly upon me that sound was the sovereign art-vehicle of emotion *because* it possessed *itself* all the properties of emotion, viz., elation, depression, velocity, &c. Every one said how simple!—of course; and yet I am not aware that it had

occurred to any one to point this out before, though many have quietly assumed it since.

These ideas had long been maturing in my mind, and when I took up my pen in England I established this position in the first part of my book with intense pleasure, and I may say that the whole of "Music and Morals" was written out of a full heart and brain, in which many thoughts had been stored for years without ever having found a congenial outlet in any literary form.

I should in all probability not have thought of issuing, as I am about to do, a companion volume of collected essays, ranging over about twelve years (1871-83), had not various reprints in America, and translations into French and German, warned me that others were not slow to reap where I had sown. In republishing these pieces, however, I have decided to take the wind out of the pirates' sails, as far as I could, by giving them a sort of autobiographical setting which none of the pirates could possibly supply. I intend, then, to string my separate beads upon the thread of my own life, in some places supplying certain links of thought which may tend to give my essays a unity of purpose and sustained interest, which they might not otherwise possess.

H. R. HAWEIS.

THE SOUL AND ITS FOLK-LORE.

IN order to trace the progressive theories framed in the course of man's intellectual development for defining the soul, it would be necessary to explore from the most primitive period the whole field of human thought. By a gradual process of evolution, the conception of the soul in modern culture may be regarded as the product of a religious philosophy originally coexistent with the earliest forms of psychology. Without entering, however, into a minute examination of these phases of belief held by mankind in its different stages of civilisation, it may be noted that the leading principle respecting the soul, from the infancy of the world up to its present civilised state, has been that of "an animating, separable, surviving entity, the vehicle of individual personal existence."¹ That this is so, even a cursory review of the animistic beliefs of uncultured tribes will suffice to show, whereas additional illustrations may be gathered from the survivals of such superstitious notions as are found at the present day in our own and other countries.

In the first place, then, referring to some of the conceptions of the human soul formed by savage races, these naturally arose from the phenomena of everyday life. Thus, as we pointed out in a previous paper,² according to one of the most popular dream theories prevalent among the lower races, the sleeper's soul takes its exit during the hours of slumber, entering into a thousand pursuits. Now, as it is well known³ by experience "that men's bodies do not go on these excursions, the explanation is that every man's living self or soul is his phantom or image, which can go out of his body and see, and be seen itself, in dreams." In the opinion of the savage, therefore, dreams have always afforded a convincing proof of the soul's separate existence, and Mr. Tylor considers that "nothing but dreams and visions could ever have put into men's minds such an idea as that of souls being ethereal images of bodies." Another evidence of the soul's having its own individuality, independently of

¹ Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, 1873, i. 501.

² On "Dreams and their Folk-Lore," *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec. 1882, 697.

³ Tylor's *Anthropology*, 1881, 343.

the body, is the fact that a person through some accident may suddenly fall into a swoon, remaining to all outward appearance dead. When such a one, however, revives and is restored to consciousness, the savage is wont to exclaim that he died for a time until his soul was induced to return. Hence, Mr. Williams¹ informs us how the Fijians believe, when any one faints or dies, that the soul may sometimes be brought back by calling after it. On this account, divination and sorcery are extensively employed, and certain "wise men" profess to have a knowledge of the mystic and secret art of invoking souls that for some reason or other may have deserted their earthly tenement.² In the same way, too, according to a popular superstition among rude tribes, some favoured persons are supposed to have the faculty of sending forth their own souls on distant journeys, and by this means of acquiring information for their fellow-creatures.³ Thus the Australian native doctor undergoes his initiation by such a journey, and those who are not equally gifted by nature subject themselves to various ordeals, so as to possess this supposed faculty of releasing their souls for a time from the body. From this curious phase of superstitious belief have arisen a host of legendary stories; survivals of which, indeed, are not confined to uncivilised communities, but are found among the folk-tales of most countries. Mr. Baring-Gould,⁴ for instance, quotes a Scandinavian story, in which the Norse chief Ingimund shut up three Finns in a hut for three nights, so that their souls might make an expedition to Iceland and bring back information of the nature of the country where he was eventually to settle. Accordingly their bodies soon became rigid, they dismissed their souls on the errand, and on awakening after three days, they gave Ingimund an elaborate description of the country in question. It is interesting to trace distinct survivals of a similar belief in our own country in what is commonly known as "second sight." Although the popular proverb tells us that it is impossible for a man to be in two places at the same moment, yet history and tradition abound in instances of persons beholding events occurring at a distance. Indeed Scott went so far as to say that "if force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of second sight." A well known anecdote records how St. Ambrose

¹ *Fiji and the Fijians*, i. 242.

² See Sir John Lubbock's *Origin of Civilisation and the Primitive Condition of Man*, 1870, 141.

³ See Cranz, *History of Greenland*, 269.

⁴ *Werewolves*, 29.

fell into a comatose state while celebrating the Mass at Milan, and on his recovery had been present at St. Martin's funeral at Tours ; where subsequent report declared that he had been seen.¹ Pennant, too, relates how a gentleman of the Hebrides generally foresaw his visitors in time to get ready for them. At the present day many of the Highlanders lay claim to the gift of "shadow sight," and refuse to part with their information unless a gratuity of some kind is given them. In years gone by, when superstition was more generally credited, "the person," says Mr. Napier,² "fell into a trance, in which he saw visions ; at other times the visions were seen without the trance condition. Should the seer see in a vision a certain person dressed in a shroud, this betokened that the death of that person would surely take place within a year. Should such a vision be seen in a morning the person seen would die before that evening." Most of these stories are alike, their explanation, as Mr. Tylor remarks, fitting perfectly with the primitive animistic theory of apparitions. Indeed they are still of daily occurrence, and coincide in every respect with the theories of savage and uneducated tribes.³

It is unnecessary, then, to multiply further evidence in support of the widespread animistic belief which attributes to the soul a definite existence ; a notion which, among the lower races, as we have already said, probably had its origin in dreams and trances. While speaking, however, of this branch of savage culture, we may note that, in accordance with a deep-rooted belief found among numerous rude tribes, each man has several souls. This notion seems to have originated in the pulsation of the heart and arteries which they regard as evidences of independent life. "It also," says Sir John Lubbock, "derives an appearance of probability from the inconsistencies of behaviour to which savages are so prone." Thus this fancy is frequently met with in various parts of America, and exists also in Madagascar. It prevails also in Greenland, and the Fijians affirm that each man has two souls. This belief is very old, indications of its existence being clearly traceable among the ancient Greeks and Romans.⁴ Indeed, classic literature affords ample proof of how the beliefs of modern savages are in many cases survivals of similar notions held in olden times by nations that had made considerable progress in civilisation.

¹ *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

² *Folk-Lore of the West of Scotland.*

³ *Primitive Culture*, i. 448.

⁴ Sir John Lubbock's *Origin of Civilisation*, 248.

As, too, dreams, visions, and trances have afforded the rude philosopher opportunities of learning the soul's separate existence, so likewise he has formed from them his conceptions of the soul's image as being the exact counterpart of its material body. On this account, therefore, it is considered by some savage races the height of cruelty to mutilate in ever so small a degree the body at death, as he who quits the present world in this state will arrive in the next with his appearance unchanged. Thus the Chinese abhor the very idea of decapitation, and the Australian, after putting to death his enemy, will cut off the right thumb, under the idea that although the soul will become a hostile ghost, it will not with its mutilated hand be able to throw the shadowy javelin or spear. For the same reason some savages dislike old age, from the notion that on entering the next world they will be old. The Fijians, too, adds Mr. Williams,¹ believe that "as they die, such will be their condition in another world; hence their desire to escape extreme infirmity." Captain Wilkes² also affirms how in one town, numbering several hundred inhabitants, he did not see one man over forty years of age; all the old people having been buried. The theory of the soul's assuming the exact counterpart of the body, even to the smallest detail of dress, is one of the most universal beliefs, and numerous instances occur in classic literature in support of it. It has obtained, also, widespread credence in our own country, and still retains a hold on the superstitious mind. Thus, it may be remembered how Horatio tells Hamlet that when Marcellus and Bernardo were on their watch—

A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slowly and stately by them.

Further on, when the ghost appears again, Hamlet addresses it thus :—

What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous.

In the graphic description of Banquo's ghost in "Macbeth," we have a further allusion to the same belief.

Again, the objective figures seen in dreams led the uncultured mind to regard the soul as a substantial material being,—a survival

¹ *Fiji and the Fijians*, i. 183.

² *United States Exploring Expedition*, condensed edition, p. 211.

of which belief is still to be found in this country. In many places, for instance, it is supposed that the departure of the soul is delayed so long as any locks or bolts in the house are fastened. Hence it is customary when a person is at the point of death, to open every door in the house, so that the struggle between life and death may not be painfully prolonged, but the soul allowed at once to take its exit from this world without any impediment.¹ An allusion to this notion occurs in "Guy Mannering," and a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" records the following incident illustrative of it. He tells us that he had for a long time visited a poor man who was dying of a very painful disease, and was daily expecting his death. Upon calling one morning to see the sick man, the wife informed him that she thought he would have died during the night, and so had unfastened every lock in the house. On inquiring the reason, he was told that any lock or bolt fastened was thought to hinder the departure of the soul. The same superstition prevails in France,² and is found also among the Chinese, who make a hole in the roof to let out the departing soul. We may further compare the German saying that it is wrong to slam a door, lest one should pinch a soul in it. In addition to its material form, the soul, according to popular conception, is able to converse; an idea to which Ovid alludes (*Fasti*, v. 457):—

Umbra cuncta Remi visa est assistere lecto,
Atque haec exiguo murmure verba loqui.

Shakespeare, too, in accordance with this old belief, makes the ghost of Hamlet's father say:—

I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.

Without enumerating further characteristics of the soul, we would observe, in the next place, that a most varied and extensive folk-lore has clustered round its exit in the hour of death and its future destiny. This is naturally an interesting and important part of our subject, inasmuch as it is indirectly an argument for the immortality of the soul. It must be admitted that, according to the animistic theories of most uncivilised races, the soul is supposed to survive after death, although its condition differs very widely among the religious beliefs

¹ *English Folk-Lore*, 1878, 229.

² See Monnier, *Traditions Populaires*, 142.

of savage tribes. Thus, according to a notion prevalent in New Zealand, the existence of the soul depends upon the manner of death, and it is supposed by the lower races that a man who is eaten is destroyed both body and soul. Sir John Lubbock¹ narrates how a Bushman, who was a magician, having put to death a woman, dashed the head of the corpse to pieces with large stones, buried her, and made a large fire over the grave, for fear of her rising again and troubling him. This belief, however, is the exception; the general one being the soul's transition after death into some other body; constant survivals of which form of superstition are still to be met with in our own country. It is also supposed that the soul re-animates a new body; and, on this account, the North American Indians, when little children died, would bury them by the wayside, that their souls might enter into mothers passing by, and so be born again.² Referring, however, to the migration of the soul into some other substance, it may be noted that this idea was one of the earliest forms of psychology among uncultured races. Thus, according to an old-world belief, the souls of the dead were supposed to inhabit trees; a survival of this myth being still found in modern folk-lore. Hence we are told by Empedocles that "there are two destinies for the souls of highest virtue—to pass either into trees, or into the bodies of lions." In modern times, Tasso and Spenser have given us graphic pictures founded on this primitive notion, and it may be remembered how Dante in hell passed through that leafless wood, in the bark of every tree of which was imprisoned the soul of a suicide. In German folk-lore³ the soul is supposed to have the form of a flower, as a lily or a white rose.⁴ Thus it is related how in days of old there lived a conjuror who cut off people's heads and set them on again. On one occasion, however, when he was practising his art, a travelling journeyman entered the room as a spectator. On the table before the conjuror there stood a large glass filled with distilled water, out of which grew a white lily every time the conjuror cut a head off, which he called the lily of life. Accordingly, when in the middle of his performance the conjuror had cut off a head, the traveller quickly stepped up to the table, and, unobserved by any one, severed with a sharp knife the stalk of the lily, so that when the conjuror would replace the head, the operation failed, whereupon he was seized and burnt for a murderer. There are numerous tales

¹ *Origin of Civilisation*, 140.

² For further examples, see Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, ii. 3.

³ Keary's *Outlines of Primitive Belief*, 1882, 66-67.

⁴ Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, 1851, i. 290; iii. 271.

of this kind current on the Continent, many of which are still extensively credited. There is also a popular notion that a lily or white rose appears on the chair of those about to die ; and hence at certain seasons of the year, when apparitions of this kind are thought to be specially revealed to the human eye, much anxiety is often occasioned by their possible appearance in some unexpected quarter. In the same way, too, from the grave of one unjustly executed, white lilies are said to spring as a token of the person's innocence ; from that of a maiden, three lilies which no one save her lover must gather ; whereas from the graves of lovers flowery shrubs grow which entwine together. It may be remembered how in the Scottish ballad of " Fair Margaret and Sweet William," it is related—

Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar ;
They grew till they grew unto the church top,
And there they tied in a true-lover's knot.

A similar belief is found among savage races, and, according to the Dyaks of Borneo,¹ the human soul enters the trunks of trees, where it may be seen damp and bloodlike, but no longer personal and sentient. Perhaps, however, the most favourite form into which the soul has been supposed to pass is that of a bird ; a superstition which in Kuhn's opinion is closely connected with the tradition of birds as soul-bringers. Thus, it has been suggested, " the soul and the bird that brought it down to earth may have been supposed to become one, and to enter and to quit the body together." In the Egyptian hieroglyphics, a bird signified the soul of man. Among the numerous instances illustrative of this notion, Mr. Kelly notes how " in the Sæmundr Edda, souls in the form of winged birds flit about the nether world like swarms of flies." ² According to the heathen Bohemians the soul flew out of the mouth of the dying as a bird and flitted from tree to tree until the body was dead, after which it had rest. The Finns, and also the Lithuanians, call the Milky-way the Birds' way, *i.e.* the Way of Souls. The people in North Germany believe that the soul of one who has died on shipboard passes into a bird, and when it shows itself it is to tell the death of another person. It is a local Irish tradition that " the first father and mother of mankind exist as eagles in the island of Innis Bofin, at the mouth of Killybeg Bay, in Galway." Indeed, in most countries we find at the present day scattered survivals of this primitive belief. Referring

¹ St. John, *Far East*, i. 181.

² Kelly's *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, 1863, 103. See Hardwick's *Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-Lore*, 1872, 243, 249.

to some of those prevalent in our own country, a Lancashire legend identifies the plover as the transmuted soul of a Jew ; and then there is the popular tradition of the owl and the baker's daughter, which Shakespeare has immortalised in "Hamlet" (act iv. sc. 5), where Ophelia exclaims, "They say the owl was a baker's daughter ; Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be." Douce says the following story was current among the Gloucestershire peasantry : "Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking and asked for some bread to eat ; the mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough in the oven to bake for him, but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece was too large, reduced it to a very small size ; the dough, however, immediately began to swell, and presently became a most enormous size, whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Heugh, heugh, heugh !' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour to transform her into that bird for her wickedness." Another version of the same story, as formerly known in Herefordshire, substitutes a fairy in the place of Christ. Similar legends also are found on the Continent.¹ Gervase of Tilbury tells how the stork was formerly regarded as both bird and man, on account of which superstition it is carefully protected from injury in Prussia. According to a Cornish tradition, King Arthur is said to have been changed into a raven² ; and there is still a popular notion common among many of the peasantry that the sparrow carries at death the soul of the dead. Hence it is regarded as unlucky when these birds are seen near the window of a sick room. Mr. Kelly³ relates an instance of this belief : " 'Look, my dear,' said S. S.'s wife to him one morning, as he lay in bed ; 'look at that kite flying round the room.' He saw nothing, but heard a noise like a large bird flapping its wings. A few minutes afterwards a sparrow came, dashed its bill against the window, and flew away again. 'Oh !' said Mrs. S., 'something is the matter with poor Edward' (her brother). She had hardly said the words when a man on horseback rode up, and said, when S. opened the door to him, 'Don't frighten poor Mary, but master has just expired.' The messenger had only ridden from Somers Town to Compton Street, Soho." Under a variety of forms the same superstition prevails on the Continent, being extensively associated with the dove. In the Breton ballad of "Lord Nann and the Korrigan" it is thus alluded to :—

¹ See Dasent's *Tales of the Norse*, 1859, 230.

² See Hunt's *Popular Romances of the West of England*.

³ *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, 104.

It was a marvel to see, men say,
 The night that followed the day,
 The lady in earth by her lord lay—
 To see two oak trees themselves rear
 From the new made grave into the air,
 And on their branches two doves white,
 Who there were hopping gay and light ;
 Which sang when rose the morning ray,
 And then toward heaven sped away.

In Count Montalembert's "Vie de Ste. Elisabeth" it is recorded how the "Duke Louis of Thuringia, the husband of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, being on the point of expiring, said to those around him, 'Do you see those doves more white than snow?' His attendants supposed him to be a prey to visions ; but a little while afterwards he said to them, 'I must fly away with those brilliant doves.' Having said this he fell asleep in peace. Then his almoner Berthold perceived doves flying away to the east, and followed them a long time with his eyes." According to a tradition credited in Poland, the eldest daughters of the Pileck line are transformed into doves if they die unmarried, into owls if they die married, and that they give previous notice of their death to every member of their race by pecking a finger of each. The Russian peasantry affirm that the souls of the departed haunt their old homes in the shape of birds for the space of six weeks, and watch the grief of the bereft, after which time they fly away to the other world. Once more, Mr. Jones¹ quotes a Chinese superstition respecting the stork. "On the twenty-first day of the period of mourning for the dead, three large paper birds resembling storks are placed on high poles in front of the house of mourning. The birds are supposed to carry the soul of the defunct into Elysium ; and during the next three days the Buddhist prays to the ten kings of the Buddhist Hades, calling on them to hasten the flight of the departed soul to the Western Paradise." It is interesting to note the same belief prevalent, too, among savage tribes. Thus in Mexico it is said that after death the souls of nobles animaté beautiful singing birds, while plebeians pass into weasels or beetles. Among North American tribes, says Mr Tylor,² "we hear of the Powhatans refraining from doing harm to certain male wood birds which received the souls of their chiefs ; of Huron souls turning into turtle doves after the burial of their bones at the Feast of the Dead ; of that pathetic funeral rite of the Iroquois, the setting free of a bird on the evening of burial to carry away the soul." Universal as this phase of primitive belief clearly is, yet it is not confined to birds ; the transition of the soul

¹ *Credulities Past and Present*, 373.

² *Primitive Culture*, ii. 7.

into animals being only another branch of the same animistic conception which has been handed down from the distant past. According to Herodotus it held a prominent place amongst the Egyptians; and in Greek philosophy great teachers, as we know, stood forth to proclaim it—Pythagoras being its powerful advocate. At the present day it finds plenty of exponents among the lower races, and in this country, here and there, distinct traces of it crop up in unexpected quarters. Shakespeare, it may be remembered, has given several amusing allusions to this belief, as, for instance, in the “*Tempest*,” where he makes Caliban, when remonstrating with the drunken Stephano and Trinculo for not taking the magician’s life at once, say :—

I will have none on’t ; we shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

The elfin sprite Puck, after placing the ass’s head on that of Bottom, and terrifying Peter Quince’s celebrated amateur *corps dramatique*, says :—

I’ll follow you, I’ll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier ;
Sometimes a horse I’ll be, sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire ;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

As might be expected, this notion has been incorporated into many a tradition and folk-tale, and on the Continent it formerly held a prominent place in cases of witchcraft; one of the favourite forms which this class of persons were supposed to assume being that of a black cat. Of the stories illustrative of this superstition in England, Wordsworth, in his poem entitled the “*White Doe of Rylstone*,” has embodied a Yorkshire tradition which asserts that the soul of the lady founder of Bolton Abbey revisited the ruins of the venerable pile in the form of a spotless white doe :—

When Lady Aäliza mourned
Her son, and felt in her despair,
The pang of unavailing prayer ;
Her son in wharf’s abysses drowned,
The noble boy of Egremond,
From which affliction, when God’s grace
At length had in her heart found place,
A pious structure fair to see,
Rose up this stately Priory !
The lady’s work,—but now laid low ;
In the beautiful form of this innocent doe :

Which, though seemingly doomed in its breast to sustain
 A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,
 Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright,
 And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.

On the west coast of Ireland the fishermen dislike killing seals, which once abounded in some localities, owing to a popular superstition that they enshrined "the souls of them that were drowned at the flood." They were supposed to possess the power of casting aside their external skins, and disporting themselves in human form on the sea-shore. If a mortal contrived to become possessed of one of these outer coverings belonging to a female, he might claim her and keep her as his bride. This, as Mr. Hardwick suggests,¹ seems to point to the origin of the stories about mermaids and similar sea monsters. We may also compare the well-known werewolf myth, one of the most widely-credited of its kind, for indeed there is no European nation of Aryan descent in which it has not existed from time immemorial.² It was not, too, so many years ago that Mr. Baring-Gould was unable to find a guide who would conduct him across a wild tract of country supposed to be haunted by a loup-garou, an incident which induced him to write his "Book of Werewolves." A German tradition tells us that the soul has the form of a snake. It is further said that out of the mouth of a sleeping person a snake creeps and goes a long distance, and that what it sees or suffers on its way the sleeper dreams of. If it is prevented from returning, the person dies. According to other popular notions, the soul proceeds from the mouth in the shape of a butterfly, a weasel, or a mouse ;³—a superstition to which Goethe alludes in "Faust" :—

Ah ! in the midst of her song,
 A red mousekin sprang out of her mouth.

Once more, another state of transition into which the soul is believed to pass, is that of a light ; and hence has originated a superstition current on the Continent that the *ignes fatui* which are seen by night in swampy places are the souls of the dead. Those who have fraudulently removed landmarks, it is said, are doomed by way of punishment to wander about in this form ; and, according to a Netherlandish tradition, these *ignes fatui* are the souls of unbaptised children. Such, then, are a few of the animistic conceptions which in the course of the development of culture have become interwoven with the metaphysical history of the soul ; serving, indeed, as so

¹ *Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-Lore*, 231.

² *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, 242.

³ Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, i. 289-290.

many illustrations of how varied have been the psychological notions of early and primitive races. The subject, however, as we stated at the outset, is so extensive, and embraces such a host of world-wide beliefs, that it is only possible in the present paper to give a brief notice of some of the most important ; but those who may be desirous of pursuing the matter further, would do well to consult Mr. Tylor's valuable work on "Primitive Culture," to which we have had occasion to refer in the present paper. Among other well-known superstitions may be mentioned the primeval belief that at death the soul returns to the community of elves out of which it came. According to a popular tradition Bertha—the goddess of birth—has a numerous retinue consisting of still-born children, who work in her service as elementary spirits. Mr. Kelly¹ quotes a legend of a young mother, who, having lost her only child, wept beyond measure, and would not be comforted. Every night she went to the little grave, and sobbed over it, till on the night before Epiphany she saw Bertha pass near her, followed by her troop of children. The last of these was one whose little shroud was all wet, and who seemed exhausted by the weight of water it carried. In vain it tried to cross a fence over which Bertha and the rest had passed ; but the mother instantly recognised her child, rushed to it, and lifted it over. "O how warm are mother's arms," said the little one ; "but don't cry so much, mother, for I must gather up every tear in my pitcher. You have made it too full and heavy already. You see how it has run over and wet all my shroud." The mother cried her fill once more, and then dried her tears. At the present day many similar stories are told on the Continent, forming a part of that extensive fairy-mythology which finds a ready credence among the peasantry.²

Once more, another animistic notion which holds a prominent place in the religion of uncultured tribes is the belief that at death the soul passes through some transitional stages, finally developing into a demon. In China and India this theory is deeply rooted among the people, and hence it is usual to offer sacrifices to the souls of the departed by way of propitiation, as otherwise they are supposed to exert a malignant influence on even their nearest friends and relatives. Again, diseases are regarded as being often caused by the souls of discontented relatives, who in some cases are even said to reappear in the form of venomous snakes.³ Owing to this

¹ *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, 126-7.

² See Keightley's *Fairy Mythology* ; Campbell's *Popular Tales of the Highlands*.

³ Sir John Lubbock's *Origin of Civilisation*, 164.

belief a system of terror prevails which is only allayed by constantly appeasing departed souls. A disease, too, is commonly regarded as the work of witchcraft; it is supposed that death rarely or never proceeds from natural causes, but is the effect of sorcery. Hence Mr. Lang,¹ speaking of the Australians, says that whenever a native dies, "no matter how evident it may be that death has been the result of natural causes, it is at once set down that the defunct was bewitched by the sorcerers of some neighbouring tribe." With such a superstition as this, therefore, ever before them, it is easy to understand how ready the uncivilised mind is to lay hold of the doctrine that the souls of the departed, angry and enraged at having had death unfairly thrust upon them, take every opportunity of annoying the living, and wreaking their vengeance on even, it may be, those most closely related to them. In this phase of savage belief, which may be regarded as a survival of primitive animism, may be traced the notion of manes worship found under such a variety of forms in foreign countries. Indeed, once granted that the departed soul has power to affect the living, then the power attributed to it is only a matter of degree. With this idea may be compared the modern one of worship of the dead. As Mr. Tylor² remarks, "a crowd of saints who were once men and women, now form an inferior order of deities, active in the affairs of men, and receiving from them reverence and prayer, thus coming strictly under the definition of manes." In a minor form may be traced a survival of this belief in those many forms of love-divination practised in most countries, as for instance, on St. Agnes Eve, when anxious aspirants after matrimony proceed at midnight to a field, and after scattering in some grain, repeat an invocation in the belief that their prayer will be answered by the saint. Further illustrations, too, may be adduced in the patron deities of particular trades and crafts, and in the imposing array of saints supposed to be specially interested in the particular requirements of mankind.

¹ *Lectures on the Aborigines of Australia*, 14.

² *Primitive Culture*, ii, 120.

GREENSTEAD CHURCH.

ABOUT twenty miles out of London, and less than an hour's ride from Liverpool Street, on the Great Eastern Railway, is the most curious church in England ; and were it situated elsewhere, or rather, were it not so near to this great metropolis, which is so vast that its inhabitants find sufficient within it to interest them, it would be a centre of attraction in whatever county it was, and pilgrims, archæological and otherwise, would flock to it from all parts. But because it is so near London, and close to the much-frequented Forest, the vast majority of Londoners know nothing of it.

Suppose, however, the reader mentally accompanies the writer (to whom this little church is an object of the deepest reverence) on a visit to the little village—no, it is not even a village—of Greenstead, near Chipping Ongar, in Essex ; a place so small that the “ Post Office Directory ” only names *seven* people, and its whole population is but some 120.

The railway journey, after passing Leytonstone, is all too short, passing through a beautifully varied country, delightfully wooded, and quite hilly enough to dispel the average Londoner's hallucination that Essex is a flat country. Far too soon does the train stop at its terminus, Ongar ; and we set off at once on our visit to Greenstead. A turning on the right hand, half-way between the station and Ongar Church, brings us to a stretch of springy turf—with a noble avenue of trees, and this leads direct to Greenstead Hall—by the side of which is the little church.

Probably the first feeling would be one of disappointment ; a common, and very little, village church, with a wooden tower and shingle spire ; a nearer approach elicits a remark that evidently the chancel is a later addition, and coming still closer, one is forced to exclaim : “ How singular ! the nave is made of split trunks of trees ! ” Precisely so, and it is about these trees that a tale can be told. That little chantry chapel *stood there, and was composed of those self-same logs*, when, in the year A.D. 1013, it sheltered for a night the bones of Saint Edmund, king and martyr.

Illuminated MSS. of Saxon times have made us familiar with similar, and larger, buildings of logs thatched, and there are a number of actual existing remains of timber work, but these remains are mostly only accessory to the buildings, or concealed by rubble, and cannot pretend to vie in antiquity with this wonderful specimen. Not to go into the matter deeply, but simply to show that in Saxon times wood was a material much used, we find that Edwin the King, in 627, was baptized in a wooden church, where now stands the glorious York Minster. The first church at Lindisfarne was made in 652, of sawn oak, and thatched. There was a church at Dutlinge, in Somersetshire, according to William of Malmsbury, made of wood; and the Abbey of Croyland was made of wood and boards, neatly joined together. In a charter to Malmsbury Abbey, King Edgar says "that he would restore the sacred monasteries, which, by being composed of rotten shingles and worm-eaten boards, divine service was neglected in them." Small wonder then that, with the materials all round and ready to hand, split logs should have formed the fabric of this little chantry chapel, which could only have been served by one priest, and he probably an anchorite or ankret, whose footsteps never went beyond the threshold of that building within which he had vowed to live and die; and a reason for this suggestion will be given further on.

Even had it no historical associations, such a relic of undoubted antiquity would commend itself specially to our regard, would be treated with great reverence and jealously conserved; but identified as it is with the memory of Edmund, it becomes singularly precious.

To thoroughly understand and enjoy this little church, let us go back to the times when it was built, and as Lydgate may be as accurate an historian as any one else, in this matter where so much is fable, we will make occasional use of that wonderfully beautiful MS. life of St. Edmund, which Lydgate presented to Henry VI. and which is one of the gems of the British Museum.

St. Edmund was the son of Alkmund, a distinguished Saxon king, and his queen Siware, and he was born at Nuremburgh in the year 841. Previous to his birth, his father went a pilgrimage to Rome, and whilst at his devotions a celestial light appeared on his breast. This was interpreted to mean that he should have a son whose fame should fill the world. Of his childhood nothing is known, until the arrival of Offa, king of East Anglia, on a visit to Alkmund, to whom he was related. Offa was childless, and the young Edmund won his heart, and, when the king was dying on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he called his nobles together, resigned

his royal signet to them, and recommended Edmund as his successor.

Offa being buried, the nobles hastened to Saxony, where Alkmund convened his nobility, and it was settled that the boy should go to England to fill the dead king's throne. He was nearing the land (Hunstanton in Norfolk), when

Through goddis might, whan thei the lond han kauht,
 This holi Edmond, of hool affeccion,
 ffro ther arryvaile, almost a bowe drauht,
 He ful devouth, gan to knele doun,
 And preied god first in his orison
 That his comyng were to him acceptable,
 And to all the land useful and profitable ;
 And in tokne that god herde his praier
 Upon the soil, sondy, hard, and drie,
 Ther sprong bi myracle fyve¹ wellis clier ;
 That been of vertu, helthe, and remedie
 Ageyn ful many straunge malladie ;
 Thus list the lord, of his eternal myght,
 ffirst at his londing, magnesie his knight.

For some reason or other, the lad did not at once assume the government, but spent the following year in retirement at Attleborough in Norfolk, where, instead of his counsellors making him acquainted with the laws, customs, and manners of the people he had come to govern, they allowed him to spend his time in committing the whole of the Psalter to memory. At last, according to Asser, "the most glorious King Edmund began his reign the 25th Dec. A.D. 855, and was crowned and anointed King of East Anglia by Humbert Bishop of Hulm, on the following Christmas day, A.D. 856, having then completed the 15th year of his age."

The sort of education he had received would naturally unfit him for the troublous times in which he lived, and although we hear plenty about his personal piety, we hear of nothing he did for the welfare of his people. How he became enbroiled with the Danes, history says not—probably because such a "niddering" was fair game, but Lydgate tells the generally received legend, of how the celebrated Norseman, Ragnar Lodbrok, whilst hawking on the sea-shore, saw his pet hawk fall into the sea—how he jumped into a boat to rescue it, but was driven away from his own land, and finally cast on shore at Norfolk, where, with his hawk (which in spite of all he had retained) he was presented to Edmund, who hospitably received him, and gave him as a companion, owing to his love of field sports, his own falconer Bern—and from this dates his downfall.

¹ Galfridus says twelve.

Probably Bern was not wicked all at once, although the poet says—

So serpentyn was the violence
Which of this Bern sette the herte afire,
Of fals malys, moordre to conspire.

Indeed, it was but jealousy that goaded him to commit crime :—

Cause was ther noon, sauf that Lothbrok
Was more curous, and gracious onto game
Than was this hunte, and mo beesties took,
In such practise had a grettere name.

Upon a day togeder out thei wente
Unto a wode sum game for to fynde,
And whil Lothbrocus no maner malis mente,
This false Bern fil on him behynde,
And cowardly, the story maketh mynde,
Slough him right ther in his furious teene,
And after hid him among the bussches greene.

Lodbrok never came home that day, nor the day after, nor the next, and

The kyng enquired ech man where he was,
And in this while, reunyng a great paas,
In kam his grehound, and fawne gan the kyng
ffil doun to forn him, ful pitously whynyng.

The dog came three days running, for food, and continued this strange conduct, until on the fourth day he was followed, and Lodbrok's body was found. Like the famous "Dog of Montargis," the hound pointed out the murderer, and Bern was condemned to be put adrift to sea, in the very boat that bore the ill-fated Dane to England. A proper elaboration of the plot necessitates this boat drifting back to Denmark, and so it did; and the Danes, who knew the old Viking craft, eagerly asked after their king—and brought Bern before Hinguar and Ubba, the dead king's sons :—

This cursid Bern, envyous and right fals,
And of complexion verray Saturnyne,
Worthi to been enhangid bi the hals,
Or to be rakkid with a broken chine,
With face pale, and tonge serpentyne,
Reported hath in his malencolie
How King Edmund slough Lothbrok of envye.

Probably intense indignation prevented their inquiring into the truth of this story; at all events they acted as if they considered it true, and the two sons, conducted by Bern, and accompanied by an army of 20,000 men, set sail for East Anglia.

That they came in 865 is a matter of history; and, during the next five years, Edmund had several encounters with the Danes, with

varying success, and at one time he actually drove them out of his kingdom. It was then that he unfurled his famous banner of three gold crowns on a blue ("colour ynde") ground, the meaning of which (although some take it as the arms of East Anglia) Lydgate gives as follows :—

This other Standard feeld stable off colour ynde,
In which off gold been notable crownys thre ;
The firste tokne in cronycle men may fynde
Granted to hym for royal dignyte,
And the second for virgynyte ;
ffor martirdum the thrydde in his suffryng
To these annexyd, ffeyth, hope, and charyte,
In tokne he was martyr, mayde, and kyng.

At length in 869, the Danes came south from Yorkshire, and plundered and burnt all the rich eastern monasteries, murdering their inmates ; and in 870, Hinguar took possession of Thetford, then Edmund's capital, and a battle was fought there, which lasted the whole day, and then the victory was undecided. But, shortly after the battle, Ubba joined his brother with 10,000 fresh troops, and Hinguar sent an ambassador to Edmund, requiring his submission. His prime counsellor Bishop, Humbert, advised compliance, and pointed out

By dissymylyng ye may yourself submytte
Sithe the kyngdom shal to you be reserved,
And that your lif may be fro deth conserved,
Your silff submyttyng ye may dissymyle and feyne
ffor a time til god list bet ordeyne.

"But blissid Edmond was not born to feyne. Yt longid not onto his roial blood"—and he would not listen to the bishop ; he was prepared to die for, and with, his people, and he sent back an extremely heroic, but very ill-advised message, and fled to Eglesdene—now called Hoxne. The Danes pursued and captured him, and Hinguar, incensed at his conduct, commanded him

ffirst to be bete with shorte battis rounde,
His body brosid with many mortal wounde.

.
The cursid Danys of newe cruelte
This martyr took most gracious and benigne,
Of hasty rancour, bownde him to a tre
As for ther marke to shute at, and ther signe,
And in this wise, ageyn him thei maligne
Made him with arwis¹ ot ther malis most wikke,
Rassemble an yrchon² fulfilled with spynys thikke.

¹ Arrows.

² A hedgehog.

This mene while whan Hingwar did him se,
 And sauh his body steyned al in red,
 He maade his knyhtis reende him fro the tre,
 And comanded to smytyn of his hed ;
 But the holy martir of oo they took first heed
 Requered a space to maken his praier,
 And most devoutly saide as ye shal heer.

At the end of his somewhat long prayer, his head was severed from his body, and the chronicler goes on to say :—

Danys of despit the body ther forsook,
 A glorious tresour of gret worthynesse,
 But of the martyr the holy hed they took,
 And bar it forth of froward cursidnesse
 In ta eovert shrowded with thyknesse
 Of thornys slarpe, the story maketh mynde,
 And then they hid it that no man shulde it fynde.

Of course, the death of such a saint could not fail to be marked by a miracle of some kind, and one was duly forthcoming ; for Our Saviour

Knowing that he deied for his sake,
 Suffred a wolf his holy hed to take,
 And to conserve it ageyn assautis alle,
 That foul nor beeste sholde upon it falle.

His nobles and servants hearing of his fate, went and recovered his body, but were many days before they found the head—and then another miracle was necessary :—

Wyth wepying terys, with vois most lamentable,
 So as they souhte, walkyng her and ther,
 Wher artow¹ lord, our kyng most agreable,
 Wher artow Edmond, shew vs thyn heavenly cher.
 The hed answerde thryes, her, her, her,
 And never cesid of al that longe day
 So for to crye tyl they kam wher he lay.
 This heavenly noise gan ther hertis lyhte,
 And them releve of al ther hevynesse,
 Namly whan they hadde of the hed a sylte,
 Kept by a wolff forgetting his woodnesse ; ²
 Al this considered they meekly gan him dresse,
 To thanke our lorde knelyng on the pleyn,
 ffor the gret myracle which that they have seyn.

But this was not the only miracle shown on the occasion, for the power that could tame the savagery of a wolf could do yet stranger things.

The folkys dide ther bysy dilligence
 This holy tresour, this relik sovereyne,

¹ Art thou.

² Wildness.

To take it upp with dew reverence,
 And bar it forth tyl they did atteyne
 Vnto the body and of thy eke tweyne
 Togidre set, god by myracle anoon
 Enjoyned hem, that they were maade bothe oon.

Off ther departyng ther was nothyng seene
 Atwen the body and this blissid hed,
 ffor they togidre fastyned were so cleene,
 Except only who sotyly took heed,
 A space appered, breede of a purple threed,
 Which god list shewe tokne of his suffrance,
 To putte his passion more in remembrance.

It now only remains to tell about the extremely well-behaved wolf, and the history would be sadly incomplete without recording what became of it. It quietly accompanied the corpse until it was entombed,

And meekly after to woode went ageyn
 Most doolfully, and was never after seyn.

His martyrdom took place on November 20, A.D. 870, in the 15th year of his reign, and the 29th of his age. Probably on account of the disturbed state of the country, his body was buried in a little out-of-the-way chapel, most likely a counterpart of Greenstead, at Hoxne in Suffolk, and there it remained for about thirty-three years, when rumours were spread abroad that some blind men had been restored to sight, and other miracles had been wrought, at the tomb of the Martyr King. So his ignoble resting-place would no longer do, and a large wooden¹ church was erected at *Betrichesworth* or *Beodricsweorth*, now called St. Edmond's Bury, for the reception of the royal corpse. On its exhumation, it is said to have been in perfect preservation, with the head united to it, and only a red mark round the throat to mark its decapitation. Nor only so; a devout woman, named Oswyn, averred that she had long lived near the saint's place of burial, and for several years had tended the corpse, yearly cutting its hair and paring its nails, which holy relics she religiously preserved.

So in A.D. 903 the body was transferred to its more stately resting-place at Bury, and there it remained, to the great profit of its keepers, until the year 1010, when Turkil the Dane, having harried the whole of East Anglia, burnt and plundered Bury. The custodian of the royal corpse, Egelwin or Ailwin, afterwards bishop of Elmham, conveyed it to London, and deposited it, as some say, in Christ Church, or, as others say, in St. Gregory's near St. Paul's, and, as it passed through Cripplegate, the lame recovered the use of their limbs,

¹ Abbo Floriacensis says: "Per maximam miro ligneo tabulata ecclesiam."

which fact all must believe who put their faith in Stow as a truth-telling historian. In London, however, it remained for three years, and it was, in the year 1013, reconveyed to its home at Bury, passing through Old Ford, Abridge, Stapleford (where it was hospitably received by the lord of the manor, who, in return, was miraculously cured of an illness from which he was then suffering), GREENSTEAD, Dunmow, and Clare.

Dugdale, in his *Monasticon*, quotes a manuscript entitled *Registrum Cænobii Sancti Edmundi*. “Idem apud Aungre hospitabatur, ubi in ejus memoria lignea capella permanet usque hodie.” “Also he was sheltered near Ongar, where a wooden chapel, in memory of him, remains to this day.” Some might imagine from this that this chapel might have been built afterwards, but a moment’s consideration will at once dispel this idea; for, should that have been the case, undoubtedly it would have been dedicated to the miracle-working saint, and then probably would have become a place of pilgrimage for having sheltered so illustrious a person; whereas it is dedicated to Saint Andrew; and being already in existence and of a most unpretending character, it has remained, luckily for us, unnoticed, and now stands, a veritable monument of Saxon times, and an unique example of a really old Anglo-Saxon church. That it was there when the corpse was brought that way, and that it was not hurriedly built as some have imagined, is evidenced by the fact that the logs are carefully grooved and tongued, and fastened into sills; whereas, if it had only been a rough shelter for the night, the chapel would have been built of split logs, sharpened and driven into the ground, whilst these are worked with great care, are not absolutely half trunks, but have had a slice of the heart taken out, probably to form the roof and sills—and the inner, or flat, sides of the oaken or chestnut slabs (for authorities are divided as to the nature of the wood) have been carefully roughened, as if with an adze, in order to retain the plaster.

This little chantry, then, was intended to be permanent, and its dimensions have never varied; its length is 29 ft. 9 in.; width, 14 ft., and the walls were 5 ft. 6 in. high. It had a high-pitched roof, and was probably thatched with rushes; the east end was taken down when the chancel was added, probably early in the sixteenth century. The original beams remain. The west end was of logs of wood, and was complete, with exception of a doorway for admission into the tower, in 1748, as an engraving in *Vetusta Monumenta* shows. A portion still remains, the rest has been *improved* away; but the north and south sides are almost as they were originally.

On the south side there are seventeen original slabs, and on the north there are twenty-one original slabs, the places of two others being filled up by modern substitutes, as the method of construction employed entirely prevented the possibility of replacing one of the timbers without lifting the roof-plate. This is a strong proof of its antiquity; for, when it was taken down in 1848 to repair the ravages of that destructive beetle the "*ptinus pectinicornis*," both plate and sill were clearly shown never to have been touched since they were first put together. Owing to that wretched little beetle, about 12 in. had to be cut off the end of each log, and a wall in brickwork raised a corresponding height. This, however regrettable, was absolutely necessary, or what we now have would not have been ours much longer, and, indeed, the restoration of the church has been most judicious.

On the north-west side of the chapel is an opening cut in one of the logs, an ankret's window, or leper's window, as it was sometimes called. These curious windows are not uncommon, but they are generally on the *south-west* side of the chancel. However, there are examples of their being on the *north-west* side, and this is one of them. These little side-windows are always low down, and generally have bars and shutters, but there could have been nothing to tempt thieves in this little chantry, and it is furnished with neither. One of the reasons of their existence undoubtedly was, that the recluse or ankret dwelling therein might speak and be spoken to after public service time, when the doors were shut. People were fond of asking the ghostly advice of the ankret and even confessed to him, as Richard the Second, before going to meet Wat Tyler in Smithfield, went to church at Westminster Abbey, "after which he spake with the anchore, to whom hee confessed himselfe."

But these little windows had another use. We know that in England leprosy was a fearful plague, and lepers could on no account be allowed to mingle with the general population. Shunned everywhere, and naturally prohibited from worshipping God in company with their fellow-men, these little windows were made the means of enabling them to see, or at all events to hear, mass being performed, and through them the Holy Communion could be administered to the poor diseased outcast. And that this part of the world was no freer than the rest from this fearful scourge, is evidenced by the fact that at Brentwood, a very few miles off, there was a hospital for lepers, and the estate now is known by the name of "The Spital."

The window, as far as one can judge, must have been the ankret's

sole means of light, and no one ever seems to have dreamed of desecrating these sacred logs by cutting windows in them, light having been given, when the roof was tiled, by means of dormers. Its interior is very plain, and necessarily so low-ceiled that a tall clergyman cannot stand upright in the little pulpit, and it has no brasses nor any monuments worth particular attention. On one of the beams is carved a rude representation of the three crowns and the wolf watching the saint's head ; but this was done at its restoration. At Hoxne Church there was a poppy-head of wolves' paws supporting a crown ; and at Hoxne also was a wonderful old oak, the very tree, according to tradition, to which the martyred king was bound, and known by the name of St. Edmund's Oak. It was 20 ft. in circumference, and the branches spread over a width of 84 ft. On September 11, 1848, whilst the sides of Greenstead Church were lying on the ground undergoing repair, this great oak fell, to the great grief of the surrounding inhabitants. A suggestion was made that the trunk should be examined, and an old arrow-head was found deeply imbedded in the solid wood. The annual rings on this tree showed it to be upwards of 1,000 years old.

Apart from its matchless old nave, there is nothing of interest in or about the church or churchyard. Nicely tended, everything denotes the model parish. Its registers date back to 1558, and it is a rectory which, on every vacancy, is offered to a curate of St. Botolph, Aldgate, having been so left in the middle of the last century by a vicar of that church named Pratt, who purchased the living of Greenstead.

JOHN ASHTON.

THE GYPSIES AS SEEN BY FRIENDLY EYES.

IT is of the nature of a true interest to become a joy. Inquiry develops into a series of surprises—the distant and the near come into sudden and unexpected union—incidents succeed and shape each other as do the scenes in a first-class work of fiction. Let a man throw himself heartily into life at any point, says Goethe, he will find it fruitful and pleasant. Labour is no longer irksome, but gives zest to life ; energy appears to recruit itself by spending and being spent ; appetite seems to grow with what it feeds on. Truth is stranger than fiction, and every man who works in this spirit and writes in this spirit anew attests it. Even though it be but a hunt for words, this will be found true ; the words cannot be properly apprehended till their first human significance is emphasised afresh, and emotion and passion are reflected on them, giving magic hues, like the shell

That keeps the wear and polish of the wave,

as the Laureate says in the Idylls. So Mr. Max Müller has raised philology from a study of dry bones to a kind of poetry ; full of passion and imagination fancy and picture, suggesting the advancing or retrogressive conditions in which men at various times have stood. So Mr. Grant Allen, when he invites us to walk with him in the country, and takes up a weed by the wayside, or by dint of educated eyes finds tracks of a mole or hedgehog where the ordinary observer had missed them, and from the significant point or imprint finds a clue to processes of fine distinction and development whose origin is lost in the mists of time. So, too, Mr. Leland, when he goes a-gypsying. He has put so much brain and heart into the matter, that work and play are here with him happily united ; and he is able to entertain while he instructs us, and to widen our horizons and enlarge our sympathies even while he amuses us. That is his prescriptive claim to attention and to gratitude. Many men before him had pleased a vagrant fancy by leaving the prudences and precedences of civilised life behind them, and roaming with the gypsies. There was Christopher North—a

burly boy, in whom indeed the boy never properly got lost in the man, in spite of moral philosophy and sobering cares, and Edinburgh University and Blackwood's Magazine; who remained to the end Bohemian; and who, by happy inspiration of good spirits, and a *small* dash of the "demonic," as Goethe would have put it, accomplished what has proved to others the impossible task of successfully wedding Bohemianism with "respectable" Toryism and thus of gaining *éclat* for "Maga." Then, there was Lord Lytton, who, it must be said, rather played the *dilettante* here as elsewhere. Then there was Mr. Borrow—"Romany Rye," "Laven-gro"—a thoroughly good English gentleman, who was able to deal with gypsies on an equal footing, and to open such eye-holes into their life and ways that the reading world looked up in amazement, rubbed its eyes, and confessed that these gypsies really were human and worth some passing attention, though they told lies, stole, cheated shamelessly in horse-dealing, read fortunes, and—crown of all crime against respectable society—lived in tents and never slept in a proper bed. But Mr. Leland has proved that for full success in the quest other qualifications than curiosity, and the Bohemian instinct, and a little dash of the demonic, are necessary to interpret the gypsies satisfactorily. You must have prepared yourself by a long process of grubbing among roots and particles—such a process, indeed, as is not unlikely to have taken the elasticity and some of the love of fun out of you. It is only a select few, those who have been born under the lucky star which ensures the persistence of a childish vivacity, a gypsy-like youthfulness and disregard of minor accessories, along with the load of learning borne not only "lightly, like a flower," but borne as if indeed it were all of nature, or as if it were not there at all, that can succeed here. For nothing is more repugnant to a race like the gypsies than the smell of the study. The moonlight is more to their taste than the midnight oil; and like all outdoor people, they hate pedants. To gain their sympathies you must become one of them—for they are quick to discern any assumption—for the nonce, if not more. To get confession of their secret, you must, in fact, be guilty of an innocent deception. For the Rommany lives a double life: he must profess to the Gentile world to have no part or lot in the life he really lives; no knowledge of the secret lore which in his heart he prizes above all else. And so get to know him you must first give the pass-word. Though an outcast, one of the despised of the earth, he has that pride in his race which imparts dignity and instils reserve: he may descend to many doubtful expedients; but he cherishes the thought of the

lordly palace whence he came, of the ancient rock out of which he was hewn.

And "heaven lay about him in his infancy" also, notwithstanding the buffetings of rough winds, the visitations of cloud and starlight, of rain and dew, of frost and snow, and all the rude materials among which he may have been cradled. The mother sings the child's lullaby in a tongue unknown to those around them; whispers in his ear scraps of the mysterious story, between the loud strainings of the wind, and she warns him, as soon as he can comprehend her words, to love it and to guard it, and never in his heart to belie the Rommany, or to give the Gorgio, or Gentile, the advantage over him by revealing his secret. She patiently teaches him the mystic words, and dwells upon them one by one with a loving ardour and patient persistence. She speaks of the persecutions to which they have been subject—how in years gone by they were banished, put in the stocks, imprisoned, and even hanged, merely for being gypsies. She gently educates the young idea to grasp the fact that in every part of the world there are friends, who will recognise and help him, if he should ever be in sore straits, simply because he knows that language and these secret signs. So the gypsy spirit is breathed into him; and he is surrounded by such influences that it grows with his growth. No gypsy has ever been known to betray his people, or to fail to keep faith with those who have been received as Rommanys, and have trusted him.

George Eliot, in "The Spanish Gypsy," has well emphasised the faithfulness to race-traditions and the love—strong as death—with which, through all disguises, the Rommany clings to his own. And the gypsy's pride in his race and language later researches have fully justified. They are, indeed, all and more than they claim to be—a peculiar people, not very zealous it may be in good works, but still bearing a testimony. If daily, like the typical youth of whom Wordsworth sings in the Ode, they "travel farther from the East," the East is still with them—they bring the nomadic and patriarchal life close to our doors.

What could possibly do more to whet the curiosity and to inspire a deeper sense of wonder than to hear of a set of wanderers who, in the privacy of tent and caravan, use a language which is older than Sanscrit, and has through millenniums been preserved, though without a literature—a speech which, "in point of age," says Mr. Leland, "is an elder though vagabond sister of that ancient language. Despite its mutilated, diluted, and impoverished state, there are reasons for believing that it contains the fragment or frame-

work of some extremely ancient Aryan tongue, preserved from the earliest times among those wandering tribes, which have, since the days of the Vedas, preserved a privileged and separate existence." Mr. Leland relieves his sense of wonder at the mystery by recognising the humour that is oftentimes associated with these phenomena.

"I do not suppose," he says, "that there are many people who can feel or understand that among the fearfully dirty dwellers in tents and caravans, cockshysters, and dealers in dogs of doubtful character, there can be anything strange and quaint, and deeply tinged with the witch-*aura*. As well might one attempt to persuade the twenty-one stone, half-illiterate and wholly old-fashioned rural magistrate of the last century that the poor devil of a hen-stealing gypsy dragged before him knew that which would send thrills of joy through the most learned philologist of Europe, and cause the great band of scholars to sing for joy. Life, to most of us, is nothing without its humour; and to me a whilom German student illustrating his military marauding by phrases from Fichte, or my friend Pauno the Rommany urging me, with words to be found in the Mahabharata and Hafiz, to buy a terrier, is a charming experience."

Philology and ethnology join hands to lift the outcasts of our hedges and commons into a place apart. Here, as Simson says, "we have ethnology on its legs—a wild Oriental race dropped into the midst of all the nations of Europe, and legally and socially proscribed by them, yet drawing into their body much of the blood of other people, and incorporating it with their own, and assimilating to the manners of the countries in which they live: sometimes threading their way by marriage through native families, and maintaining their identity, in a more or less mixed state, in the world, notwithstanding their having no religion peculiar to themselves, like the Jews."

Mr. Leland tells us that the reason why gypsy words have been left unchanged was fully illustrated one day in a gypsy camp in his hearing, when one man, declaring of a certain word that it was only *Kennick*, or slang, and not "Rommanis," added, "It can't be Rommanis, because everybody knows it. When a word gets to be known by everybody it is no longer Rommanis." The Rommany is soft, musical, and easy to acquire. As it contains an extraordinary number of Hindi, Hindustani, Sanscrit, and Persian words, it can be of some assistance to persons who study these languages. This may be inferred from the fact that an Indian military friend of Mr. Leland's once visited a gypsy camp, and did his best to talk with its

occupants through the medium of Hindustani. Afterwards one of the gypsies informed him privately that his friend talked "werry bad Rommanis, but it *was* Rommanis—such as it was, and the gentleman was a Rommany Rye."

The terrible persecutions to which these people were for long subjected accounts for much in connection with them ; it accounts especially for their strong desire to preserve all their internal marks of race, and to modify the outward ones by mixing with the races they have come into contact with. This they have done, as it would appear, on system—adopting the males of other races, whom they married to females of theirs, who would bring up the children of such unions as members of their fraternity ; fully alive also to the fact that, as a general law, the mental if not the physical traits are more derived from the mother than from the father. If it be true that children were ever stolen by the gypsies, it would be more with this design in view than with any idea of reward for their restoration. To speak of a fair-haired, blue-eyed gypsy seems almost a contradiction in terms, and yet it is quite a correct description of a large section of gypsydom in England and elsewhere, and well known to those who closely study the subject. In Spain gypsies can easily pass as Spaniards. The race has increased and prospered in spite of all opposition and persecution. In our country, and in northern countries generally, preference seems to have been given to fair or red hair in the case of such children as have been adopted into the body ; and the half-castes make up for their want of blood by smartness and general knowledge of the language ; the half-bred gypsies, in fact, become ultra-gypsies, as Simson says, and give guarantee for the perpetuation of the body. It thus comes about that a gypsy may not differ a whit from an ordinary native in external appearance or character, while in his mind he may be as thoroughly a gypsy as one could well imagine. Though it is demonstrable that the race increases, modern changes are day by day making it more and more difficult to trace it and to estimate its extent. It is to all appearance being absorbed, while in reality it is absorbing ; for all the elements that are adopted invariably go with the gypsy body. Some writers have assumed that the gypsies are disappearing, being improved off the face of the earth by the necessity that has led in recent years to the rapid enclosure of waste lands, the appropriation of commons, and the stricter laws that have been passed regarding vagrancy. But this is merely a superficial impression. Fifty years ago Simson found that there was an invariable tendency on the part of the gypsies to pass, by separate stages, to a settled life. The first stage was the tent ; the next the

waggon ; then one form or another of travelling, without either tent or waggon ; and finally a settled life, within four walls, and little or no external evidence by which the gypsy descent could be detected. The stress of circumstances is now so effectively making itself felt, that probably within twenty years gypsy encampments will be rarely seen ; but gypsy life will be far from extinguished. English landscape will miss a very characteristic feature, but town life will have gained. But the more that the gypsy becomes settled, the more successfully can he hide himself, and the more, in all probability, will gypsy life demand aid from native elements. Even as things are, there have been cases of Englishmen marrying gypsy women unaware that they were gypsies. The women, it seems, in such cases hide, if they can, their gypsy origin.

Romances might be worked out of incidents that are known in Rommany record of this kind—the love of the open air and Bohemianism coming out in unexpected and characteristic fashion in the children. Though Mr. Leland and others assure us that it is impossible, having once become familiar with it, to mistake or to overlook the “three-cornered eye” which is inseparable from the true gypsy, lovers, in their blindness, *have* overlooked it. Miss Tuckey, indeed, founds one of her poems, “Gypsy Death for Love,” in Mr. Leland’s “English Gypsy Ballads” (Trübner & Co.), on a circumstance of this kind : “Alice Cooper” (a gypsy of a well-known and wealthy family) “told me of a gypsy girl who, having married a respectable Englishman, committed suicide, the reason being that she had kept her Rommany origin a secret, and was afraid if it were found out her husband would be ashamed of her. Alice was quite sure that no fear of his anger caused her to drown herself. “She was alaj her rye would latcher she was Rommany”—“she was ashamed her gentleman husband would find that she was gypsy,” was the explanation of the sad event. “In Weybridge Churchyard,” Miss Tuckey adds, “within a mile from the place where I heard this, there is a tombstone placed over the grave of another gypsy girl named Roland, who drowned herself for love. It may easily be seen from the road, as it lies just by the wall.” Miss Tuckey’s ballad is so simple, touching, and true to the feeling, that we must find space for it.

I wandered far from my mother’s tent ;
Alone through the shade of the woods I went :
Where leaves grew greenest, where trees were high,
We met in the shadow, my love and I.
So kindly and fondly he gazed at me,
But he did not know I was Rommani.

He led me out where the sun shone down,
He looked at my face that was gypsy-brown ;
He looked in my eyes, and he took my hand ;
He said, " You come from a distant land—
From a warmer country across the sea ? "
I never told I was Rommani.

" Come, love ! " he said. When I heard him call,
I left my mother and home and all :
I never turned to the tent again,
To bid good-bye to the gypsy men.
My Gorgio married me faithfully,
But he never knew I was Rommani.

And now I live like a lady here,
But I'm never safe from a thought of fear :
They'll tell my husband some day with scorn
Of the gypsy tent where his wife was born ;
And the folk will cry when he passes, " See
The man that married a Rommani ! "

If he knew me for one of the gypsy race,
He could never look Gorgios in the face,
He'd be glad to hide in the house all day.
O husband ! I'd sooner go far away,
And death would be easier far to me
Than seeing you ashamed of your Rommani.

She rose, and soon to the stream she came ;
But once she whispered her husband's name :
She stood awhile by the water side,
Then cast herself in the flowing tide.
" 'Tis for love of you, O dear heart ! " said she ;
" Now you'll never be shamed by the Rommani."

The marked capacity of reserve and secrecy, the power of self-help in the most adverse circumstances, that persistency which recalls the Jews, but is more remarkable than theirs, inasmuch as the gypsies have no great historic traditions and no religion to unite and inspire, will doubtless serve the gypsy race under its new conditions as they have served it in the past. The Lelands of a century hence will look in vain at the waysides, on the commons, or at the fairs, for the dark-eyed, dark-haired men and women who once were such picturesque figures there ; but in the byways of the city the secret sign will be given and responded to, and all the freemasonry of old will charm those who have the right of *entrée*.

Readers of " Quentin Durward " will remember how Scott represents Durward as starting back in something like horror when Hayraddin Maugrabin, the Zingaro, answers one of his questions about

his religion with the words, "I have no religion ;" and Scott, in a note on "The Religion of the Gypsies," says : "It was a remarkable feature in the character of these wanderers that they did not possess or profess any particular religion, either in form or principle. They readily conformed, as far as might be required, with the religion of any country in which they happened to sojourn, nor did they ever practise it more than was required of them. Their want of religion is supplied by a good deal of superstition. Such of their ritual as can be discovered—as, for example, that belonging to marriage—is savage in the extreme. They adopt various observances, picked up from the religion of the country in which they live. It is, or rather was, the custom of the tribes on the borders of England and Scotland to attribute success to those journeys which are commenced by passing through the parish church ; and they usually try to obtain permission from the beadle to do so when the church is empty, for the performance of Divine service is not considered essential to the omen."

The only definite religious idea the gypsies may be said to have—and it is a very dim and inadequate one—is essentially Chinese-like ; it is a reverence for ancestors, to whom, as is the case with the Chinese, they make offerings, though in their case it is negatively and not positively. Mr. Leland says on this head,—

"The real religion of the gypsies consists, like that of the Comteists, in devotion to the dead, and is indicated by a very extraordinary custom, which, notwithstanding the very general decay of late years of all their old habits, still prevails universally. This is the refraining from some usage or indulgence in honour of the departed—a sacrifice, as it were, to their *manes* ; and I believe that, by inquiring, it will be found to exist among all gypsies in all parts of the world. In England it is shown by observances which are maintained at great personal inconvenience, sometimes for years, or during life. Thus there are many gypsies who, because a deceased brother was fond of spirits, have refrained, after his departure, from tasting them, or who have given up their favourite pursuits for the reason that they were last indulged in in company with the lost and loved one."

To this very vague kind of worship of the dead, some strays from Christianity have been attached. One of these is the burning of an ash tree on Christmas Day in honour of the Saviour, because, as they say, He lived and died like a gypsy—another instance of that peculiar harsh literalism of mind which disqualifies them from realising anything abstract or of the nature of symbol.

The gypsies are great singers, and their songs, or rather their singing, would itself afford matter for an article. They have the gift of the *improvvisatore* very powerfully developed. Though they have no literature, they have select treasuries of song, long descended through the centuries from mouth to mouth—songs that are hoar with antiquity. Forgotten by one section, they are preserved by another, and, like winged seeds, are carried over wide barren spaces, and sow themselves afresh in prepared minds by processes that are inexplicable. This is proved by many incidents. Here is one from Mr. Leland :—

“ Wishing to know if my pretty friend (one of the Russian gypsy singers) could understand an English gypsy lyric, I sang in an undertone a ballad from George Borrow’s ‘Lavengro,’ which begins with these words,—

Pende Rommani chai ke laki dye ;
Miri diri dye, mi shom kameli.

I had never been able to make up my mind whether this was really an old gypsy poem, or one written by Mr. Borrow. Once, when I repeated it to old Henry James, as he sat making baskets, I was silenced by being told, ‘That ain’t no real gypsy *gilli*. That’s one of the kind made up by gentlemen and ladies.’ However, as soon as I repeated it, the Russian gypsy girl cried eagerly, ‘I know that song!’ and actually sang me a ballad which was essentially the same, in which a damsel describes her fall, owing to a Gajo (Gorgio, a Gentile, not gypsy) lover, and her final expulsion from the tent. It was adapted to a very pretty melody, and as soon as she had sung it, *sotto voce*, my pretty friend exclaimed to another girl, ‘Only think, the *rye* from America knows that song!’ Now, as many centuries must have passed since the English and Russian gypsies parted from the parent stock, the preservation of this song is very remarkable, and its antiquity must be very great.”

But, though they have such inherited traditional stores, they love to vary such things as these on the impulse of the moment, and are most impressive when they improvise. This gift in some families of gypsies is so marked, strengthened as it may have been by exercise through generations, that their practice of it looks like a series of inspirations. Mr. Leland, who has heard this singing both in America and Russia, gives a long account of it, and we must let him indicate its general characteristics in the effect it had upon him. He says it is “the strangest, wildest, and sweetest singing I had ever heard, the singing of Lurleis, of sirens, of witches. First, one damsel, with an exquisitely clear, firm voice, began to sing a verse of a

love ballad, and as it approached the end the chorus stole in, softly and unperceived, but with exquisite skill, until, in a few seconds, the summer breeze, murmuring melody over a rippling lake, seemed changed to a midnight tempest roaring over a stormy sea, in which the basso of the black captain pealed like thunder. Just as it died away a second girl took up the melody, very sweetly, but with a little more excitement ; it was like a gleam of moonlight on the still agitated waters, a strange contralto witch-gleam : and then again the chorus and the storm ; and then another solo, yet sweeter, sadder, and stranger, the movement continually increasing, until all was fast and wild and mad, a locomotive quick-step, and then a sudden silence—sunlight—the storm had blown away.”

It is not to be wondered at that gypsies should have made a considerable figure in fiction. For the purposes of romance, their way of living affords a fine set-off to the conventionalities of ordinary life. It is so easy to get a picturesque effect out of the tent or the caravan ; here, as elsewhere, distance lends enchantment to the view. We remember that one of the class fancied a gypsy made herself out a devil-worshipper, because she used the word “*Duvel*” for God, which showed surely that there was little prospect of a common understanding in higher matters between the two, and that misunderstanding and misrepresentations were inevitable. Writers of fiction can hardly be complimented on their care to study the peculiarities of the race. The gypsy of romance is usually a gipsy of romance—a helpless hybrid, whom the stress of modern circumstances would have swept out of existence some centuries ago. Neither their good points nor their bad points are so definitively realised as to render them human for most part. We remember that Mrs. Oliphant gives a few suggestive glimpses in “*Valentine and his Brother ;*” but she is too concerned with a special problem, and too intent on picturesqueness and pathos and violent contrast to be quite true, and she finally explodes the whole thing in an impossible firework of sentiment. But to Mrs. Oliphant belongs the credit of the latest and in some respects the most successful attempt since Scott to give the gypsies a place in fiction.

The gypsy stories and fables which Mr. Leland has collected and translated are highly characteristic. They reflect all the colour and wild freedom of the life—its sudden changes, its dangers, and its delights and charms also—no less than the “pains and penalties” that came by unjust laws in the olden time. And they abound with shrewdness and fun, and the delights of “sturt and strife and devilrie.” One distinct merit these tales have—and it is one not at

all usual in such tales—they are sternly true and real ; no high-flown sentiment intrudes to soften or conceal the rough, ragged outline.

No. I.

“ A tinker stopped one day at a farmer’s house, where the lady gave him meat and milk. While he was eating he saw a kettle all rusty and bent, with a great hole in it, and asked, ‘ Give it me, and I will take it away for nothing, because you have been so kind and obliging to me.’ So she gave it to him, and he went away for three weeks, and he repaired it (the kettle), and made it as bright (white) as silver. Then he went that road again, to the same house, and said, ‘ Look here at this fine kettle ! I gave six shillings for it, and you shall have it for the same money, because you have been so good to me.’ ”

That man was like a great many more—very benevolent to himself.

No. II.

“ When I was sitting down in the forest under the great trees, I asked a little bird to bring (find) me a little bread ; but it went away, and I never saw it again. Then I asked a great bird to bring me a cup of brandy, but it flew away after the other. I never asked the tree over my head for anything ; but when the wind came, it threw down to me a hundred ripe nuts.”

No. III. (PAINS AND PENALTIES.)

“ A gypsy girl once went to a house to tell fortunes. After she went away the girl of the house missed a pudding-bag (literally, *linen cloth*), and told the master the gypsy girl had stolen it. So the master went far about the country, and found the gypsies, and sent them to prison. Now this was in the old time, when they used to hang people for any little thing. And some of the gypsies were hung, and some transported (literally, *watered*). And all the bags, and kettles, and things of the gypsies were thrown and piled together behind the hedge in the churchyard, and no man touched them. And three months after, the maid was preparing the pigs’ food at the same house, when she found the linen cloth they lost three months (before) that day. So the girl went with the cloth to her master, and said, ‘ See what I did to those poor, poor gypsies that were hung and transported for that trifle (there) ! ’

“ And when they went to look at the gypsies’ things behind the

hedge in the churchyard, the bags were full and burst, torn all to rags ; and they found them full of silver things, spoons and knives of gold, and watches, cups, and teapots, that had belonged to the gypsies that were hung and transported."

One of the most peculiar points of dispute which has arisen in the course of the recent inquiries into gypsy lineage, &c., relates to John Bunyan. "Was Bunyan a gypsy?" is really a burning question, since it is answered with a considerable degree of heat on both sides. Mr. Simson, in his "History of the Gypsies," had proved to his own satisfaction that Bunyan was one of the "wanderers," and he managed to present some really strong evidence in favour of his view. But others, like the Rev. John Brown, of Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, concerned as it would seem for the respectable origin of the tinker-allegorist (fancy Bunyan taking time and spending days to prove that he was in origin or otherwise *respectable*!), have waded through no end of old lists and registers, and having found respectable families of the name of Bunyan in Bedfordshire, draw their own conclusions. As if that mattered much. Gypsies were not very loth to adopt names that were familiar and common in the districts they frequented, and, save to a select circle, were always prone to make it appear as though they were native, and to the manner born. The evidence that is chiefly relied on is internal, and the fact of certain passages in Bunyan's own writings. In one place he writes,—

"For my descent, it was, *as is well known to many*, of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is *meanest* and *most despised* of *all* the families of the land."

It should not be forgotten that at this time it was death by law for being a gypsy, and "felony without benefit of clergy" for associating with them, so odious were they to the rest of the population, and that thus there was little temptation towards such a lineage, but the reverse. Besides telling us that his descent was "well known to many," Bunyan added, "Another thought came into my mind, and that was whether we [his family and relations] were of the Israelites or no ; for finding in the Scriptures that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race [how significant is the expression !] my soul must needs be happy. Now, again, I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this question, but could not tell how I should. At last I asked my father of it, who told me, No, we [his father included] were not."

It is singular, but it is a fact, that this question is a common one still among the better class of gypsies.

Mr. Leland has no doubt about Bunyan, and will not condescend

to argue it. One or two traits are sufficient for him : "I should have liked to know John Bunyan," he says. "As a half-blood gypsy tinker he must have been self-contained and very pleasant. He had his wits about him, too, in a very Rommanly way. When confined in prison he made a flute or pipe out of one of the legs of his three-legged stool, and would play on it to pass time. When the jailer entered to stop the noise, John replaced the leg in the stool and sat on it, looking innocent as only a gypsy tinker could, calm as a summer morning. I commend the subject for a picture. Very recently, that is in the beginning of 1881, a man of the same tinkering kind, and possibly of the same blood as honest John, confined in the prison of Moyamensing, Philadelphia, did nearly the same thing, only that instead of making his stool leg into a musical pipe he converted it into a pipe for tobacco. But when the watchman, led by the smell, entered his cell, there was no pipe to be found ; only a deeply injured man, complaining that 'somebody had been smokin' outside, and it had blowed into his cell through the door winder from the corridor, and p'isoned the atmosphere. And he didn't like it.' And thus history repeats itself. 'Tis all very well for the sticklers for Wesleyan gentility to deny that John Bunyan was a gypsy, but he who in his life cannot read Rommany between the lines knows not the jib nor the cut thereof. Tough was J. B., 'and de-vil-ish sly,' and altogether a much better man than many suppose him to have been."

And so this old-fashioned gypsy life, which is now so swiftly vanishing, has found its poet and reporter, who has given us a faithful picture of it. The gypsies have been lucky in this respect, in having fallen under the eye of so efficient and kindly an inquisitor ; and however much they may have suffered from unkindly inquisition in past times, this must make them *some* amends.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

FRANCE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

PROBABLY there are few readers of French History who have not found the sudden collapse of the Ancien Régime less difficult to comprehend than its extraordinary longevity ; who have not marvelled less at its tragic dissolution than that the catastrophe should have been so long stayed ; who have not been less horrified by the atrocities of the Reign of Terror than touched by the patience, submission, and fortitude with which so many preceding generations of the people had borne their grievous yoke ; and who have not confessed, at least to themselves, that it is far more easy to account for the regicide by which the maddened nation at last avenged its wrongs, than for that excessive loyalty to the kingly person which the plebeian classes had never failed to evince till the opening scene of the fifth act of the drama.

“Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît pas ;” and certainly the devotion that the French continued from century to century to offer to their tyrannical monarchs was one of the most unreasonable of sentiments ; a sentiment too which it would be erroneous to explain on the assumption that it formed part and parcel of their religion, or that it was affected as a token of respectability, those two powerful agents which together generated so much of the old-fashioned, quiescent English loyalty.

Throughout Christendom, the sixteenth century was a period of transition, of unrest, of doubt, and of doctrinal persecution ; in France it was moreover remarkable as an age of religious and moral decadence. Yet, though pious and time-honoured observances fell so much into disuse that at last scarcely a single individual deigned to kneel as the Host was carried through the streets of Paris,¹ still the respect paid by the people to their earthly sovereign suffered

¹ “Nel portare il Santissimo Sacramento d'Eucaristia per le strade, non usano quella riverenza che devrebbero, perchè a gran pena si ginocchiano a terra se lo rincontran, non che accompagnarlo.”—*Relations des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens*, Lippomano, 1577.

no diminution till the end of the story ; and it is curious to note one after another of the quick-witted envoys sent by the Republic of Venice to the court of the Valois kings, puzzling over the same question which was discovered to be equally difficult of solution by English travellers two hundred years later, the problem being stated in almost the same terms by each. Thus Gio. Michel, in 1561, reports: "Not only are they (the French kings) absolute lords and masters of their subjects and vassals, but they are also loved and obeyed by them, as much as can be desired; not only loved, but revered and adored as if they were gods, so that without fear of alienating or irritating them, the kings can safely make use of their life, labour, property, and all that they possess, as if the people were slaves, such is the devotion and reverence in which they are held—an extraordinary thing not seen in respect of any other Christian prince or king." "Liberty, no doubt, is among the greatest blessings on earth, but not all men are worthy of her. The French, perhaps feeling how incompetent they are to govern themselves, have placed their liberty and their will completely in the hands of their king. He has merely to say, I require this or that sum, I command, I consent, and the execution is as prompt as if the matter had originated in the will of the whole nation," so writes Marino Cavalli in 1546 ; in 1778 Dr. Moore observes, "They consider the power of the king from which their servitude proceeds as if it were their own power."¹

It is of the power of the king, but more especially of the servitude and sufferings of the people, that I proceed to give a few details, interspersed with some illustrations of social manners and customs collected from various writers of the sixteenth century, but chiefly from Machiavelli, the Venetian ambassadors, and Claude Haton. Amongst my gleanings, contradictions and paradoxes will doubtless be found ; in excuse, I can only proffer the maxim of the unfortunate Marquis de Vauvenargues: "Il est plus aisé de dire des choses nouvelles, que de concilier parfaitement toutes celles qui ont été dites."

It was the fortune of Francis I. at the outset of his career, and almost against his will, to obtain as a reality that which had been the dream of many of his predecessors—the *jus eligendi*, or right of nomination to all ecclesiastical benefices within his kingdom ; a right which necessarily brought with it the control of the Church and the power of utilising its enormous wealth. Hitherto, vacancies had been filled by the colleges ; the canons, on the death

¹ *Society and Manners in France*, by Dr. John Moore.

of their bishop or archbishop, assembling and electing a successor, the monks appointing their abbots in like fashion. If the king interfered and forced his nominee upon them, they would, on the sovereign's death, invariably eject the intruder, and proceed to a fresh election. The riches of the ecclesiastics equalled their independence; two-fifths of the country's wealth passed into their hands and there remained, "thanks to the avaricious character of prelates and churchmen." "The revenues of the churches, added to the private incomes of the bishops, represented a countless treasure."¹

But a change was impending. After the battle of Marignano, Francis I., already master of the Milanese, and resplendent in the first rays of military glory, proceeded in the winter of 1515 to meet Leo X. at Bologna, there, under the tutelage of Duprat, to exact the abolition of the Pragmatic Sanction, and to obtain, by the well-known Concordat, that transfer of patronage which converted every ecclesiastic in the kingdom into a suppliant for royal favours. Loud was the outcry throughout the country, and strong the opposition, when, two years later, the terms of the treaty were fully published. The University of Paris rose in revolt and issued placards proclaiming pope and king to be heretics, inasmuch as they had set aside the decrees of the Council of Basle.² However, the appearance on the scene of a few pieces of artillery, and the arrest of a few lawyers, closed the argument, for those were the happy times when force ever proved an effectual remedy.³

To the private pique of the revengeful Duprat, and to his desire to thwart Leo X. for having denied him some coveted bishopric, was attributed this subversion of the old rights of the Gallican Church, for it was reported that the king himself was diffident of the greatness thus thrust upon him: "This Bull will send us both to the devil!" was his exclamation to his Mephistophelean Chancellor on the receipt of the Papal authorisation; "And indeed he was right," says G. Corero, moralising over the matter some years subsequently, "for this Concordat may well be regarded as a pact made with the devil. Francis I., a generous prince and a good comrade, who began by distributing bishoprics according to the petition of ladies, and giving abbeys as rewards to soldiers, ended by gratifying all sorts of persons regardless of their character. Henry, his successor, acted with as little prudence, so that in a short time the French Church

¹ *Ritratti delle cose di Francia*, di Nicolò Machiavelli.

² *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris sous le règne de François I.*

³ *Traitéz des Libertez de l'Eglise Gallicane*, C. Fauchet, 1610.

fell into the hands of those who thought only of their own interest. Good and learned priests lost all hope of being rewarded for their labours, the love of study diminished, and the enjoyments of life were alone considered. The new pastors placed in charge of parishes men who merely assumed the priestly habit as an exemption from more arduous occupations, and who, by their avarice and dissolute life, troubled the faith of the simple-minded people, and weakened the fervent piety of the olden days. It was through this door and this breach that heresy entered France." We may, however, be permitted to doubt whether the nominee of the former ecclesiastical proprietor would have been any more capable than was the curé appointed by the lay patron, to give an answer to those "thousands sweating wearying heads of mortals" who, from the depths of their physical and mental despair, were now making heard their cry:—

"Tell me! What meaneth man?

Whence came he hither? Where goes he hence?

Who dwells there on high 'mongst the radiant planets?"

Be that as it may, one very practical and obvious result of the change of system appears in the fact that, "the clergy are extremely attached to their king, as they ought to be," for "he (Francis I.) has in his gift 10 archbishoprics, 83 bishoprics, 527 abbeys, and an infinity of priories and canonries. This right secures to him the obedience and fidelity of clergy and laymen aspiring to benefices."² Unfortunately, these were occasionally conferred before they fell vacant, or, to use plain language, were sold twice over, to the embarrassment of the incumbent *in esse*, who, in some instances, experienced considerable difficulty in proving his own existence, whilst to discover that "le défunt n'est pas mort" could scarcely have been regarded as a pleasant surprise to the new nominee, suddenly reduced to a mere incumbent *in posse*. Neither did possession, when obtained, give security, as François de Poncher learnt to his cost, when, refusing to resign at the king's command the bishopric of Paris and the abbey of St. Maur, he was consigned to prison for the remainder of his days.³ The clergy came to be largely composed "of the younger sons of the great houses, who adopted the sacred habit to obtain at once wealth and position," and who naturally betook themselves to court in search of favours and preferment; rich benefices were given to women and children, whilst "Bishoprics and Abbeys were as much a trade as pepper and cinnamon were with the Venetians."⁴

¹ Marino Cavalli.

² M. Giustiniano, 1535.

³ *Journal d'un Bourgeois*.

⁴ G. Corero, 1569.

But not satisfied with the profit accruing from the sale of his enormous trading stock, then computed at one-third of the wealth of the kingdom, the royal vendor wished to establish a permanent lien on the shareholders of this Ecclesiastical Revenue Company. Here was a delicate matter. Francis I. frankly admitted that any Christian prince who should dream of taxing the clergy on his own authority would be culpable in thought, whilst whoever should attempt to turn the idea into practice would, according to the precepts of Holy Writ, be liable to excommunication, "but he truly says there is neither law nor custom to prohibit any man taking what is voluntarily offered him. Therefore the king receives, the clergy pay, and the Pope holds his peace."¹ "If any difficulty arises, Francis assembles his obedient prelates, and gets them to offer all he wants under the name of gratuities." "During my embassy he has raised 'cinq décimes' twice;" "each décime brings him 200,000 ducats."² Probably Estienne de Poncher, Archbishop of Sens (uncle of the unfortunate François de Poncher already mentioned), was the first pupil to practise the instruction received in the new school for sycophants, for he it was who in 1523, eight years after the "Pact with the Devil," suggested that his diocese would devote a third of its revenue to the royal needs; the king at once insisted that all the clergy throughout France should follow so laudable an example; some foolish wights refused, but only to find their benefices seized for the Crown.³ At the same period, whilst obtaining forced "gifts" of plate and precious metal from both laymen and ecclesiastics in order to prosecute his wars with the English, His Most Christian Majesty did not scruple to lay hands on the treasures of the sanctuary itself. The great silver screen in the Church of St. Martin de Tours, placed round the body of that saint by Louis XI., was sold by order of Francis I. for 60,000 livres. The Cathedral church of Laon possessed a set of statues of the twelve apostles, some in gold, some in silver; the golden were taken, the silver were left.⁴ In Normandy the church bells were melted down for gun metal; whilst Charles IX. so vigorously effected similar spoliations that a contemporary historian, Papyrius Masson, doubted whether the king or the Huguenots had wrought most injury to the church.

But perhaps the exploitation of the Gallican Church by its new masters will be best understood by turning to the caustic narrative of Marino Cavalli, who in 1546 writes, "The Pope merely receives the annats, and even his right to these is questioned. We already

¹ M. Cavalli, 1546.

² M. Giustiniano.

³ *Journal d'un Bourgeois.*

⁴ *Journal d'un Bourgeois.*

see that neither confiscation, nor tithes, nor renunciations, nor pensions, nor even judgment in ecclesiastical cases are any longer transmitted to the Pope, but all is arranged and kept within the kingdom. The king uses the money of the prelates as if it were his own. He sends bishops and abbots on embassies, sometimes without salary. He makes them build, at their own expense, ships, houses, and palaces, which he inherits. He lodges at their establishments without payment, sending there besides whomsoever he chooses, whilst old and meritorious soldiers are distributed about amongst the abbeys to be tended in their old age. Thus is everything made to contribute to the service and convenience of the sovereign and to the salvation of the souls of the prelates." Foremost in the ranks of those who thus worked out their spiritual welfare ought surely to be placed Cardinal de Tournon, who offered half of his yearly revenues to assist Charles IX. at a period of great financial distress. In eight years, from 1561-69, twelve million écus were extorted from the clergy,¹ whilst in 1567 they contributed 250,000 towards the "gift" of 400,000 écus made by the town of Paris to the king.² Yet though the church might be ever so subservient, it was evident that from sheer exhaustion she would soon fail to meet the increasing demands made upon her resources. Already, at the States-General in 1560, had Monsignor Quintin, the clerical advocate, complained, "not only five or six times, but even nine times a year have tithes to be paid on the revenues belonging to the church, and this, not once in consequence of some extraordinary necessity, but as a usual measure. Hence, in many places we see the poor curés deserting the churches and the divine service, lest they should be imprisoned for inability to pay the tithes. I will not speak of the many church ornaments that have been sold by auction in order to meet the cruel demand." Yet a little later, and Gio. Corero confirms this tale of distress, writing in 1569, "The clergy is ruined, and neither now nor till these troubles be passed, can it hope to raise its head."

"To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To give, to spend, to want, to be undone."

Nor was the church alone to experience how "pitiful a thing is suitor's case." The nobility, whose rôle had so long been one of turbulent opposition, were now, as Marino Cavalli tells us, equally willing with the rest of the nation to give the king "not only their wealth and their lives, but their honour and their souls as well." Neither was the explanation of the change difficult to find. One

¹ G. Corero,

² Davila, *Storia delle guerre civili di Francia*,

after another of the greatest houses had become incorporated with the crown: Provence, Anjou, Berri, Alençon, Guienne, and Brittany, through lack of male heirs, Bourbon by confiscation, whilst the heirs of Orleans, Angoulême, and Valois had themselves succeeded to the throne. "During the last eighty years, the Government of France has been always adding to the properties of the crown, whilst alienating none. Confiscations, successions, and purchases have so absorbed the wealth of individuals, that now there is but one prince in the kingdom, Monseigneur d'Aumale (of the Dukes of Lorraine), possessing an income of 20,000 écus." Thus "the princes being poor, dare not oppose the king, as did in former days the Dukes of Brittany, of Normandy, of Burgundy, and so many of the great seigneurs of Gascony. If any were now thoughtless enough to resist him, as did the Prince of Bourbon, he would only give the king an opportunity of enriching himself still more by his subjects' ruin." Even that Charlemagnian Institution of the Twelve Peers of France¹ had fallen from its high estate, and existed merely as an adjunct to the splendour of the autocratic sovereign, its authority as a supreme court of justice having devolved on the Parliament, whose power again was strictly controlled by the king, "whose will is absolute even in the administration of justice, for there is not a man who dares obey his conscience and contradict the monarch."² "The king is absolute master; no council, no magistrate can limit his power, no seigneur can resist him."³

If the glory and wealth had departed from the higher ranks of the nobility, the lower grades had fared no better. The French country gentleman described by Tasso as shunning in his proud exclusiveness the social amenities of provincial towns, and withdrawing himself to the solitude of his estates to reign, monarch of all he surveyed, in unopposed tyranny over his serfs and villeins, lived there in simple homely style on the produce of the soil, with but little expenditure of that money which he wrung out of his people by the various forms of seigneurial taxation. But the working of that astute policy, which enticed the country magnate away from the scene of his local importance, converting him from a "roitelet" into a courtier, and from a courtier into a lackey, entailed on this poor victim of personal vanity and kingly craft new and unaccustomed expenses for clothes, food, equipages, servants, liveries, &c., that his purse could ill afford, whilst

¹ At the close of the reign of Francis I. there was but one lay Peer of France, the Count of Flanders, besides the six ecclesiastical Peers. Fresh creations soon increased the Roll beyond the prescribed number.

² M. Cavalli.

³ Suriano.

his prodigality, once excited, knew no bounds. Moreover the incomes of many had been seriously reduced by the heavy ransoms the ill fortune of war had imposed ; the liberty of some of the greater personages had been appraised at 100,000 francs, whilst for those of lesser note, 2,000 to 4,000 francs was no extraordinary demand. The ransom of the king himself was fixed at two million écus, and of this the seigneur, as in duty bound, contributed a large portion ; thus in 1529 all fief-holders, noble or non-noble, were called on to pay the fourth of their year's income towards their monarch's redemption.¹

And in truth, these incomes, drawn solely from the fruits of the earth, could not be stretched beyond certain limits; for in the days when the Constable de Montmorency could taunt Catherine de Medicis with being a tradesman's daughter (*filles de marchand*), commerce was regarded in France as essentially a plebeian pursuit, in which a noble could not engage without being deprived of his rank and subjected to the *taille*. To this rule, however, were some curious exceptions. For instance, a royal edict in 1566 granted the nobles of Marseilles liberty to enter into trade without suffering derogation, but the Herald Belleguise asserted that "they found it was necessary, if they desired to be trusted, to drop their titles when trading with foreigners." Ideas have changed since then ; far from being at discount, the man with a handle to his name finds himself at premium on the Stock Exchange, and well knows how best to barter that honour of which too often he has but inherited the tradition. It was only last year that, to quote from our leading journal, the names of some of the most distinguished families in France, the D'Harcourts, the De Broglies, and others, figured amongst the directors of a company whose transactions were stigmatised as illicit and fraudulent, and whose failure spread panic and desolation throughout the country. Who will say that the sixteenth century merchant has not been justified in his interpretation of the oft-quoted motto, "*Noblesse oblige*" ?

To pay taxes, or to be exempt from such payment, that was the test of nobility ; in fact, the formal sentence of degradation made synonymous the two phrases, "*être dégradé de noblesse*," and "*être mis à la taille*." Thus not the vain pride of ancestry, but the utilitarian dread of taxation, caused the seigneurs to be jealous of their pedigrees, which "one would fetch from Æneas, another from Brute, a third from King Arthur. They hung up their ancestors' worm-eaten pictures as records of antiquity, and kept a long list of their

¹ *Journal d'un Bourgeois*. At that date the écu d'or was worth about two francs, but its value fluctuated constantly.

predecessors, with the account of all their offices and titles, while they themselves were but transcripts of their forefathers' dumb statues, and had degenerated even into those very beasts which they carried in their coat of arms as ensigns of their nobility."¹ The man of self-made position, who had inherited no such heraldic gew-gaws, had only to betake himself to the numerous manufacturers of such commodities, who would at once credit him with new genealogical titles, and some illustrious, if not royal, origin of which his father had lived in happy ignorance. Such falsifications were greatly assisted by the absence of any systematic parish registration prior to the reign of Charles IX., and also to the custom of calling every man after his seignory or estate, so the *nouveau riche* not only bought the land, but the cognomen also of his predecessor ;² whilst armorial bearings seem to have been appropriated with equal freedom, in spite of the efforts of the official "vérificateurs." Soon the heraldic mania broke out among the roturiers and citizens, but with a slight difference, for they boldly ignored the primary rules of the science, and exhibited escutcheons on which colour was charged with colour.³

The frequency with which fief-lands changed masters, falling, regardless of general requirements, into the hands of "non-nobles," is another indication of the gradual impoverishment of the old possessors who, notwithstanding their immunity from taxation, found their own harvest of seigneurial dues seriously diminished when, to borrow Louis XI.'s simile, the same meadow had just been closely mown for the king's benefit ; to these losses must be added the expense of the seigneur's service in the ban and arrière-ban, and the devastation of his property by oft-recurring wars and invasions, whilst of the inferior value of that property as compared with the wealth possessed by the far less numerous clergy, M. C. Barbaro's estimate is the best proof: computing the aggregate revenue of the kingdom at fifteen millions, he assigned six to the church, one and a half to the king, the rest to the princes, barons, and people.

But the seigneur, reduced in circumstances, was a far more docile subject than in the days of his prosperity. Montesquieu defined a great noble as one who saw the king, talked with the ministers, had ancestors, debts, and pensions. Pensions ! that henceforth became the goal of his ambition and formed the mainspring of his loyalty. In our English churches, during the collection of the offertory, a

¹ Erasmus, *Panegyric upon Folly*.

² *Les essais de Michel, Seigneur de Montagne*, liv. I. "Des Noms." 1595.

³ Claude Fauchet, *Origines des Chevaliers, Armoiries et Héraux*, 1610.

stimulus to the liberality of the congregation is often sought in a certain hymn, the huckstering argument of which aptly expresses the so-called "devotion" of the French noble to his sovereign :—

" Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be.
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all."

And the kings gave generously, for "they know their grandeur, their power, their treasure, consist in the liberality exercised towards their friends and followers."¹ Hence the infinite and ever-multiplying number of offices created as a means of repaying the needy seigneur who had invested his all in the speculation for Court favour, and hence too the ever-increasing burden on the people of the *taille*, to enable the *exchequer* to furnish pensions and salaries to these offices. At first such pensions were granted merely during the life of the donor or recipient, though if either lived too long, the contract was liable to be broken, as prejudicial to the crown.² Places about the king's person, previously held by menials, became highly valued, "often that with least authority is most coveted if he who holds it should happen to stand high in royal favour. The formerly despised valets have been succeeded by numberless gentlemen of the bed-chamber who carry a golden key at their belt and are greatly esteemed." Then came the twelve pages of honour, selected from the highest families, little boys, carefully tended and well-brushed and combed, to judge by an entry in the *Comptes des Dépenses de Charles IX.* of ten livres paid to the king's barber for washing the heads and sponging the hair of His Majesty's pages. To these must be added sixty pages of the stable, each with his servant, besides "ushers, officers of the mouth, of the wardrobe, keepers of dogs and other animals, forming an enormous and disorganised mob"; when the king travelled, the Court was followed by such "a crowd of princes, dukes, barons, and prelates, all impelled by duty or ambition, that the cortège formed 8,000 horse."³

Doubtless the personal services paid by this troop of noble retainers were rendered as little onerous as possible by the popular manners of the sovereign, his accessibility to high and low, and that courteous demeanour, the acquirement of which formed the earliest part of a prince's education. In 1524, for instance, we find the poor little dauphin who had just lost his mother, and who could not have been more than six years old, carried about the country, "*pour commencer à lui faire voir le monde et apprendre à faire la cour.*"⁴

¹ G. Michel, 1575.

² M. Cavalli.

³ Lippomano, 1577.

⁴ *Journal d'un Bourgeois.*

Turning from the seigneur and his new employment as lackey, to the profession of arms, which had formerly constituted his sole occupation, we find that branch of the social system in a stage of transition, consequent on the endeavours of the privileged class to shift the burden of national defence, hitherto their special charge, to the shoulders of that unfortunate peasant "taillable et corvéable à merci," endeavours which naturally ended in success. According to feudal tenure, it is needless to remark, fief-holders were exempt from taxation of every kind on condition that, in answer to the king's summons, they should give at their own cost, for a certain number of weeks, the military service of themselves and their vassals; the troops thus formed were known as the ban and the arrière-ban, and were composed exclusively of nobles and gentlemen. The seigneurs, however, had long shown a desire to evade this duty, whilst the impoverished peasants on whom these unpaid levies lived at discretion cried loudly for relief. These latter Charles VII. had tried to pacify by reducing the number of the plundering "gens-pille-hommes," whilst, to content the nobles, he raised a taille on the people for the support of a permanent paid force, the companies of ordonnance. At first this consisted of 1,500 men-at-arms, each of whom maintained four horses, two for service, one for his valet and one for his baggage; to each man-at-arms were attached two archers, each bringing two horses. So great was the consequent and sudden demand for horses that 800 écus was sometimes given.¹ The appointments too were eagerly sought, "till there was no one of however high rank who would not have esteemed it an honour to be enrolled even among the archers."² In the days of the later Valois these paid troops mustered 2 to 4,000 men-at-arms (or heavy cavalry), with 3 to 6,000 archers (or light horse), and formed in the judgment alike of friend and foe a thoroughly well-equipped, well-mounted and serviceable body, the pride of the French army. Even Machiavelli, that severe critic, pronounced the French cavalry to be as unrivalled as was the Spanish Infantry, and this opinion, like so many originating with him, is constantly re-echoed by other writers of that period.³ In 1563⁴ the men-at-arms received 436 francs a year, and kept two horses—the archer had one horse and drew 218 francs; the guidon, or archer's standard-bearers, had 400; the ensign of the men-at-arms and the quarter-master 600 each; the lieutenant 800, and the captain 3,000 francs; rates which seem fairly liberal, as in those times the daily expenses of a gentleman with his horse and man at

¹ Claude Fauchet.² G. Corero.³ *Ritratti delle cose di Francia.*⁴ M. C. Barbaro.

a provincial inn would not exceed twelve to fourteen sous. "But it is difficult to estimate public expenses ; the treasury is like an open purse into which many dip their hand, and he who has the largest draws out the biggest sum. It is not enough to be on the list of those to whom salary or pension is due, but on that of those to whom it is paid,"¹ while "the practice of defrauding the soldier of his allowances had become an evil so deep that if all the guilty treasurers were hanged, there would not be one left in France."² In spite therefore of the rapid growth of that *taille*, levied nominally for the maintenance of the army, the soldier of whatever rank or description lived once more at free quarters among the people whom he recklessly plundered, urging as excuse the non-receipt of his pay.

There were also available for temporary service, within the confines of the kingdom, the troops already alluded to of the *ban* and *arrière-ban*, all mounted gentlemen and supposed by M. Giustiniano in 1535 to muster 10,000 men. It is evident, however, that as the standing army increased in reputation, the unpaid feudal levies deteriorated in efficiency and discipline, till "they were only called out in cases of dire necessity," when they were more dreaded by the people they were intended to protect, than feared by the enemy they were expected to oppose.

"Il nervo e l'importanza dell' esercito è la fanteria," such was Machiavelli's favourite axiom : its force and its truth remain unaltered by the progress of more than three and a half centuries. On this theory the French army, had it depended on its home resources, would have been feeble indeed. To meet the long-felt deficiency Charles VII. had established the Free Archers. To this force, each parish sent its best marksman, who, thereupon exempt from all tax, was maintained by his parish during peace, and paid by the king when called out for war. But setting aside Machiavelli's³ astounding statement, that in his day the men so enrolled amounted to 1,000,700, for Giustiniano's more reasonable estimate of 42,000, it is not difficult to understand the apprehensions with which these peasant legions were regarded by the nobles who, mindful of the old horrors of the *La Jacquerie*, "feared lest the people as soon as they were armed, would, inspired by jealousy, rise against the great and avenge the oppression from which they suffered."⁴ The very mode of selection,

¹ G. Corero, 1569.

² M. Cavalli, 1546.

³ "Che secondo le parrocchie sono un milione e settecento," and again, "Le parrocchie un milione e settecento." *Ritratti*.

⁴ Suriano.

the village shooting competitions, was fraught with peril and tended to educate the masses in the art of self-defence, whilst the small country gentleman, the *gen-pille-homme*, “felt aggrieved when he met with resistance if he attempted to take the fowl, sheep, serving-maid, daughter, or wife, from his subject, now transformed into a Free Archer.”¹ In fact it was discovered that,

“Cet animal est très méchant :
Si on l’attaque, il se défend.”

At the same time, though these levies, formed of low-born peasants who found themselves suddenly “transferred from the extreme of servitude to the liberty and license of war,” were ready enough to turn their arms against their masters, yet so long had “the people been humbled, oppressed, and restrained in every action” that now, from sheer cowardice, they proved to be utterly useless for the requirements of legitimate warfare.² Therefore, though from experience distrustful of the loyalty of the Swiss troops, from economy averse to the enormous subsidies they demanded, and from disgust weary of the subjection in which they held him, Francis I. had made repeated efforts to be quit of them, and in their stead to utilise his peasant infantry, yet he found himself ever and again compelled, as much by the intrinsic inferiority of his people, as by the fears and prayers of his nobles, to keep in his pay hordes of those foreign mercenaries, described by Machiavelli as “invariably the worst of their nation, licentious, idle, without restraint, without religion, fugitives from their native country, blasphemers, gamblers, good for nothing in every way, and with habits most opposed to a good and true militia.” The Venetian Ambassadors explain how the German princes of that period were characterised by poverty and avarice, how having nothing to lose and everything to gain, they had no objection to receive the subsidies of their emperor’s foe, the French king ; how the trade prospered, especially in the hands of the counts of Fürstenberg, and how at last, “the German reitres and the Italian *ferraruoli* swarmed in such numbers, that not only was France ruined, but the life of the king and of his children was in their power ;” they were paid, partly indeed, by the sale of church benefices, but mainly by a *taille* levied on the *tiers état*. Counting the mercenaries in actual receipt of pay, and those which were obtainable on demand, Francis I. could, in less than a month, send 47,000 men into the field. From one part of Switzerland Charles IX. drew 35,000

¹ Claude Fauchet, *Origines des Chevaliers*, &c., 1610.

² Ritratti. The peasants of the frontier provinces were perforce inured to arms and excepted from these sweeping censures dealt by Machiavelli and many others.

infantry, whilst, during a phase of the religious war of his reign, "upwards of 100,000 French infantry, 16,000 cavalry, with 20,000 foreign horse, to say nothing of the useless rabble, were all living at discretion on the country—which proves its fertility!"¹ That the support of this "useless rabble," camp-followers and the like, was of itself no light burden, will be allowed on reference to Machiavelli's "*Dell' arte della guerra*," in which Fabrizio Colonna suggests that every ten men-at-arms should have five carts, and every ten light horsemen two carts to carry the tents, cooking-pots, axes, &c., whilst to bodies of 450 foot, he would allow thirty-six carts.

From the arguments of the same writer, we can arrive at the approximate value of artillery in the first decade of the 16th century. When Fabrizio Colonna expounds the various moves of the game of war, he assumes that a general action would be commenced by each side discharging their artillery once with, as a matter of course, little or no effect. Colonna would then immediately withdraw into safety his own battery, whilst his skirmishers and cavalry would straightway capture the guns of the enemy, who, after firing the first round, would not be able to repeat the performance, and would therefore be powerless to resist the charge, &c., &c. Being questioned why he avails himself so little of such a powerful arm, Colonna declares he doubts the wisdom of using his guns even that once, for they are far more likely to injure those by whom they are fired than those at whom they are pointed, whilst a commander can scarcely during an engagement remain all day behind some solid wall or trench (the only safe places), for fear of his own guns. However, if the peril cannot be avoided, diminish it as much as possible; therefore run out your guns early in the day, fire and withdraw them before the *mêlée* begins; and whilst you can restrict to necessity's narrowest limit the number of your men to be exposed to the dangerous proximity of the discharge. But after all, the smoke caused is so dense and so confusing, would it not be better to save your powder and keep your vision clear, allowing your enemy, if he chooses, to blind himself with his own smoke? Besides, almost invariably, the balls either fall short of their mark, or else fly innocuously over the heads of the foe, for it is impossible to get the correct range; whilst there is the final objection that your cumbrous guns, if left in position, only obstruct the line of your advance.

However, rapid progress was made in the science of destruction, and by the middle of the century guns were expected to fire from 80 to 100 rounds in one day without bursting; the inaccuracy of their

¹ Gian Corero.

aim was partly counterbalanced by the noise they made: thus in 1580 the town of La Fère was forced by famine to surrender to the king, the thunder of the cannon having caused the meat and wine to turn sour.¹ Almost equally peculiar in its properties was the Greek fire patronised by incendiaries, and which could only be extinguished by wine.² It is well known how able an ally gunpowder became of the kingly power, rendering possible the reduction of the before-time impregnable castles and strongholds of marauding or seditious seigneurs, whilst the discovery that earthworks afforded a better protection against artillery than the old masonry walls formed a new era in the history of Fortification.

We are so often told that the present diffusion of literature and education has been bought at the cost of individuality of intellect and ideas, that there is a sort of weariful consolation in finding that men of former days were just as much addicted to talk after a given pattern, and to repeat the same "happy thought," as any of those who derive their inspiration from the sheets of the *Times* or *Daily Telegraph*. Thus Machiavelli, the Florentine, though unable to refuse the French credit for *élan*, insists in more than one of his works on their want of endurance, backing up his opinion by a quotation from Cæsar or Livy, to the effect that the French at the outset are more than men, in the end less than women. This ill-natured dictum, together with its classical decoration, was, during the next fifty years, adopted, or perhaps I should say, pirated, often verbatim, by several of the Venetian diplomatists. Yet, whatever gibes might be thrown at the army and nation *en masse*, it was admitted that France was well provided with military leaders, and, in fact, during one of the rare interludes of peace, G. Michel proves himself a fit representative of the Republic of merchant princes, by advising his Government that, as some of the best French captains are out of work, they would be the better inclined to accept any reasonable offer that the Venetians might be inclined to make for their services; one is irresistibly reminded of the advertisements, issued by London tradesmen at the end of the season, announcing the sale of stock at an alarming sacrifice.

The French navy was a matter of minor consideration. Four galleons and thirty galleys formed the fleet of Francis I., and not all even of these were seaworthy. They were manned by convicts supplied by the king; all else was provided by private contract. Four hundred écus a month was the cost of each galley, which carried, officers and men included, from sixty to a hundred hands. There were two decks—the lower twenty-four feet, the upper thirty-six feet

¹ C. Haton.

² *Journal d'un Bourgeois.*

long—each having its own set of oars ; yet the crews were too weak to perform the most common manœuvres. Then there was the big ship at Havre-de-Grâce, 300 feet long, with sixty guns, “thirty of which are metal.”¹ Of what the other thirty were made I cannot discover. Were they of leather, like those used in the Scotch invasion of 1640, or were they “Quakers”? The French translator evades the difficulty by suppressing the phrase.

The question put by Charles V. to Francis I., how much a year he got out of his kingdom, and the reply, “As much as I choose”; the remark made by the Frenchman to M. Cavalli, “Formerly our kings were called *Reges Francorum*, now they may be styled *Reges Servorum*”; and the comparison of the Emperor Maximilian, whereby he likened the French monarch to the King of Asses, for his people bore in peace all kinds of burdens without complaint—*bons mots* rather gratifying than otherwise to the laughter-loving nation—tend at the same time to show that their sovereign was a fit object of envy amongst other European rulers. Tailles, subsidies, taxes on wine and salt, forest revenues, the fines and confiscations of the property of criminals and heretics, as well as of that of all strangers dying in France, the sale of offices and vacant benefices—these were some of the modes by which the royal exchequer was filled. If ordinary tailles did not suffice, “extraordinary tailles were asked and granted, till in their turn, from long use, they became ordinary.”² “If more still be required, loans are made and rarely returned; these are asked by letters patent, thus: ‘Our lord the King commends himself to you, and, as he wants money, begs you to lend him the sum named in this letter,’ and this is paid into the hands of the local receiver.”³ Most of the chief towns were exempt by royal privilege from taxation, but they were sometimes solicited for a gift. Thus, in 1522, during the war with England, Paris was asked first to raise and maintain 1,000 soldiers, and soon afterwards for “a gift of 100,000 écus, which they were compelled by love or force to grant.”⁴ At the same time private loans of 500 to 1,000 écus were begged of the various Parisian residents, whilst throughout the kingdom, families were requested to contribute their silver plate. Next, resort was had to a species of income-tax; for, in 1527, the “Bourgeois” chronicles that “the King desires all officers drawing salary to give him one year’s pay, and those without salary to give an eighth of the purchase value of their estates.” Again, in 1529, to pay the king’s ransom, an exceptional taille was levied on all the French towns; 150,000

¹ M. Giustiniano,

² M. Cavalli.

³ Machiavelli.

⁴ *Journal d'un Bourgeois.*

écus were collected in Paris by a house-property tax, all tenants, rich or poor, being required to pay the third of their rent to the Government, "*sans rien demander de leur hoste.*"¹

The confiscation of the property of deceased aliens, a custom whose origin Montesquieu places far back in the days of the Visigoths, closely resembled in principle the robberies committed by the ghouls, who in England are designated wreckers.

To give, or more usually to sell, some lucrative offices to a subject, to lie in wait till, by fair means or foul, he had accumulated sufficient wealth, then to pounce down and make him disgorge his spoil into the royal treasury, was a catspaw stratagem often tried with great success by the monarch, more especially on the return of Francis I. from captivity, when the shortcomings of treasurers, as well as the delinquencies of heretics, were for a while visited with extraordinary profit and severity. When Semblançay fell a victim to the perfidy and duplicity of Duprat and Louise of Savoy, and his ignominious death was followed by the confiscation of his property, 300,000 francs was especially reserved therefrom for the private purse of that king who had been accustomed "affectionately to address the good old man as his father."¹ Semblançay's nephew and accuser, Besnier, was rewarded for his share in the treachery by being allowed to purchase one of his uncle's confiscated offices, and in five years was himself convicted of malversation, fined 80,000 écus, and only escaped decapitation by dying in prison of the plague. Duprat's turn came in due course; whilst he was in the agonies of death, his royal master sent to seal up all his effects, and, immediately on his decease, ignored the rights of the sons, declared himself the Chancellor's heir, and appropriated 300,000 francs besides other property.² Among not the least curious of Haton's stories is one, which reads more like an episode extracted from the "*Arabian Nights*," than the gossip of a French curé. The hero, the son of a bootmaker, and himself originally of the same trade, buys a treasurership, and after holding the office for some ten years, is said to be living in regal magnificence. Catherine de Medicis grows suspicious and inquisitive. An increase to the treasurer's family affords her an excuse for honouring and delighting the newly made mother with a visit. The splendour of my lady's chambers more than equals the report. Such apparel, such a bed, such a canopy, such hangings, such silver-mounted furniture, her Majesty herself had never possessed the like. An investigation ensues, and the wicked treasurer with three others, his accomplices, are hanged, but his wealth, though amounting to upwards of

¹ Brantôme.

² *Journal d'un Bourgeois.*

three million livres, does not suffice to cover his defalcations, or to pay the debt due to the king.

From these, and innumerable other instances of frauds and confiscations, it would appear, that whereas in the first quarter of the century, the sum capable of being squeezed out of a wealthy subject was computed at hundreds of thousands of francs, in the space of some forty years such estimates had risen to millions, though probably the latter term should be accepted according to Dr. Johnson's definition as "a proverbial name for any very great number." A similar comparison might be instituted between the revenue of two and a half million écus with which Francis I. had to be content, and the six, and seven and a half millions which Charles IX. and Henry III. respectively enjoyed. Brittany also suggests an analogous example: whilst a Duchy it had never yielded more than 300,000 livres; under Charles IX., some forty-five years after its incorporation with the kingdom, its revenue exceeded a million. Again, it was only by vigorous measures that Francis I., in his most pressing exigencies, obtained from Paris 150,000 écus,¹ yet Charles IX. got from the same city, in the space of six months, 3,400,000 livres. Now, as it is impossible to accuse Francis I. of having dealt too leniently with his people, described by Giustiniano as so heavily burdened and so poor that any additional tax would be insupportable, it cannot be imagined that the revenue he raised was not the highest that could have been obtained at that time. Still less can we assume that the rapid growth of the budget under his immediate successors betokened a corresponding growth in the national prosperity, or increase in the produce of the soil, so constantly harried by contending armies. The public treasury doubled and quadrupled its golden stores, yet added nought to its wealth; for so great was the influx of the precious metals from the New World that money alone was cheap at a period when civil war was carrying fire and sword throughout the land, causing death to all, and to the peasant ruin and starvation. "We shall soon be all gold, and yet we shall be all famishing for want of food," are the words in which the situation is described by a political economist in 1574.

Meanwhile French credit had fallen rapidly. In most European States the sudden and enormous importation of specie had been naturally followed by a proportionate reduction in those excessive rates of interest which had prevailed during the middle ages; yet whereas the Venetian Government paid but five per cent., and Francis I. had found his eight per cent. loans eagerly taken up by foreign

¹ "Discours sur l'extrême cherté," &c., 1574.

and even Turkish merchants, Henry II. was obliged to borrow at sixteen and twenty per cent. Instead of the million écus left by Francis I. to his successor, Charles IX. inherited a debt of fifteen millions, together with five years' arrears of pensions and salaries; out of his six millions of revenue, nearly one and a quarter millions was mortgaged; by reason of his bad faith, he had lost all credit with foreign money lenders, the last farthing had been wrung out of the peasant, and royalty seemed doomed to the same state of destitution to which its policy had already reduced both church and aristocracy.

"But there still remained the bourgeois and the men of the long robe . . . who have so much gold that they know not what to do with it. Yet the more money is confined to the possession of a few, the more difficulty do the princes experience in getting at it, unless they have recourse to violence."¹ However, the French kings, better acquainted than Corero with the national character, knew of another expedient which, appealing at once to the vanity and avarice of the bourgeois, induced them voluntarily to open their purse-strings. The nobles, in their contempt for any profession save that of arms, had allowed all civil employ to become, whether from law or custom, the prescriptive right of the tiers état. From its ranks alone could be chosen such officers as, 1st, the High Chancellor; 2nd, Secretaries of State; 3rd, Presidents, counsellors, judges, advocates, &c; 4th, Treasurers, collectors, and everyone connected with the receipt of taxes. The chief of these were ennobled, and all were "privileged" by virtue of their respective places, to the venal distribution of which, in the reign of Louis XII., Machiavelli had already testified. The traffic was further extended under the corrupt Duprat. At first, indeed, Francis I. gave over his patronage to his followers to dispose of for their own benefit, but ere long even this last rag of decency disappeared, and in 1546 Cavalli proclaims, "every office is openly sold by the crown to the highest bidder." So was the treasury replenished, and the bourgeois enabled to buy rank and title together with the right of fleecing his neighbour.

The various parliaments were found by the king to be extremely useful from the amount of material, counsellorships, &c., with which they supplied his market. "It is true that to be a counsellor, it is necessary to take a doctor's degree, but it by no means follows that he is learned,"² for, to quote a more recent writer, "one of the chief prerogatives of the privileged classes, under the old régime, was the happy faculty of knowing everything without ever having learnt anything." The number of vacancies in the different branches of

¹ G. Corero.

² M. Giustiniano.

Government, not being inexhaustible, the creation of appointments, for no other purpose than that of sale, followed as a natural off-shoot of the policy. New courts of law were established merely for the king's profit, till the presidents, counsellors, advocates, notaries, solicitors and pleaders, carrying on their trade in Paris, were estimated at 40,000 ; to these must be added a proportionate number of the same corrupt tribe attached to the parliaments of Rouen, Bourges, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Aix, and Grenoble, whilst every little village was infested by employés who multiplied daily, and who all contributed towards the 400,000 écus which Francis cleared annually by the sale of his patronage. His son tried yet another manœuvre. "It is said that the year 1556 brought King Henry 40,000,000 francs when he made all his officers alternative."¹ Thus was the system improved by each succeeding monarch, till it was perfected by Louis XIV. who, by its means, "found himself the most powerful prince in Europe. He has no gold mines like his neighbour the king of Spain, but yet he has more wealth, for he extracts it from the vanity of his subjects, more inexhaustible than mines. He undertook and continued long wars, having no other funds than the sale of titles, and yet, by a miracle of human pride, his troops were paid, his forts armed, and his fleets equipped."² "De par le roi, jurés crieurs héréditaires d'enterrement," or "contrôleurs de perruques," or "barbiers-perruquiers-baigneurs-étuvistes,"³ such were some of the distinctions abolished in 1791, when the French patriot, discovering that "titles are but nicknames and every nickname is a title," brought all these "chimerical nondescripts" "to the altar and made of them a burnt-offering to Reason."⁴

¹ "Discours sur l'extrême cherté," &c.

² Montesquieu.

³ Esterno.

⁴ *Rights of Man*, Tom Paine.

SCIENCE NOTES.

DISMAL ASTRONOMY.

‘**T**HE Curiosities of Science” would form a subject for quite as thick a book as Disraeli’s “Curiosities of Literature.” Whoever may write it should devote a full chapter to the hypotheses of the moon’s senility, Jupiter’s juvenility, the earth’s middle age, the cooling down of the sun and stars, and the general dying out of the universe.

A full discussion of this subject would far outrun the limits of a note, but I may remark, in passing, that I have stated in “The Fuel of the Sun” my reasons for concluding that our sun and solar system, and all the other suns, systems, and nebulae within the reach of human observations, have during all time within the limits of human conception been on the average just as hot and as bright as at present, though subject to a fluctuation both up and down; and that Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune were always minor suns, and must always continue to be such.

A branch of the dismal hypothesis now in fashion is the supposition that the moon was formerly a verdant world with land and sea, rivers and lakes, atmosphere and clouds; and that by internal shrinking, which its crust has not followed, there are caverns as big as its former oceans, and so deep that all their waters and all the ancient lunar atmosphere are swallowed into them; that our earth will ultimately grow old, will die, and become as cavernous inside, and as arid and airless outside, as the moon is now.

That such a dream should occupy the waking hours of men living on this planet, and knowing something of the properties of the materials of its surface, is curious indeed. Had they been educated in a colliery instead of Cambridge or Oxford, they could not possibly have been deluded by any such monstrous physical fable.

They would have known that when a cavity of notable horizontal area is formed anywhere in the crust of this earth, whether 20 yards, 50 yards, 100, 200, or 500 or 1,000 yards or more below the surface, the mere weight of the superincumbent rock squeezes itself

down until the roof of the cavity touches the floor ; and that the permanency of any such a cavity (or its existence even for a year or two) is a physical impossibility.

So inevitable is this that in the old mode of coal working by "pillar and stall" a deplorable waste of coal occurred. "The pillars of coal that are left to support the roof form frequently as much as three-fourths, and never less than one-third of the whole seam" (Tomlinson). A portion of these are finally removed, but in order to protect the miners artificial wooden pillars or "juds" are supplied to support the roof. When these are removed the roof falls in by the bending down of the hundreds of yards of rock above, and shivering of the immediate surface of the roof.

If those who believe the moon to be the abode of caverned oceans and atmosphere, and who imagine that our earth will follow its example, would make a pedestrian trip through the Black Country between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, under which the great ten-yard coal seam formerly existed, the spectacle of leaning chimney shafts, split cottages, and toppling houses, would show them what would happen *if* the interior shrinkage of the earth produced but very remote approaches to their imaginary caverns.

The most remarkable of these effects is that of the yielding—I say "flowing"—of the rock not immediately over the removed coal. The area of the superficial sinkage basin is considerably larger than that of the hollow filled up, but of course proportionally less deep. From this it follows that houses not actually undermined are sometimes wrecked or damaged. "Sunnyside," near Caergwre, Flintshire, a house occupied by a friend of mine, was split down through the middle while his family were in occupation. It was well built and of good size. Had it been a London suburban villa of the ordinary Jericho order of architecture the consequences would have been serious. As it was, he deliberately moved to another house, and Sunnyside was left until the subsidence was completed, when the chasms in the wall were filled up by the proprietors of the colliery, whose workings had only approached but had not reached it. This is merely one example ; hundreds might be quoted.

In modern "long wall" working the coal is removed by working away from a long face of coal at the boundary farthest from the pit, then approaching the pit in a long line, supporting the part where the men are immediately at work. As soon as the distance from the original wall exceeds a certain extent the roof collapses, and thus the collapse follows the workers.

If such puny excavations cannot exist, how monstrous is the

assumption that caverns capable of swallowing the Atlantic Ocean could remain for even half an hour !

Natural caverns rarely attain the span of Brunelleschi's dome, or that of the Albert Hall, and never reach that of the Midland Railway station at St. Pancras unless supported by stalactites and stalagmites. A multitude of proofs of the limits of their possible area is afforded by their collapse, cases of which (like Daddy Hole Plain, Torquay) may be traced in almost every great limestone district. At earth depths corresponding to maximum ocean depths, not only great caverns but even minute filtration pores are impossible, as proved by the experiments of Spring, described in my notes on "Regelation and Welding" (August 1882), and on "Transfusion by Pressure" (February 1883).

LIMESTONE CAVERNS.

AS the origin of natural caverns is not generally understood, I may supplement the above note with a short explanation.

Generally speaking they occur in limestone rocks. There are a few exceptions, such as that on the island of Thermia (Greece) in argillaceous schist, and those on Etna formed by the hardening of lava during the escape of pent-up vapour, but such exceptions are very rare; while, on the other hand, there are very few ranges of compact limestone where caverns are not more or less abundant.

Take a little clear lime water in a wine-glass and blow through it by means of a glass tube, a quill, or tobacco-pipe. It becomes turbid by the conversion of the soluble caustic lime into insoluble carbonate. Most of the limestone rocks have been formed by chemical action nearly resembling this precipitation.

Now continue the blowing, and the further supply of carbonic acid will ultimately dissolve the carbonate of lime it first precipitated. This is the action that excavates the limestone caverns.

Rain-water picks up a little carbonic acid on its way through the air, then more and more as it flows over vegetable matter. Thus charged it dissolves, slowly it is true, but surely, the most compact limestone. I have walked through a few miles of natural tunnelling in the marble mountains of Carrara.

In limestone districts small rivers are in the habit of suddenly disappearing, and breaking out in fresh places a few miles distant. A legion of legends are based upon these, that of Alpheus and Arethusa being the most popular and typical. When I visited the fountain of Arethusa it was the public laundry of Syracuse, and not

one nymph, but above a score of nymphs was there. It is a considerable stream, that breaks out through a limestone tunnel directly on the sands of the sea-shore.

There are about half a dozen of such subterranean streams in the Craven district of Yorkshire, and more than a dozen in Ireland.

The solvent power of the water reaches its maximum when it has oozed through a peat bog. The river connecting Lough Mask with Lough Conn is a striking example of this. Its subterranean evolutions are most complex, and the hard limestone is riddled with caverns of all sizes, from little holes affording winter quarters for solitary toads to the show caverns that are duly exhibited to tourists for a consideration.!

An absurd result followed from this condition of the rock—a canal for extending the inland navigation from Lough Corrib to Lough Mask, thence to Lough Conn and the Moy River to Kilalla Bay was projected, thus connecting Galway Bay with the Bay of Donegal. The canal was actually cut in the hard rock between the lakes, and finished all ready for filling. When the water was admitted it disappeared, and the cutting now remains as a costly tributary to a subterranean river.

MARVELLOUS VEGETATION IN AMERICA.

AN account of a New York Hashish House is published in a recent number of "Harper's Magazine." Many wonderful things are described therein, and amongst them a great scientific exploit, which throws into the shade the experiments of Sir William Siemens upon the promotion of vegetation by electric lighting.

After a suitable prelude of falling chain, rasping bolt, and grinding key, a door opened, and the visitor found himself in a wondrous place, where "a hall lamp of grotesque shape flooded the hall with a subdued violet light." Omitting the description of extraordinary draperies, &c., I pass on to "one side of the hall," where "between two doors were arranged huge tubs and pots of majolica-like ware and blue-necked Japanese vases, in which were plants, shrubs, and flowers of the most exquisite colour and odour. Green vines clambered up the walls and across the ceiling, and catching their tendrils in the balustrades of the stairs (which were also of curious design), threw down long sprays and heavy festoons of verdure."

Hitherto it has been found impossible to cultivate vines with long sprays and heavy festoons of verdure without the aid of abundant sunlight; but here, "with windows absolutely dark," a grotesque lamp and subdued violet light does it all, unless we adopt a new and very

startling hypothesis, viz., that the hashish, which has such stimulating effect on the human brain, gives off vapours that act in like manner on vegetation, and supersede the sun.

All previous theories concerning the conditions demanded for luxuriant vegetation are so severely shaken by this grotesque lamp that the learned societies on both sides of the Atlantic should investigate its actinic properties at once.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF TEA.

“SOMETIMES even the great Homer nods.” Such may evidently happen even to Sylvanus Urban, for I catch him napping on page 520 of last month’s number, where he describes the physiological objections to tea-drinking as “a scientific bugbear,” and at the same time supplies a striking confirmation of their soundness by his main argument against them.

He says, “A thousand times in my life I have known fatigue disappear as if by magic after drinking a cup of tea.”

That which actually disappeared was *the sensation of fatigue*, which may be deadened by any one of a multitude of other drugs besides the alkaloid of tea. I have heard of the captain of a high-pressure American river steamboat who screwed down the safety-valve of his boiler because the blamed thing alarmed his passengers by its beastly roaring. This was exactly equivalent to the action of a man who with his brain working at high pressure should take tea or any other drug to stifle fatigue. This sense of fatigue is the natural safety-valve of the whole vital machinery, especially of its prime mover, the brain. There is no general physiological law more firmly established than that which tells us that up to a certain point exercise of any organ strengthens it; but that if continued beyond this limit wear and tear exceeds nutrition, and weakness or disease is the necessary consequence. The sense of fatigue when sound and healthy is the monitor which indicates the limit, and is therefore the most precious of all our senses in these high-pressure times. Better for the brain-worker to burn out both his eyes than to deprive himself of his natural sense of fatigue.

A sad example that came under my own observation illustrates this. An eminent writer—the highest living authority in his department, and a very hard worker—was tempted to undertake the translation of the well-known book of a famous foreign potentate, and to do this against time. He sat up four successive nights, worked night and day, murdering sleep by means of strong tea.

Up to that time he was a healthy, vigorous man, young-looking for his years, cheerful and genial, though quiet and thoughtful. After this tea-drinking exploit he became suddenly bald, and all at once a feeble tottering old man ; he grew peevish, and his intellect gave way very curiously. At first there was no failure of his *literary* intellect ; he continued writing as usual with his customary clearness, conscientiousness, and profound learning, but when he left his study he was lost. As an example of his condition I may refer to one occasion when I called at his old home at Brompton while he was engaged upon one of his best known works. He came directly from his study to the dining-room, and although his wife had just told him who was there, he failed to recognise me. He spoke only in French, and believed himself to be in Paris.

He rapidly grew worse, and died shortly afterwards, just when he should have attained his highest intellectual maturity, and when I believe he would have done so, but for the suicidal habit of causing "fatigue to disappear as if by magic after drinking a cup of tea."

It may be said that this was an extreme case. Granted ! He was killed ; others are wounded. This is all the difference.

NOTES IN THE SUNBEAM.

AT Torquay I have met several people who have been victims of what they generally call "bronchitis ;" not because they have any evidence of their trouble being located in the bronchial tubes, but rather because the name was then in fashion. Be this as it may, they all had persistent chronic coughs before coming to Torquay, and all lost their coughs after a short residence there. They came from London, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton.

Many years ago I sailed from Constantinople to London in a little schooner, my only fellow-passenger being an engineer of the Imperial Arsenal, who came on board in a dying state, and coughing horribly. As we cleared out of the Golden Horn and Bosphorus into the Sea of Marmora his cough moderated ; when we were fairly in the Mediterranean it ceased entirely, and in spite of miserable accommodation the poor fellow kept up wonderfully while we were knocking about there and in the Atlantic for two weary months. When we entered the Thames his cough returned ; on landing in London it was as bad as on leaving Galata, and he died three days after landing.

A multitude of similar cases may be cited, all showing that in

certain cases the chronic irritation which produces habitual coughing may be allayed or even quite subdued by sea air. Why is this?

Ozone has had the credit of doing it all, but I think it more probably due to the absence or diminished quantity of solid particles in the atmosphere over the sea. It is evident that the denser dust particles, those of angular and most irritating character, must be continually falling. This is shown by the dust that accumulates everywhere. On shore, and especially in smoky towns, these are replaced by fresh supplies; but at sea no more dust can blow up, and thus the air is continually becoming cleansed of these irritant impurities.

At such a place as Torquay the wind nearly always blows from the Atlantic—either directly from Torbay, or, after a short land journey, from Cornwall and North Devon. Out at sea, of course it is better still.

In the *Journal of Science* for July last is an interesting communication from Ol. de Crespigny on the atmosphere of Borneo. He tells us that the rude wooden houses have many apertures in the roof, and that when the sun shines through them a spot of light of corresponding shape is seen upon the floor, but there is no connecting illuminated line, no motes that mark the course of the sun-beam as in our houses here, but that “when one blows the smoke of a cigarette across the line of connection *that* becomes at once illuminated.”

The object of M. de Crespigny in making this communication is to disprove the hypothesis which attributes these motes to cosmic dust.

Piazzzi Smyth made some interesting observations on the “dust haze” which interferes with certain astronomical observations, and in 1856 erected a temporary observatory on Teneriffe at an elevation of 10,700 feet above the sea, in this remarkably insular position. Some dust was there, as he found by leaving pieces of polished glass exposed to the air and examining under the microscope the deposit that fell upon them. It was chiefly flimsy organic matter, fibrous and cellular, but not gritty material, such as would most powerfully irritate the air passages of the lungs.

The simple test of M. de Crespigny can be easily applied anywhere, and I recommend my readers when next at the sea-side or on board ship to study the motes in convenient sunbeams, comparing them with those in town, especially in such a town as Sheffield, where (especially between the Wicker and *Brightside*) the natives breathe oxide of iron, millstone grit, and steel filings, as well as oxygen and nitrogen.

Such comparative observation will doubtless reveal a considerable difference as regards the scintillating particles, those which display facets by reflecting minute sparkles of light as they rotate and present their flat surfaces. These must be angular and hard, and irritating to the mucous membrane of the air passages and cells.

SEA AIR IN TOWN.

IF the theory propounded in the preceding note is correct, we may obtain one of the advantages, probably the chief advantage, of sea air in our homes in London, or any other great town, by simply filtering the air that enters the house.

This may be done by passing it through cotton-wool, which, as Tyndall has demonstrated, removes with remarkable efficiency all particles of suspended solid matter. If I am not mistaken, such filtering with cotton-wool is an element in one of the patented methods of ventilation that is commercially before the public.

There is, however, one objection to cotton-wool, viz. that it offers considerable resistance to the inflow, and in ordinary cases, where the difference of pressure which determines this is very small, this resistance may turn the scale and act as an effective obstruction.

Some years ago I made some experiments on the protection of plants from the mechanical deposits of town atmospheres, which deposition on their leaves is the chief cause of their stunted growth and untimely death (*see* "Science in Short Chapters," page 387). The material that I found the most effective is "scrim," or paper-hangers' canvas, a coarse gauzy fabric, composed of fluffy fibres, the filaments of which fluff cross the interstices between the fibres, and act as remarkably efficient dust-stoppers. This material has the further advantage of being very cheap (it is retailed at about 3*d.* per square yard), and is so open as to be practically transparent, like wire gauze.

It may therefore be used by simply replacing a pane of glass in any window where its appearance is not seriously objectionable. In order to render it effective, it is necessary that the doors, window sashes, and all other possible places of rival inlet be made to fit accurately, and that an outlet or upcast be created. This generally exists in ordinary chimneys.

The efficiency of such a strainer may be easily tested by examining its condition after it has been on duty during a week or so. In London it will be found richly begrimed on the outside, so much so, that in practically carrying out this method of filtration it is necessary that the scrim be strained on a movable frame, closely

filling out the ventilating aperture, and that there should be a duplicate frame to replace that which must be removed from time to time for cleaning.

When my paper on this subject was finished, and about to be read at the Society of Arts, the late Mr. Le Neve Foster told me that something of the kind had been done at the Houses of Parliament, and he gave me an introduction to Mr. Prim, the engineer in charge of the ventilation arrangements. I found that, after many trials, he had settled down to use the same fabric as I had, and for nearly the same purpose, but that he has it wetted for cooling as well as filtering. I used it dry, and, after trying the Parliamentary system against my own, prefer it dry for ordinary use, *i.e.* where there is no special machinery, as in the Houses of Parliament, for forcing the air through the wetted canvas, which presents far more resistance than dry.

From the manner in which the light particles cling to the filaments, I conclude that a slight electrical excitation of the non-conducting fibre takes place by the friction of the air in passing through it. This may be proved by blowing through a piece of such material (well dried) with a pair of bellows, and then laying it on the plate of a gold leaf electrometer.

If I were living in the midst of London, Birmingham, Manchester, or any other large city, I would recklessly disfigure my premises by removing a pane of glass from the window of every room, or knocking a hole through the outer wall, and placing in the opening there created a frame of such scrim gauze, with a glass door for closing, or partially closing, it in extremely cold weather, and I believe that all the inmates would thereby escape *some* of the special ills that cockney flesh is heir to.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

A FRENCHMAN ON OXFORD.

FOR the flippant traveller who a score years ago came among us to acquire comic capital, and who returned to paint for the delight of his countrymen English ladies with splay feet, consuming at their meals more raw beef and stout than would support a French *portc-faix*, France now sends us keen and shrewd observers who strive to understand our institutions and benefit by what in them is worthy of example. It is pleasant to hear M. Paul Bourget, in *La Nouvelle Revue*, speaking of Oxford as M. Taine has already described it. M. Bourget is equally impressed with the beauty of the place and with the conduct of the "gownsmen." An ideal of Earthly Paradise is supplied to him by the gardens of St. John's, of New College, and of Worcester, and the Bodleian Library shows him the "very poetry of study rendered present and palpable." To Englishmen these are familiar ideas. Looking over the gardens of St. John's from the window of what is known as King Charles's Room, and taking in the small glimpse of Wadham, which is all except greenery that the eye can see, the place seems fit for the home of an enchanted princess. Nowhere does the feeling of mediæval life linger as it lingers in this fairest and sweetest of cities. I know nothing for which the mind in later days should rebuke itself so much as for insensibility to the advantage with which a three years' residence in this house of learning enriches life at its outset. That the undergraduate at Oxford is proud of the city is true. He does not realise, however, one-tenth of the gain that attends residence among its opportunities and beauties. M. Bourget seems to have regarded everything with a fair amount of approval, and is as much impressed with the costume and the manners of the undergraduate as with the condition and philosophic pursuits of the "dons."

PUNCH UPON RABELAIS.

WHEN a humourist so celebrated, and in his way so brilliant as Mr. Burnand, attacks the greatest of his predecessors, there is some apparent cause for surprise. The brisk skirmish under-

taken by the editor of *Punch* is, however, a mere episode in the war constantly maintained by the Catholic Church against the most formidable of its opponents. Men like Rabelais and Voltaire must always stand in direct antagonism to ecclesiastical assumption, and the fact that a champion of the Church rushes forward in a journal professionally comic or elsewhere to bruise his head against the rampart they have erected, merely proves that loyalty and zeal towards the Church have not died out in lay bosoms. When a man says that Rabelais is coarse, he is on safe ground. To call Rabelais a licentious monk and to attack his book as a repertory of obscene jest serves no purpose except to send prurient minds on a fruitless quest through his pages. Not one man alive is there who could read through two books of Rabelais for the sake of the impurity they find. Yet there are men who rarely let a day pass without perusing a few pages. That Rabelais is one of the greatest of thinkers, and that his obscenity is the mask of the buffoon which in a time when princes and ecclesiastics delighted in the obscene saved the boldest of heretics from the stake, is evident to every one who follows the advice of Rabelais in his immortal preface to “*rumpre los et sugger la substantifique mouelle*” of his meaning. Against the attacks of those who, like Mr. Burnand, have read the words and failed to grasp the sense, the great master of Renaissance thought is as secure as he now is from those doctors of the Sorbonne who read his works with a full appreciation of his meaning, and whose keenest sorrow it was that royal protection saved Rabelais from the fate of Dolet.

POPULARIZATION OF RABELAIS.

THE question whether a popular edition of Rabelais in which what is vital is preserved, and from which what is uncleanly is expurgated, is desirable, is open to dispute. “*Les Faits et Dits Heroiques du bon Pantagruel*” is a book for scholars, and will always remain such. There are those who will never see without regret a by-path full of surprise and accident converted into a high road down which all the world may securely travel. With the frame of mind of men of this stamp I have some sympathy. Seeing, however, that Rabelais is the most potent mind of his epoch, that the history of the revival of letters and the growth of the Reformation can never be fully understood without the aid of his writings, and that there are many respects in which modern progress has not reached the ideal he puts forth, it must be for the good of humanity that his works should be as accessible to the average reader as are those of

Dante or of Chaucer. The publication accordingly of Professor Morley's expurgated edition of the "Life of Gargantua" and the "Heroic Deeds of Pantagruel,"¹ and the forthcoming appearance of Mr. Besant's "Readings from Rabelais," are matters on which the public is to be congratulated. The only subjects for regret that I find in Professor Morley's book are that it is unaccompanied with any form of explanatory comment, and that the introduction is shorter and less exact than is to be desired. In the first half-dozen lines it is said that "Rabelais was partly educated by the Benedictines at Seville," a statement likely to stagger those who do not perceive that Seville is a misreading of Seuille, or, as it is now known, Seully. There are, moreover, but two books out of the five of which the romance of Rabelais consists. Still, such as it is, the book is welcome. It is at least a step in the right direction.

AN INSTITUTE FOR YOUTH.

IT is as true of nations as of individuals that "The child is father to the man." The future of a country is in the hands of its youth, and on the influences brought to bear upon the young the vital problems of a nation depend. With more thankfulness than I can well express, I see accordingly the establishment in the building formerly known as the Polytechnic of a Youths' Institute, the success of which is likely to beget a series of similar institutions in our great centres of industry. Two thousand lads, between fifteen and twenty years of age, are already enrolled as members, and a thousand more are awaiting election. The Youths' Institute has a library containing books, magazines, and newspapers, which are largely read, and an admirable gymnasium. It is shortly to include a swimming bath. Evening classes, at which shorthand, French, and different branches of technical education are studied, are established, and to these no fewer than eight thousand boys will shortly be admitted. There are, in addition, a chess and draughts club, a lawn tennis club, a cricket and football club, a bicycle club, a choral society, an orchestral band, a drum and fife band, a reed and brass band, a volunteer company, a circulating library, a savings' bank, and I know not how many similar societies. Tea and coffee, and other non-alcoholic refreshment, are served on the premises, and the institution has thus many features of a club. As a means of withdrawing lads from the temptation and dangers of the street, this seems to be the best institution yet established. It is satisfactory to hear that it is

¹ G. Routledge & Sons.

self-supporting, and is likely to be still more largely used. The foundation of similar institutions at the East End and in the most populous districts of London will probably follow, and will prepare the way for their ultimate dissemination through the country.

POETIC SENSIBILITY AND THE OPERATIVE CLASSES.

AN interesting discussion has been carried on in various periodicals as to the influence of poetry, or, perhaps it may be said, of poetic sensibility, upon the life of the artisan. Not the least interesting contributions to this consist in letters written by working men. That the views taken on this question by those who regard it from within should be contradictory is not surprising. Most human problems present themselves under different aspects to different individualities, and between the two opposing views of optimism and pessimism there is room for endless gradations of opinion. One working man thus holds that "if it were only possible to get some of the poor creatures that throng our thoroughfares and teach them to see something of the beauties of nature"—in fact, as is by direct implication asserted, endow them with poetical sensibility—they would become different beings. A second holds that to endow the workman with poetic sensibility would be to madden him. Such a one would need a wife who could share his ideal. To bring a woman of this description into a working man's life, and to harrow her soul "by the sights and sufferings that would inevitably await her," would be cruel. Dulness of soul is for the working man the only possible condition of happiness, and the increase of poetic sensibility is anything rather than a gain. So far as it goes, this latter statement is true. If no existence except under conditions of absolute squalor and misery is possible, the rude nature is best suited to it. The average savage leads assumably a fairly happy existence. In the distaste for squalid surroundings, however, is surely supplied the strongest motive for advance. A man with a taste for literature, and with the power of observation that comes as a necessary complement to poetic tastes, cannot fail to improve his position. In the most strictly mechanical trades the influences of mind and conduct must make themselves felt. The mass of mankind will never, under present conditions, be leavened by poetry. Upon the individual, however, the influence, when felt, can scarcely fail to be beneficial as regards happiness as well as personal well-being.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

